

Conquest

(猎国)

Arc 2

Obtaining Fame in the Primal Wildfire

Campaign

Dancing

(跳舞)

Story Description:

A powerful minister who does not seek to usurp the throne is not qualified to become a powerful minister ... “One day my face will be printed on the imperial gold coin!” – Shaar Thunder

In the south of the continent was the old but powerful empire – Byzantium. In the north was the Odin Empire and in west the Island country Atlantis. These three Kingdoms formed a triangle on the continent. In the buffer zone between the borders of the three countries – In the wilderness of the primal wildfire– was a youth of unknown origin– Shaar, a child who was adopted by an old man who was the descendant of the Tulip family.

Under the strange training of this old guy, Shaar mastered a pair of amazing skills. After the old man died, Shaar started to climb the hierarchy from a “hillbilly” through a journey of magic and conquest!

Original Story can be found here: [Link](#)

Chapter 51: Farewell

This knight had the appearance of a 30 years old with well defined facial features, fair skin, handsome look and a manicured beard above his lips. When this man saw the pitiful creature, his eyes lit up then shouted in joy and immediately jumped down from his horse.

With a clean move he dismounted his horse then immediately rushed towards the pitiful creature and hugged her. With a slight smile, the pitiful creature was pressing her hands against the armor of this fellow: “Uncle Tryp, do you want to strangle me?”

Hearing this, the knight immediately smiled and put down his arms. He took the hand of the pitiful creature and made a kissing gesture towards it before saying with a smile: “Calling me uncle again, you are breaking my heart. Let God testify, I am one of the most outstanding bachelor in Osgiliath!”

Judging from this guy’s dialect and tone, one could tell that he was a born aristocrat. His dialect pronunciation was very common in the south Byzantine Empire.

Shaar was feeling creeped out from just standing next to them and watching. In his eyes, this knight had a somewhat effeminate appearance and according to the aesthetic standard of this Hillbilly, this Tryp would be classified as ugly.

The pitiful creature and Trip whispered a few words to each other before this knight’s expression immediately ashen then he marched towards the battle ground. Seeing all those corpses and wounded Nightfall Guardians on the ground, he could not help but to put on a mad expression. When he saw Rahim sitting on the ground, anger erupted in Tryp’s eyes: “Rahim, it was indeed you who led those guys here! Don’t you know that this is a blatant assassination attempt!!”

Putting on a cold smile Rahim replied: “Is this your the first time meeting us Nightfall Guardians? These words are useless on us. If you dare, tell these words to the one who gave us the order, honourable Sir

Tryp!"

Tryp's face suddenly changed as he grunted while looked at Rahim with squinted eyes. Taking a step forward, he suddenly thrust his sword and pierced Rahim's Chest!

Shocked from this sudden event, the pitiful creature covered her mouth and screamed. Rahim actually did not seem surprised as his eyes flashed full of ridicule then closed his eyes waiting to die.

Puff Streams of blood spattered out where the blade was pulled out. With a calm expression, Tryp took out a silk handkerchief and wiped of the blood from his sword while ordering: "Go around and kill every single Nightfall Guardian who is still alive! Dig a pit and bury their corpses somewhere."

Seeing this sissy casually talking about killing, Shaar was pleasantly surprised and started to put him in a higher esteem.

After noticing Shaar's look, Tryp turned his head stared at him for a moment before focusing on the pitiful creature again. After taking her to a quieter place then he said: "In fact, I am not only under your brother's order to look for you."

"Uh? Then you are....."

Tryp sighed: "I received two orders which commanded me to bring you back alive. One order is from our elder brother while the other one is from your uncle."

The pitiful creature's expression immediately changed as she could not believe what she heard just now: "My uncle? He wants to bring me back alive? How is this possible, he ordered those Nightfall Guardians to....."

"Now the situation is different." Tryp answered with a calm face: "I received the new order eight days ago. Your uncle does not only hoping that you are alive, but also he also wants to protect you now!"

"Why" pitiful creature frowned.

"Can't you guess?" Tryp sneered: "The reason is very simple – we went

to war!”

“Went to war? Against who?”

“We and the Odins!” Tryp sighed: “On the road, I passed through Primal Wildfire Town and the town was already under control of our troops. The vicinity of 100 miles south of the town is all under military jurisdiction now.”

The look on pitiful creature’s face became extremely complex. Taking a glance at her, Tryp then turned around and looked at Shaar: “Who is this fellow?”

With crossed arms, Shaar stood there while the cavalrymen walked back and forth transporting the corpses. The several Nightfall Guardians who did not die yet were simply killed off with the sword.

None of the knights looked Shaar in the eyes as they busily walked around. Seeing those guys killing everyone around, Tatara heart rate started to beat like a drum and he could not help as he slowly snuggled towards Shaar’s legs.

Finally, when they finished transporting all the bodies into one place, they saw that all those death Nightfall Guardians corpses had neat and clean cuts. Those cavalrymen who had battle experiences instantly got startled. They all killed and stained their hands with blood before but seeing those injuries they immediately noticed that those cuts were not an easy thing to make!

Afterwards, when looking at Shaar, there was a hint of awe in their eyes.

After allShaar and his party were only three people. Just with one look, they could tell that the pitiful creature and Tatara were not people who could fight. Therefore, this whole small team of Nightfall Guardians were killed by Shaar alone.

A person killing a team of Nightfall Guardians including a medium ranked warrior alone, then it was certain that he was not someone weak.

Some people immediately reported this news to Tryp and after hearing

this Tryp's eyes flashed with high expectations as he looked at Shaar with great interest.

After the whispered conversation in the distant between Tryp and the pitiful creature finished, her attitude changed and she seemed very determined. She continuously shook her head, but after Tryp said several words, the pitiful creature gradually softened her stance. Hesitating for a moment, she nodded and continued their conversation for a while. At first the pitiful creature smiled, but then she started crying. Finally Tryp sighed, patted the shoulder of pitiful creature and turned around to leave.

Shaar watched curiously from a distance and he did not know exactly what happened to the pitiful creature in the end.

However from the looks of things, the background of this pitiful creature could not be compared to a normal aristocrat.....

Just when he was thinking about it, he suddenly noticed that the pitiful creature was looking towards him. Looking from afar, her eyes were filled with tears and she had a mournful look.

Shaar felt a strange feeling in his heart, but he could not say where this strange feeling were coming from. Just seeing the pitiful creature in such an appearance, his heart was restless. When he wanted to walk to her, a laughing noise could be heard next to him.

"May I have a word please, Sir Shaar." Tryp stood in front of Shaar with a smiling face and blocked his view of the pitiful creature: "Please let me first introduce myself, my name is Tryp. Uh..... I am Ide's relative. Oh, Ide is his name, thank you to saving his life."

Tryp smiled and looked at Shaar while thinking: If what Adeline said was true, then this guy is absolutely the blindest person under the heaven. He unexpectedly regarded Adeline as a man.....

"There is no need for grateful words....." Shaar waved his hands in a very straightforward manner, but his next sentence instantly revealed the fox tail: "Lip service is not worth anything. I can see that you come from a wealth background and if you have some gems or gold, I could accept it reluctantly."

Tryp was a little surprise for a moment and immediately smiled. With his high education he instantly understood and took out a small leather bag. With a shake, Shaar's favourite metal ringing sound could be heard – gold coins!

"I did not take too much money before leaving my home. Those 200 gold coins are your reward." When Tryp threw the leather bag towards Shaar, he immediately beamed with joy as he caught it quickly before hiding it in his bosom while laughing: "Good offer! To be honest, the pitiful creature didn't eat or drink much. Besides being a bit lazy, he was easy to feed."

Listening to him Tryp felt a bit displeased and slightly disappointed: At first look this young man was an outstanding expert who killed a squad of Nightfall Guardians alone, Tryp was quite interested in his value. However now he found this vulgar fellow was unbearable and he lost his interest in hiring him anymore. The Royal Capital Osgiliath had countless experts and one more or less made no difference. Such a vulgar fellow would not be allowed to meet his Royal Highness Crown Prince.

Losing interest in Shaar, he immediately looked at Tatara: "This is?"

"Respectful Sir Tryp, it is really an honor to be able to stand in front of the glorious 'Silver Cloud Swordsman'. I am a magician, please call me Tatara."

Slightly surprised for a moment, Tryp looked a bit amazed at this insignificant guy. Tatara's look made Tryp who was from noble birth somewhat repugnant and immediately swept away his eyes: "Ah, it turned out that you were a respected magician. How did you actually recognized me?"

"In Osgiliath, there is no one who did not know the reputation of the Silver Cloud Swordsman." Tatara said as he humbly smiled but unfortunately his laugh combined with his dreadful look made Tryp lose his appetite instead.

However facing a magician, Tryp still showed enough respect: "Please forgive my intrusion, I did not see your status a moment ago. Your robe

did not wear a badgeOtherwise I would not have waited until now to greet you. Respected Sir Magician, how should I address you? Pardon my presumptuousnessYour name seems familiar, where could I have heard of it.....”

The Tatara complexion immediately became somewhat awkward and made two hollowed laughs: “ThisI am a low rank first-level earth magic magician. My badge, my badge is temporarily lost.”

First-level.....

Tryp felt disappointed since could not gather any talents.

Huh?

With a sudden flash, he suddenly remembered Tatara this name. He really did heard of it before! Recently, he heard that a magician who took a loan went bankrupt in Osgiliath. In order to avoid his creditors, he fled to another region..... He was simply a disgrace of the magician guilds honor and for a time there were a lot of people in Royal Capital discussing about this person who managed do something that no other magician was able to achieve in thousands of years.

Could it be this fellow in front of him?

Being able reach bankruptcy as a magician, he could only be called a rare talent!

These two guys, one is quite powerful but extremely vulgar. The other's strength is weak and became the joke of the Royal Capital. Both those fellows did not have any solicit value and Tryp quickly lost the interest then he sought an excuse to walk away.

At that time, the pitiful creature walked towards them.

Her eyes were red and it looked like she just cried.

“Hey, Shaar.” The pitiful creature stood in the front of Shaar and her voice seemed somewhat sad: “I, I cannot go with you.”

“Hmah?” Shaar looked at the pitiful creature: “Hm, do you want to go back with your relative?”

“YesI, I must go back.” The pitiful creature sighed and looked miserable: “Actually, I want to go with you, but, I have to go back.”

Pausing for a moment, the pitiful creature took a deep breath and diligently endured her tears while looking at Shaar and saying: “When I left my home this time, I planned to go through Primal Wildfire so that I could flee to Odin and I didn’t expect that I would run into you Being able to run into you, is really my luck. ShaarI need to leave, but you, you cannot forget about me.”

Looking at the pitiful creature’s eyes full of tears, he could not help but get a strange feeling in his heart. He sighed and patted the shoulder of the pitiful creature.

Lifting his head, he looked directly in the pitiful creature’s eyes and his look was unexpectedly unprecedented clear. His eyes were full of the sincere feelings, making the pitiful creature’s heart race. He, did he notice? He, what does he want to say to me?

(Actually, I already know that you are a beautiful girl.

Rest assured, I will work hard to succeed and I will certainly find you in the future!

Wait for me, one day, I will wear a multicoloured set of armor and step on a rainbow to pick you up!

I will strive to become a matchless hero and when the time comes where can be your match, I will certainly look for you!

Beautiful princess, in order to win you, I am willing overcome immeasurable thorns.....

There was once a sincere love placed in front of me and I did not cherish it. Only after losing it, I endlessly regretted it.....)

(ED:She really is delusional) (TL: Hitting someone on the head with your steel rod has 100% success rate of getting her fall for you! Maybe we should start selling fake Dragon blood...)

The pitiful creature heart started to beat madly and started to get all

kind of ideas in her mind. In a short amount of time, all kinds of distractions swirled in her mind and she fantasized about countless myriad of soulful fantasy.....

Finally, Shaar opened his mouth.

He sighed sadly and stared affectionately at the pitiful creature and whispered:

“Hey, after going back, don’t forget to put in a gold tooth.”

Pitiful creature: “.....”

Chapter 52: Flag Change On The City Wall

Before leaving the pitiful creature suddenly remembered that if she left, she would leave Tatara behind with this Hillbilly. Most likely, this wretched magician would reveal her secret.

Thus, the pitiful creature proposed to take Tatara with her – Tatara's whole face instantly lit up! There would be no doubt that, following this beautiful Royal Highness was hundred times better than staying with this little thief.

As a result, this greedy Hillbilly sold this wretched magician servant for a low price of a single gold coin to the pitiful creature.

Put aside the servant status.....I fear that one gold coin was the lowest net worth of a magician on this continent for thousands of years.

Shaar who unintentionally made history did not think too much of it.

Since Shaar had an abundant amount of luggage, Tryp gave him the horses of Nightfall Guardians before leaving. After saying goodbye to the pitiful creature and Tryp's troops, he took his spoils of war and embarked on his path to return.



“By the way, Uncle Tryp, how did you find us?”

Adeline suddenly asked somewhat curiously while sitting on the horse.

Making a somewhat funny expression Tryp and replied: “Truth to be told, we met a goblin the day before yesterday. That goblin could unexpectedly speak the human language and he even said that he was a goblin noble. When I described your looks, it told me that it had seen you with others in the northern mountains. Afterwards, we rode along the river towards north and we saw you.”

“Goblin?” Adeline was somewhat surprised: “Where is that goblin? What did you do to it?”

“After finding a fellow with information with great difficulty, I ordered my men to tie it up. When I found you a moment ago, I ordered them to throw it back to the wild.”



Sitting on horseback, Shaar hummed a little song and occasionally turned his head to look at the more than 20 horses lining up behind him. These were all well-trained warhorses and once a rope was attached to their leash, they would not run away. While leading those horses, Uncle Shaar watched those big bags piled on ' backs of those warhorses and secretly his heart was beyond happy.

Just thinking about how he left Primal Wildfire Town almost naked and now had 200 gold coins resting in his bosom made him extremely happy. Furthermore, he was wearing a Dragon scale armor, an artifact (Fire pitchfork) and more than 20 horses carrying half a dragon on their backs.....

If his every adventure would end up in such a rich harvest, then Uncle Shaar could go in retirement after two or three more times.....

The only drawback was.....when he came here, a large amount of followers accompanied him. For most of the time he had a dozen of Goblin sosos, the pitiful creature, Ada, Tatara and Oaks following him. Those interesting fellows were fun to hang out with and their occasional bickers, chats were pleasurable and enjoyable.

However, now that he was walking alone in the wilderness, it became very boring.....

While thinking about it, he suddenly heard a wolf howling from the distant in front of him followed by a shrill pitiful scream.

Shaar's mind immediately realized that this pitiful screaming tone sounded somewhat familiar.

Ordering his horse to slightly increase its speed, he suddenly saw a small shadow running in the wilderness. With a green skin, an ugly face, it was a goblin!

When he looked at it clothingfuck! Wasn't this the runaway Mr. Princess!

Mr. Princess was panting for air and following behind him were several hungry wolves with green shining eyes.

When Shaar saw Oaks, his tooth immediately began to itch. Remembering how this fellow betrayed him and actually escaped, he quickly got a change of heart since goblins were well known for their lack of loyalty. Watching how this pitiful Mr. Princess got chased by those wolves, he could not help but smile.

Running away until he was about to die, Oaks was constantly screaming in pain since it looked like that a wolf had bitten of a piece of his ass. With blood dripping down, he saw several horses in the distant. Taking a closer look, he suddenly saw Uncle Shaar his savior riding on one of the horses and immediately dashed towards him while waving desperately.

“Master! Ouke! Ouke! Masters! Ass, Siji! Master, help!”

Within a few jumps, Shaar landed then send the wolf flying which was greedily chasing after Oaks ass. With his freakish strength, that wolf's head instantly got smashed to pieces and the remaining two wolves immediately screamed loudly while putting their tails between their legs and started to flee after seeing how fierce Shaar was.

Standing in front of Oaks, Shaar pinched his chin and sneered. Just when Oaks showed sigh of relief, he immediately saw Shaar's look before remembering that he fled before and could not help but to ashen.

“Well, my soso, this is your second time that you fall into my hands.” Shaar gave Oaks a gentle kick, while pointing at that dead wolf in front of them: “What are you waiting for? Quickly go and grab our suppers.”

The sly goblin instantly understood that he was pardoned, and relaxed while being happy about his human master letting him off the hook this time. His face was still showing a terrified appearance as he brought back the dead wolf with great struggle and joined Shaars horse caravan.



Shaar's "home" was located on a mountain which was 7 to 8 miles away from the Primal Wildfire Town. Since it was close to Primal Wildfire Town, there were no magical beasts anymore. Even since the past, they were all eradicated by Magical Beast hunters and recently it was very hard to see a single wolf on this mountain.

When Shaar returned home, those two tattered houses were still standing there. When he originally departed, he locked the door and it did not look like that someone opened it afterwards – Perhaps in this godforsaken place, even if the door was open, no thieves would be interested in it.

When Shaar returned with his huge bounty and war horses, a rather desolate feeling swept over him. Quickly dismounting, he first dashed towards the back side of the mountain and searched for the old man's grave that stood there in solitude. The grave was still intact, but the writing on the wooden plaque was getting somewhat blurry. Since it was made out of wood, the wind and rain caused it to decay.

Shaar sighed and touched the tombstone: "Wait for a couple of days. I will look for a nice piece of stone to build you a tombstone."

Looking at the words "The grave of the old man" which he initially engraved on it, he was lost in his thoughts for a moment and mumbled in a low voice: "Hey, old man, who were you really....."



After settling down in his home again, the first thing that Shaar did was to find a small mountain valley at back of the mountain. He chopped down some big trees and blocked both entrances of the valley turning it into a natural horse field since there were a lot of trees and grass in the valley. After leading those twenty horses inside, he grabbed Oaks and said: "I will leave taking care of the horses to you! If a horse goes missing, I will chop off a hand! If four are missing, I will chop off all your limbs and if five are missing....."

Stopping at mid sentence, Shaar stared at the goblin's most precious piece with evil intentions and Oaks instantly felt that a chill was

sweeping before quickly assured Shaar with his chest sticking out.

The goblin already decided not to escape and run back to the Red Wilderness anymore since he would just end up as a goblin hobo and would be in constant danger of being killed or starvation. While staying here, he could rely on his powerful master and could eat as much as he desired.....As long as he stayed obedient he would not get beaten up.

Leaving the goblin in the back of the mountain, Shaar returned to his old house and spent half a day to taking out all of the old man's belonging with ease. While turning everything upside down as he strove to find some clues.

He searched very thoroughly, however there were not many things in this deteriorated house to begin with. Even after looking for a whole day, he did not find anything useful.

All those yellow books of the old man were already thoroughly read by him in the past. He knew a lot of the content by heart already, even if there were any valuable clues, he would have already discovered them in the past and did have to wait until now.

As for any monuments which the old man left behind.....there were none. When he died, he was only wrapped in a thin quilt that was sewed together out of linen two years ago.

In the past, he thought that the old man was bragging, but after everything he experienced on this adventure, Shaar was now certain that the old man was once an outstanding person who lived in seclusion!

Otherwise, how could he leave behind the pendant hanging on his neck, the fire pitchfork or explained that Thousand Men Army Slaughter in details?

If the old man was really a powerful martial artist, why didn't teach me properly? I am his only adopted son. Not teaching me any skills, now that he was not on this world anymore, was this not all wasted?

When he said that he was a general in the past.....Shaar did not dare to doubt it anymore.

The contents of those books, he had always been suspicious.

The bunch of things in front of him was all rotten. Shaar did not achieve anything and could not help but hold his head and sigh.

The next day, Shaar began to get busy and peeled off all the Dragon scales. After digging a cellar below the house, he threw all Dragon scales inside.

Taking all of the Dragon skin which he peeled off and cut them into large pieces, later he smeared some saltpeter on them before hanging them outside the house to dry. Also the Dragon bones which were extremely good magic materials, were thrown into the cellar by him. As for one of the Dragon fangs, he held it in his hands and played with it for a moment.

This dragon fang was huge and hard, its root was as thick as Shaar's waist. The fangs' edges were serrated. Shaar tried its hardness with a sword that he picked up from the Nightfall Guardians only to find out that this Dragon fang was much tougher than the sword. It seemed like it could be polished into a weapon, but Ada said that only dwarves knew the process.

Shaar sighed and threw it into the convenient cellar.

After spending several days, Shaar was finally able to divide his spoils according to classification then discovered that the only useful thing for him currently was the Dragon skin. Furthermore, he had to go to Primal Wildfire Town in order to find a tailor who could make something useful from them.

However, Primal Wildfire Town were full of shady people and Shaar was well aware of this fact. Perhaps the waiter working in the tavern was one of the Empire's most wanted terrorists! Any tailor inside the town could be a master thief living in seclusion.

He did not feel assured to leave some of the Dragon skin to someone in town to make a robe.

Thinking it over, Shaar could not help but sigh: "It would be good if this

home had a woman

When this feeling popped up in his head, Shaar suddenly remembered an important matter.

Speaking about womanShaar suddenly remembered that he could count as a rich man now. Since he has over several hundred gold coins, it would definitely counts as a small fortune.

There were no decent people in Primal Wildfire Town! In Black Alley's black market inside Primal Wildfire Town, you could buy anything!

Also.....In the Primal Wildfire Town there was the Powder Street! I heard that it was a heaven for men. In the past he was too poor, but now.....

With just a few thrusts of his hips, a man would gain confidence.

There was also.....Aunt Sofia's niece....

Money corrupted men; these words are so fucking wise!

Shaar was tempted! Suddenly, all the worries about Dragon skin robe and other things instantly disappeared.....Taping on his head, he returned to his room and took a handful of gold coins before putting them in his bosom. He put his fire pitchfork on his waist, shut the door and descended into the mountain while walking towards Primal Wildfire Town.

With money in his pocket, the hillbilly was radiating confidence; his was walking with a flying pace as he felt refreshed.

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Actually Shaar did not change his character. However, as long as you were a man and you suddenly transformed from poor to wealthy also adding that you were a young virgin, then anybody in this case would have the same thoughts as Shaar.

(ED: It isn't like he will find someone to his tastes in that part of town)

Filled with excitement, Shaar dashed towards Primal Wildfire Town, but from afar he saw that the normally opened city gate was closed. The

warrior from the mercenary group who was responsible for guarding the gate disappeared and was replaced with a team of infantry carrying swords and shields. Judging from pattern on their leather armor, it was obvious that they were not some thug mercenaries.

Very soon, he saw a flag that flying on the city wall.

A badge was embroidered on that flag: Two swords crossing each other curled up by iris flowers, forming a diagonal cross and on top of the cross stood a majestic eagle.

Although Shaar did not saw it before, he still recognized it. This was the flag used by the regular army of the Byzantine Empire, the hawk flag!

“I leave for a few days and Primal Wildfire Town already changed its master?” Shaar wondered.

Chapter 53: Forced Draft

Primal Wildfire Town changing masters was not something extraordinary, but it being occupied by the Byzantium army was actually quite rare.

Shaar was puzzled for a moment, but did not plan to pursue this matter any longer since this had little to do with him. No matter who became the owner, Primal Wildfire Town would still stay Primal Wildfire Town.

However, when Shaar arrived under the city wall and saw several Byzantine Empire infantry guards wearing leather armor from up close, he couldn't help but be stunned.

These people were the same people as the mercenaries who had occupied here before! When Shaar arrived a few days ago, these people's identity were still that of mercenaries. He recognized them because when Shaar wanted to get into the town, one of them took his last copper plate as tax.

Shaar remembered very clearly all the people who took money from his pocket!

Only a few days had passed; how could those fellows changed from being mercenaries into the Byzantine Empire's troops so fast?

Looking at them stupefied, Shaar suddenly heard hoofbeat on the road behind him.

A small squad of the Byzantine Empire's regular army's mounted patrol rode towards him. It looked like they'd just completed their patrol in the vicinity. A dozen riders wearing light breastplates and carrying halberds rode with their heads held high and chest out. They immediately formed a single line and entered the city gate. Each cavalryman's face radiated a rigor and disciplined expression that only regular soldiers had, unlike these mercenaries.

Shaar, who had only put on a normal dress, didn't attract anyone's attention when he entered the town. Only after he entered Primal

Wildfire Town, did he discover that the town was different than before.

It was obvious that the street looked bleak. On the square in front of the city there was a horse market. During weekdays, merchants from all around the world would gather here. But now, it was quiet. Depression loomed, and only sparse silhouettes could be seen.

Even on the streets one couldn't see the scene of people gathering up in front of merchants, and it appeared somewhat deserted. Many family taverns and inns on the roadside were even closed and not doing business.

From time to time, a Byzantine infantry squad would patrol inside the town. These infantry wearing their metal boots would issue a firm, fierce sound while walking, and appeared combative.

The Black Alley was also deserted, and the streets filled with carpets were only a third as full as the past. Many shops had closed their doors.

Some doubts emerged in Shaar's mind – Could it be that Byzantine wanted to ruin Primal Wildfire Town? It was not the first that a country seized the city, but it had never transformed into such a run-down place.

Shaar's heart was filled with discontent since he just obtained a large sum of money, and wanted to go big, but suddenly discovered that most shops were closed or deserted. He couldn't help but feel greatly disappointed. Passing through Black Alley, he checked out the shop where he initially signed the contract to capture some young Magical Beast cubs, and unexpectedly found out that its front door was also shut tightly, not open for business.

Walking through Black Alley, Shaar turned at the corner and arrived at the long-awaited Powder Street. Taking a quick look around, this hillbilly's heart immediately lit up:

If you rode into the Powder Street in the past, you could see prostitutes everywhere, long red sleeves waving from the windows of the buildings. From afar, one could already smell a romantic flavor. However when taking a look now, the street was deserted and a gust of wind stirred up some withered leaves. Occasionally skinny wild dogs ran across the street.....

Women? You would count as lucky if you could find a female dog on the street!

Anger swelled up inside Shaar.

If a man came here full of pride and hope, and encountered such a situation, no matter who he was, he would feel unhappy; let alone a more than decade old virgin.

Shaar walked past two blocks and found a tavern that he once repeatedly patronized before entering. The tavern's door was only half open and although it was still doing business, the huge lobby was almost empty, and only at two or three tables sat people.

Behind the counter stood a tall thin one-eyed man and he held a dry piece of cloth while wiping a wine glass. Watching Shaar coming in, he nodded and said in a hoarse voice while putting on a smile: "Did little Shaar come? You haven't come to buy liquor for quite a long time now."

This shop was often visited by Shaar in the past, because not only was its black ale the cheapest in town, the most important reason was: This one-eyed man behind the bar, was Shaar's love rival for three years – before Shaar grew up and understood things.

BecauseThis one-eyed fellow was Aunt Sofia's husband.

Of course, this one-eyed man didn't know about Shaar's weird thoughts, and Shaar didn't have any hostility towards this guy. He sat down and threw a gold coin on the counter.

The one-eyed man picked it up and looked at it before giving Shaar a glance. Putting the gold coin into his mouth, he nipped at it and cracked a smile while revealing his rotten tooth: "The little hunter got rich?"

He turned around and took out a bottle of superior tequila: "Here, this is the best we have and it's yours."

Shaar had never tasted such nice liquor before and bit open the bottle cap before taking a sip. While finishing his sip, he sighed and said in a low voice: "Hey, what happened to the town? Why did all those mercenaries suddenly become Byzantine soldiers?"

The one-eye looked discretely at the shop entrance and smiled: “Don’t you know? Those mercenaries were Byzantine soldiers. They disguised themselves as mercenaries before occupying the town to make an outpost for the Byzantine Empire’s army. More than ten days ago, a Byzantium army battalion arrived here, ehm, probably two days after you left. The Byzantium army has occupied the town, and the mercenaries inside the town belong to the same army. They replaced their equipment and then announced that the town now belongs to the Byzantine Empire. They also posted notices under the city wall.”

“How did the business turn so bleak in the town?” Shaar frowned: “How did they dare to act so unreasonably? Didn’t they fear that the people in the town would start to drive them out?”

In the past, this kind of thing happened before. Many years ago, there was a group of thieves who didn’t know their limits and occupied the town. They thought that they were powerful, and abused their power in the town while also collecting high taxes – As a result, the locals had had enough.

For most people inside Primal Wildfire Town, they didn’t care who controlled the town and managed it, as long as they did not cut uncles’ income source.

However, if you dared to act unreasonably? Ahem, there were no decent people in Primal Wildfire Town. Just by casually picking out two people, they were all ruthless outlaws!

As a result, the previous group of thieves started to think that they entered a flock of sheep that they could butcher without mercy. After having angered the people of Primal Wildfire Town, they suddenly discovered that they did not enter a flock of sheep, but a wolf’s den! In less than half a day, several hundred people gathered in Primal Wildfire Town and everyone was an outlaw. They stabbed and killed all those thieves and completely exterminated them. The head of the thieves was hung up on a big tree outside town and his corpse dried in the sun for a month. Finally, there was only half a skeleton remaining after the crows ate him!

After this event, no one dared to act unreasonably in Primal Wildfire Town.

You wanted to occupy Primal Wildfire Town? No problem. You wanted to manage it, also no problem. However, no one should interfere with each other!

It could be said that if you hung everyone in Primal Wildfire Town, there were some innocent people amongst them. However, if you killed half of the population, there would surely be bad people that would manage to survive.

For example, this one-eyed tavern owner, he was definitely not the friendly kind. On his neck there was a deep scar, which was caused by a knife. Because his throat was slashed, he could only speak in a hoarse voice. Moreover, Shaar heard that he was neither from Odin nor from Byzantine.

This one-eyed man was not from this continent, but from an Empire to the west, across the sea; the Atlantis Empire, or “The country of pirates”. This one-eyed man normally wrapped a kerchief around his head, and these kerchiefs were called “pirate turbans”. It was a typical way of dressing from Atlantians.

Tell me, would an innocent person have a knife scar on his neck?

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“Right now, they changed everything and took everybody’s business. Are the town people not going to respond?” Shaar asked puzzled.

“Of course there will be some reaction, but what of it?” The one-eyed man sneered: “This time, a whole battalion is stationed south of the town. Against a regular army battalion... it’s not something we can easily deal with. Moreover, don’t you know? It looks like there will be war between Byzantium and Odin! On the first day of the occupation, the Byzantines already started patrolling the streets. They declared martial law and many shops that were trading military contraband were asked to be temporarily closed. That they didn’t confiscate the shops could already be called well-mannered.”

“What.....about the Powder Street?” Shaar asked embarrassedly the question he was interested the most.

The one-eyed man cursed and made a resentful expression: “Bah! These Byzantine dogs, took away all the girls from the Powder Street! They probably use the prostitutes to offer their soldiers frontier service; so we don’t have any rights! Too despicable!”

Shaar fiercely despised this guy in his mind.

You already had such a beautiful woman like Aunt Sofia, but you still harbour ideas of Powder StreetToo shameless!

After drinking half the bottle, Shaar put the bottle on the counter: “Keep the remaining half here. I will drink it the next time I come! You better not steal it!”

The one-eyed man cursed and watched as Shaar departed.

Outside the tavern, Shaar felt somewhat uninterested about this affair in his mind. Whether it was Byzantium or Odin, no matter who won, it didn’t have anything to do with Uncle Shaar. He was neither a Byzantine, nor from Odin. Looking at it now, because Byzantium occupied Primal Wildfire Town, Uncle Shaar’s desire to buy some prostitutes got busted. Therefore, the Odin Empire had a more favorable impression in his heart.

He leisurely strolled towards the northern town square and prepared to leave town to go home. Just when we arrived at the square, he saw that a platform was built on the square, and a military officer stood on it while holding a rolled together iron sheet while shouting something, and under the platform stood around hundred people watching.

“30 copper plates! A month salary worth 30 copper plates! We also provide free food! This kind of job is not easy to find!! Such work is not easy to find!!” The military officer shouted: “Whoever is interested, come up! Hurry! It’s a rare opportunity!!”

Under the platform, a squad of fierce Byzantium infantries held their swords and shield while keeping the order there. From time to time, there were a few guys going up to fill out the application.

However, most onlookers stood there and just sneered.

They turned out to be recruiting porters..... Shaar was somewhat amused.

Looking at those enrolments, most of those registering were thieves and crooks of this town who earned their meals through cheating and stealing. Now that the town was deserted, these people didn't have anything to eat anymore. The remaining townsfolk of Primal Wildfire were mostly infamous bandits and pirates. Who would do this physical work for you for only 30 copper plates a month?

After shouting for quite a while, that military officer saw only a dozen registered, but his plan was to recruit 100 people and he could not help but start to worry in his mind! Furthermore, those dozen people he drafted were physically weak, and he started to fear the results when he reported his accomplishments later on. When one's heart got anxious, one could not help but give birth to evil thoughts.

Fuck, if they do not come, do you think this uncle was unable to force draft you! In any case, this is not a territory of Byzantium and the people here are not Byzantines.....

He made a few glances at his men, and they immediately understood. Forcefully drafting strong porters, who did not know about such a thing? The squad of infantries drew their swords and started fiercely rushing into the crowd while beginning a commotion.

The crowd instantly dispersed just as quickly. Those Byzantine soldiers pushed and shoved while trying to forcefully draft people, creating a chaotic scene.

Just when Shaar passed by, as his luck wished, the military officer standing on the platform looked farther ahead and saw Shaar, before lifting his hand while pointing out: "There! That sturdy fellow! Draft him in!!"

Chapter 54: The Tyrannical General

Part 1

The two soldiers who were surrounding Shaar felt at ease: Although this boy looked physically strong, he was not actually carrying a weapon with him and he was probably just an ordinary dumb kid. Especially Shaar's usual facial expression which looked like he could do no harm to neither animals nor humans was just too deceptive.

Although they received orders from their superiors before coming here telling them to be careful in Primal Wildfire Town not to cite any conflict, but that was only towards other mercenaries or magical beast hunters who made their livelihood in Primal Wildfire Town. This kid looked like a good stupid citizen, simply a natural to be used as a hardworking porter.

A soldier turned his sword and prepared to pound Shaar's head with his sword hilt and another was using his shield to bash at Shaar while shouting: "Behave yourself boy, don't look for needless suffering."

Still making a bewildered appearance, Shaar casually turned his head and easily escaped the soldier's hilt before raising his hand to press towards his wrist, forcing the soldier to drop down on his knees while screaming. When the other soldier came running with his shield, Shaar leisurely bumped into him with his shoulder and send that fellow flying towards the wooden table.

The surrounding Byzantium soldiers were dumbfounded for a moment and immediately shouted loudly while drawing their swords around him: "Rebel! You dare to attack the Emperor's force!!"

How could Shaar not take care of those ordinary soldiers? He was still angry from before and those soldiers rushing towards him could only blame themselves for their suffering. Shaar grabbed a shield and with few bashes, sent several soldiers flying. Staring at the officer on the platform, he rushed up and kicked him on the abdomen, it could be said that he was lenient towards his target. If the kick was a bit lower, I am afraid this

officer would be unable to get any descendants in the future. Still it was quite painful and he called out pitifully before bending his body while lying down.

In a few seconds, a dozen soldiers were already taken down by Shaar and this situation enraged the remaining soldiers. Letting go of the other people in the crowd, they rushed towards Shaar. The officer lying on the ground still clutched his stomach and ordered: "Catch, catch that fellow! Behead him!!"

Not having a sword in his hand, Shaar lifted a second shield and faced a dozen soldiers rushing towards him. Bursting into the crowd while holding a shield to protect his body, he blocked the other party's swords and relied on his brute strength to cause a rampage, leaving a squad of soldiers scattered in his wake.

Since the square was very close to the city gate, the disturbance here immediately attracted the attention of the garrison troops. Very soon, a squad patrolling the streets came rushing and when they saw a dozen of their own peers laying on the ground, they immediately started a clamor.

The square was already surrounded and when Shaar looked at how many Byzantine soldiers came running towards him, he started to feel a bit of regret in his heart. This time, he went too far. He was not afraid of them, but even if he escaped from the soldiers, it was hard to escape the army. Offending an officer was always trouble. Thinking about it, he calculated the best way to sneak out of the town. Most of the exits of this square were already sealed off and the only way to leave this place was the city gate, which was locked up by now.

With a mighty shout, Shaar raised his shield and started to dash forward. He knocked away two people who were in front of him, then he also sent an officer flying just as he was raising his sword to strike. Nearby onlookers only saw how soldiers were flying away and horses toppling, while Shaar rushed towards the city gate. From the beginning, the gates of Primal Wildfire Town were not built very durable or else how would bandits and thieves' bands dare to come here to commit a crime? That would be like little kids stealing from master thieves.

Therefore this city gate was only made of two heavy pieces plank.

When Shaar rushed towards the entrance the soldiers held up their spears and immediately started to pierce him from both sides. He used the shield to keep off the spears. Bang, bang, the spears started to break on Shaar's shield as Shaar immediately grabbed a spear and wracked the soldier out of the way. Clearing the human blockade, he roared silently as he was facing the gate then dashed forward.....

Bang!

Immediately, a human shaped hole appeared on the city gate leaving many soldiers behind dumbfounded. This boy was too barbaric and he actually managed escape.....

Only after they stared dumbfounded in the space for a moment, these soldiers started shouting as they started their pursue.....

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Fleeing from Primal Wildfire Town, Shaar slightly relaxed in his heart and thought that he managed to escape this mess while feeling slightly proud. Suddenly, he heard rapid hoofbeat from behind and noticed that a team of cavalrymen arrived and they were passing the city gate!

Galloping in the wind while raising a cloud of dust behind them, this team of cavalrymen who were wearing black armor quickly swept across the field!

Seeing Shaar breaking through the gate, the pursuing soldiers started to shout and curse. The knight riding at the front immediately caught up with him without hesitation. While galloping, his body was sticking to the horseback and he was wielding a claw hammer!

Just as Shaar was hit by his horse, he only had enough time to straighten his shield..... With a loud bang, his whole body was sent flying by the impact against the galloping horse. His shield split up from the strong collision and Shaar even made several somersaults while he was falling to the ground before finally landing.

The knight rode a stretch before he managed to turn around his horse.

He straightened his body and he was still wielding the claw hammer while his face was covered by a helmet with a lowered visor. His eyes flashed with a surprised look as he rode forward before raising his hand to stop the incoming infantry.

“Such a sturdy kid! Let’s see if you can take a hit from my hammer!” The knight started to laugh, but Shaar already stood up. Seeing a dozen cavalry blocking his front and a group of infantry blocking his back, he knew that there was no way to escape. Even if he ran fast, he knew that he could not outrun a horse. With his temper flaring up, he started to shout angrily: “You are relying on horsepower, if you have the skill, come down and try me!”

That knight gawked and hesitated a moment before hearing a commanding voice from the cavalymen behind him: “Kevin, try him.”

This voice was vigorous and dignified with an imposing aura, the kind of tone that one could not resist. The knight called Kevin listened and started to laugh. He stood up then immediately jumped down from his horse before pulling out a cross sword from his saddle. Throwing the sword towards Shaar, he proclaimed: “Come on, pick it up kid. I won’t take advantage of you.”

Shaar looked around a bit and noticed that there were approximately over hundred knights in this cavalry group and the horses were all superior warhorses. The men were tall and strong, giving off a valiant feeling of something that one could not describe. Their backs were as straight as a javelin; they were wearing light black armors and had either hammers or longswords hanging from their waist. After stopping their horses, they immediately arranged into a cone-shaped formation and surrounded a middle-aged knight just like the stars surrounded the moon.

That middle-aged knight was wearing a black fur lined robe and he was not wearing any armor. On his back he wore a black cloak which was making flapping noises with the wind. He did not take part in the cone-shaped formation and on his saddle a longsword was hanging. Grasping the reins with one hand, he lifted the other to sign the incoming infantries to stop their advance.

This middle-aged knight had a valiant appearance, thick eyebrows and his facial features radiated a majestic aura. He had a high nose bridge and his lips were pressed together, normally this kind of person had a very indomitable temper. Unfortunately, his mighty look was disturbed by an oblique scar under his left eyebrow reaching to his mouth, as if his whole face was split in two! It had an especially hideous fierce quality.

Sitting on his horse, one could see that he had broad shoulders, a narrow waist and he appeared actually three times as stronger than men standing before him. When his eyes swept over Shaar, Shaar noticed that this man's stare could make others tremble!

That fellow sitting there radiated such a ferocious look which was impossible to conceal. Even that deep scar on his face did not reduce his dignity. Not only was it not ugly, it actually made him look more manly and unyielding!

That guy is a big shot! Shaar immediately made that judgement in his mind.

"Kid, take up the sword let's have a try." This knight called Kevin was raised his claw hammer and slowly approached him. Shaar snorted and spit on the floor, before pulling out his fire pitchfork from his waist. Gripping tightly in his hand, he stared coldly towards this Kevin.

Just from the one exchange a moment ago, Shaar immediately judged that the strength of this fellow was three times stronger than Rahim whom he met on Primal Wildfire.

Part 2

Kevin made an unhappy expression when he saw that Shaar did not take the sword and instead took out a black fire pitchfork to fight him. Preparing for battle, his feet moved forward slowly in a dignified manner with his weapon ready in his hand.

Looking in the eyes of his opponent, the strong murderous aura emitted from them gave Shaar a distinctive hint of pressure – it was as if he was not facing a man, but a beast! The two cautiously observed each other

and prepared for their confrontation. Suddenly, Kevin roared and shot forward while pounding his hammer ruthlessly towards Shaar.

Lifting his fire pitchfork to block, Shaar immediately leaned his body and did a side-step to dodge. During the clash, the fire pitchfork instantly cut off an edge of the hammer, but Kevin did not show the least bit of hesitation and immediately turned his hammer to sweep forward. His tactics were simple, swift, and fierce; it didn't drag his feet at all.

Clenching his teeth, Shaar placed his fire pitchfork horizontally to block his opponent's attack and with a loud bang, it directly cut into the hammer's edge, surprising both of them. Being entangled at such a close distance, both Shaar and Kevin did not show the slightest hesitation. They simultaneously raised their legs and maliciously kicked the opposite party.

Both let out a loud painful sound. Kevin's foot kicked Shaar's lower abdomen, while Shaar's foot hit his crotch. While Kevin hurried to regain his posture, Shaar's foot followed up and kicked his thigh.

With his powerful body, Shaar did not have any issues after receiving the kick. Kevin, however, staggered and was having problems keeping his balance because of the pain on his thigh. Quickly taking two steps back, a cracking sound emerged and the hammer suddenly broke off after being cut by the fire pitchfork, with only the handle remaining.

The middle-aged knight, while sitting at a distance away from the fight, closely observed the pitchfork in Shaar's hand and couldn't help but be surprised. Pursing his lips, Kevin stood there and looked at the remaining handle in his hand, but did not get angry. A stronger fighting spirit enflamed in his eyes.

This fellow was brimming with arrogance. Although his weapon was destroyed, next to him lay the sword that he threw to Shaar a moment ago, but he actually did not go to pick it up! With a roar, he unexpectedly charged towards Shaar unarmed!

This fellow threw himself unarmed at Shaar, like a tiger throwing itself at its prey, and became fiercer instead! After two steps, that middle-aged

knight suddenly opened his mouth to speak.

“Alright, stop!”

Already rushing forward, Kevin immediately forcefully twisted his body, and stopped after hearing the command. Panting for breath, he stubbornly stared at Shaar, but did not act rashly. It was obvious that he complied with the middle-aged knight's command.

The middle-aged knight slowly rode forward and stopped next to Kevin while cracking a faint smile, “Satisfied yet? There are many people in the world who have more strength than you. Next time you get into a fight, remember to use your brain.”

Kevin glared at Shaar, but still nodded in agreement. Silently taking two steps, Kevin retreated behind the middle-aged knight, looking as if he showed extreme respect towards the middle-aged knight. Even when the latter rode a horse while Kevin stood on foot, he still did not dare to stand next to the middle-aged knight.

On that exact moment, the city gate suddenly burst open and a group of soldiers surrounding an officer wearing armor marched out. This military officer had a full beard and walked towards the crowd while shouting, “What is going on here! Who dared to cause trouble here?!”

After seeing that middle-aged knight and getting a glimpse for the banners flying over the cavalry unit, the officer couldn't help but frown. Taking a deep breath, he instantly made a military salute, “Ah, General Adrick, I would like to inquire why the General came to my jurisdiction.....”

That middle-aged knight did not even give him a glance and stared at Shaar while asking, “What is your name?”

A dignified look swept across Shaar and his tone held an indescribable aura. It was obvious that this tone was accustomed to giving orders everyday, his eyes shooting out lightning. Towards this majestic and authoritative tone, Shaar couldn't help but subconsciously reply, “My name is Shaar Thunder.”

“Nm, why did you cause trouble?”

“Bah! I am a magical beast hunter living in this neighbourhood. These guys actually want to draft me in as a porter. When I refused, they tried to force me.....”

Shaar did not even finish, when that garrison troop military officer of Primal Wildfire Town turned towards the general, enraged. Interrupting his sentence with a loud roar, the officer shouted out, “Nonsense! General Adrick, I am the temporary garrison commanding officer of Primal Wildfire Town, and this is my jurisdiction. Please let us handle this trouble-causing fellow! He caused trouble in our military jurisdiction and fled the city gate. We have reason to believe that he is a spy.....”

Ignoring the commanding officer, the middle-aged knight kept his eyes on Shaar and asked, “Are you a native?”

“Yes, I live nearby.” Shaar had to admit that he had ended up in a bad situation today. He was against both infantry and cavalry soldiers. There was no way to run away, and it would be better to simply speak the truth. If this didn’t work, he could still try the hard way later on.

However, being enveloped by this middle-aged knight’s stare, he felt a heavy pressure on his body!

“How old are you?”

“.....18.” Shaar swallowed.

“General Adrick.....” That garrison commander was left hanging there to dry while his honor was being tarnished. He couldn’t bear it any longer and opened his mouth in frustration.

Finally reacting, the middle-aged knight looked and turned his head impatiently towards the garrison commander. Pulling his horse towards him, he raised his chin arrogantly while facing the officer and asked coldly, “What did you say?”

“I am.....” the commanding officer replied with an arrogant and stubborn tone. He was thinking, I’m not under your command, we aren’t even from the same army division and this uncle doesn’t fear to offend

you.

Before he was able to finish, the middle-aged knight glared at him coldly. He suddenly pulled out a horsewhip and began whipping him across the face!

The soft leather whip in his hands instantly stretched taut into a straight line and slapped the face of the garrison commander. Smack! The slap immediately forced that guy to the ground, his face beginning to swell. A heavy mark was left where the whip landed, with even his nose broken..

The middle-aged knight looked at that guy with a flat stare and coldly raised his brow. His voice was gentle, but his tone was filled with arrogance and supremacy!

“When this uncle is talking, do you think there is room for you to interrupt?”

That garrison commander, who was hit by the whip, was lying on the ground with his face in severe pain and mind blind with rage. Just as he was preparing to climb up, he saw the other party's spiteful look and faint murderous aura leaking out. he couldn't help but get cold feet. Suddenly remembering this guy's ominous name in the army, his presence was totally overshadowed. How could he dare to poke this bear?

Seeing that their commander was being suppressed, the soldiers under him naturally did not dare to say anything and just stood there blankly.

This tyrannical and arrogant middle-aged man just grunted and did not even look at the commanding officer who was pitifully groaning on the ground. Turning his attention to Shaar again, he gave him a quiet look and noticed that this youth was staring back at him with shiny, sturdy black eyes. Although there was a hint of nervousness, there was absolutely no trace of fear and he had a somewhat unyielding appearance.

The corners of his mouth slightly curved up into a smile. “Very good, boy, do you have any family members?” the middle-aged man asked.

“.....No.” Replied Shaar. A goblin couldn’t even be considered a human.

The middle-aged man boldly declared, “This uncle sees value in you, you have guts boy! You can follow me from now on!”

This middle-aged knight stared at Shaar with a domineering appearance, immediately making Shaar’s blood boil with excitement; it seemed as if this guy’s whole body was emitting a heroic spirit, too exciting!

Originally, Shaar’s idea was to leave the mountain to become a magical beast hunter or a mercenary. But now, an unidentified general came along and asked if he was willing to follow him to work as someone even lower than a mercenary, wouldn’t that count as interesting?

Shaar was a bit excited, but he still asked, “Follow you? What perks will I get?”

All these cavalrymen behind couldn’t bear but start laughing as Kevin grunted while cursing in a low voice, before muttering to himself, “The General values him and he still searches for many excuses. You have no idea how many people in the army would jump at this opportunity in a heartbeat.....”

“Hahaha! Perks? “The middle-aged knight raised his eyebrow and smiled proudly, “Large bowls of liquor to drink! Bulks of meat to eat! A big sword to chop people! Large spoils of war to take! There is no one who can bully us, only we can bully others! Is this not good enough for you? Do you dare to join?!”

My god!

Shaar’s little heart started to beat like mad after just a few words.

“I dare! There is nothing I don’t dare!”

.....

Later generation historians recorded.....ah, forget about what the “later generation historians” said.

What happened back then was that the middle-aged knight stared at

Shaar with squinted eyes, “Boy, if you follow me, then you will become my hands and feet! If I have meat to eat, I will share it with everyone! Remember my name, my name is Adrick, General of the Empire’s 13th Cavalry Corps. This uncle does not have a pleasant nickname, for I am called ‘The Tyrannical General ‘. Remember this well! If you follow me, then you have to show guts and not let me lose face!”

Chapter 55: The Glory of the Army

Besides this official designation the 13th Cavalry Army of Byzantine Empire, it also has a special nickname, “Vexillationes”. The meaning “Vexillationes” in Byzantine ancient language is “The indomitable knights”.

(TL: Go see [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Palatini_\(Roman_military\)](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Palatini_(Roman_military)) for more information of Vexillationes)

In Byzantine Empire, only cavalry troops who distinguished themselves through numerous meritorious military exploits had the qualification to be crowned with such an alias.

However, the 13th Cavalry Army undoubtedly deserved this glorious title.

Even within the entire Byzantine Empire army’s history, the 13th Cavalry Army was boasted about due to their prominent and honorable military service. It was also the trump card of the army’s elite troops and lived up to their name.

Its predecessor was called the “Rhodelia Cavalry Army”, the history of the Rhodelia Cavalry Army could be dated back to two hundred years ago, originating at the Sixth Patriotic War of Byzantine Empire. At that time, in order to suppress the rebellion, Emperor Aurelius recruited knights born in the harsh area of Rhodelia and formed this cavalry Army. It immediately achieved illustrious military exploits in the Patriotic War and in total, from their battles all over the empire, they had suppressed six rebellions and repelled nine invasions of Odin. Rhodelia natives had bellicosity and hot bloodedness ingrained in their nature. They were brave and tenacious in battle, setting a record amongst all armies since the establishment of Byzantine Empire; there wasn’t a single retreat in a total of sixty-four large and small battles!!! (In this regard, no armies in Byzantine Empire could achieve that, even the prominent Imperial Palace Guards had a record of escapes after defeats.)

The size of the Rhodelia Cavalry Army was only two thousand soldiers, but the fighting style of these two thousand knights from Rhodelia was

quite special at that time. When the cavalry charged, they were accustomed to carrying a special four-meter-long lance, as well as lifting up a large-scale oval shield to guard themselves – Only men from Rhodelia possessed such outstanding and heroic physical strength, that was why they were able to use these type of heavy equipments. When they charged, they were intrepid and never afraid of death as they charged. They also never backed down from a battle.

It was worth mentioning that in the Patriotic War, in which the Rhodelia Cavalry Army fought, during they never retreated once in all sixty four battles they participated. Among these battles, there were 13 times where the whole Army almost got wiped out. However, even when nearly all the knights were dead in battle, they still never retreated!

The slogan of Rhodelia Cavalry Army made all Byzantine soldiers ashen upon hearing it!

“Forward Unto Death!!”

This was not a superficial slogan; everyone inside this army, from military officer to soldier used their very blood and life to demonstrate the authenticity of this slogan to the whole world!!

After experiencing a bloody baptism time after time, the soul of this army actually became more and more tenacious. Even when this cavalry army had been smashed to pieces or nearly wiped out in brutal wars, the emperor at that time would always rebuild it again and again without hesitation! This was because, no matter how idiotic the emperor of the time was, they had always understood how precious this blood baptized invincible army was to the empire!

After the Sixth Patriotic War ended, the Rhodelia Cavalry Army was turned from a temporary recruited army into a conventional force and it was officially listed as the regular army of the Byzantine Empire. At that time, it was renamed as the Empire 13th Cavalry Army and its size also expanded to 12000 people, which had continued to this day.

Over two hundred years, from the establishment of army to the present, along with the change of the empire territories. The area which was

formerly known as Rhodelia, turned into a sparsely populated wilderness because of the alternation of political situations and ethnic migrations. The original rough natives of Rhodelia with their traditional pure Rhodelian blood did not exist anymore. They had completely gotten assimilated to every corner of Byzantine Empire's territory and became a drop of water in the ocean.

Nevertheless, the 13th Cavalry Army still retained its traditional spirit of iron and blood of the Rhodelia Cavalry Army.

“Forward Unto Death!”

The officers and knights of the past 13th Cavalry Army, had defended this glorious slogan with their blood, generation after generation. For more than two hundred years, this cavalry army had been stationed at the southern coastline of the Empire, suppressing the rebellions of military Generals, resisting the aggressions of the west frontier nomads and participating in every battle against the Odin Empire at the northern border. Without hesitation any general would be placed it at the most difficult and toughest frontline to fight the hardest battle and crack the hardest bone.

Even when facing against the Odin's Sacred Berserker regiment, the officers and men of the 13th Cavalry Army had never retreated one single step.

Therefore, the 13th Cavalry Army had also set some records in the Empire's history: it was the army with the highest damage ratio during all previous battles, meanwhile, it was also the army which had been rebuilt the most.

.....Moreover same as beforeThere were zero retreats recorded!

Certainly, there was another record: It was as if the soul of this army had been injected with the Rhodelia people's natural valiance and fierce temper from two hundred years ago. This cavalry army always took the leading role among the Empire armies, furthermore, its successive commanders had characteristics of psychopaths or madman.

Even if the emperors occasionally wanted to put some restraints on this

army by dispatching some military officers who were considered as “calm” and “experienced” to govern it, miraculously, once these military officers joined this army, they would quickly be assimilated by this army. No matter how calm and experienced he was, he would turn into a madman.

Once upon a time, the military headquarters sent a new commander to this cavalry army. That young general was of a noble birth, he was also a famous honorable gentleman with elegant manners in the Royal Capital. However, after that aristocrat arrived at the 13th Cavalry Army, in less than three months, the first “achievement” he accomplished made the military headquarter astonished and angry. He ordered to steal the assigned military supplies of a friendly army and led a group of subordinates to burn this friendly forces camp into ruins. Furthermore, without going through the trial, he directly executed several logistics officers whom he identified as corrupt officers. Later on, because of fighting, and other misconducts, he repeatedly offended the empire law and became the top madman who was a real pain in ass for the military headquarters.

That commander later became a lieutenant general after accumulating many achievements and the highest rank he earned was the governor of one of the empire’s military region. When he recalled the times where he held the post of the commander of the 13th Cavalry Army, he said one sentence:

“As long as you join this army, you would feel its fighting spirit everywhere! Under this circumstance, you have only two choices, either get the hell out or become one of them! I am very lucky and chose the latter.”

Since then, all successive commanders of the 13th Cavalry Army took their predecessor’s words as their motto. While the 13th Cavalry Army had never came up with a single obedient and modest general, in Empire’s discipline violation record, it was always ranked at the first place.....

(EN: I think Shaar will perfect fit to this army)



Shaar departed along with the General Adrick's party and on the way he dropped by at his home. General Adrick left Kevin who had completed his military skills with Shaar in order to wait for him then to bring him back to the military camp.

Shaar's carry-on bag was very simple. He carried a bag of gold coins, put a piece of dragon skin at the bottom and several pieces of dragon scales were at the top. Of course his killer weapon, the fire pitchfork, was inserted by him at his waist. Before leaving, he ran towards the back side of the mountain and took a horse from the horse field, while saying several words to the goblin: "This Uncle is going to join the army, watch over the house carefully" and floated away.

During the whole journey, Kevin didn't show any hostility towards Shaar, despite their brutal fight against each other. This fellow took off his face-covering helmet and revealed a bald shiny head that made Shaar amazed every time he looked at it.

Kevin wasn't bad looking. He had bushy eyebrows, big eyes with a tall and elevated body. His arms were sturdy and strong. However, he chose to shave his hair and that gigantic luminous head made him appear to be more hideous.

It was the first time for Shaar to join an army so he was curious about everything. However Kevin was always very serious as he explained those matters to Shaar. He even particularly made some simple introductions to the deeds of the 13th Cavalry Army with a tone full of undisguised pride.

After hearing that, Shaar could not help but sigh: "Awesome! Forward Unto Death. This is freakin awesome!"

With his temper and age, he naturally admired heroes. Since he was at the age where his blood easily boiled, after hearing this, he could not help but start yearning for battle in his heart.

Thinking for a moment, he looked at Kevin's bald head and suddenly could not stop his temptation to ask: "Ehm.....Kevin, why is your head....."

Kevin glanced at him and said in a muffled voice: “On a battlefield, it is easy to get hurt by arrows. Having your hair shaved off would make it more convenient to bandage the wounds and applying medicine to it, in case of wounds on your head or face.”

Shaar nodded repeatedly upon hearing this.

However, a silly idea suddenly popped up in his mind: Your head could be easily injured.....Then what about your body? If the thigh was injured could it be that the hair around that area has to be shaved as well?

Thinking about this, Shaar subconsciously took a peek towards Kevin's special region. And could not help but wonder....

Chapter 56: Kindness, From No Good Men

As the current Empire's 13th cavalry army, Major General Adrick naturally became the greatest headache and nemesis of the Empire's army logistics departments.

General Adrick also had a special hobby: He liked to seek special talented and strange individuals from different regions. Afterwards, he would recruit those "talent" he valued into the army and integrate them immediately into his personal guards while keeping them by his side.

For example, the bald Kevin who fought with Shaar, he served as Cavalry Captain of another cavalry for several years. He had extraordinary skills and brilliant prospects in the army. However, during a break, he saw several of his comrades were having a fight with a group of ruffians and went to help without inquiring about the situation. Just he alone beat up a dozen of people and chased two around the block before killing one with his sword. After being trailed by martial laws, he was sentenced with death penalty, but luckily General Adrick intervened in this matter out of curiosity. He asked Kevin at that time why he joined the fight, even though this obviously had y nothing to do with him.

This fellow replied: They are my comrades! When I notice that my comrades are bullied, if I don't go and help them, then on the battlefield, I also can't count on them to protect my back. Who would parry arrows that are aimed towards you then?

Adrick then asked another question: When you went to help at that time, why didn't you ask which side was wrong?

This hothead Kevin responded while rolling his eyes: "Uncle is not a judge!"

As a result, General Adrick was greatly pleased and used his privileges to recruit Kevin into his own army and integrated him as one of his personal Praetorian guards.

When Shaar arrived at the 13th Cavalry Army's camp, the second person he met was Kato.

Kato had a thin and tall stature with light skin. Even though he was thin, he looked very strong. Every time he smiled, his eyes always flashed with a hint of slyness. Usually, when Shaar met such a person in Primal Wildfire Town, he would keep his distance – This kind of person was either a swindler or a smuggler.

Kato was also one of General Adrick Praetorian Guards. Even though his martial arts were average he was brave during a fight and he could not be counted as one of the outstanding knights in the famous 13th Cavalry Army. Kato most powerful skill laid somewhere else: This boy was good at seeking personal gain and he could bypass those corrupted officers from the military logistics department. He got a lot of goods that were prohibited for his brothers.

For example, gin, strong rye liquor, the high quality tobacco from Zharkturke, caviar that the southern sea, everything that the army banned.....

The 13th Cavalry Army was strictly disciplined, but General Adrick was actually not an unreasonable commander. He treated his subordinates extremely well. Just before the mobilisation for a campaign or after a victory in a battle, he would let Kato acquire a large quantity of goods to reward his brethren.

However Kato's arrival at 13th Cavalry Army was also very dramatic: Originally he worked as a quartermaster in another army and he was famous for getting good stuff and contrabands. During one time, a general requested him to bring a woman into the barracks. At that time, that army was stationed at the eastern border of the empire and fighting against the nomadic tribes. Surrounded by a boundless desert, no one knew which method this fellow used, but he actually managed to sneak a prostitute into a military escort and sent her to the general's tent.

However, when this matter got discovered by the martial court and the general was trialled and the quartermaster Kato was severely punished while almost losing his life. Finally, he was noticed by General Adrick, who liked to collect "talents" and became his subordinates.

When Shaar was walking into the camp of the 13th Cavalry Army along with Kevin, Kevin let Kato take care of him: “Kato! Get this kid a set of equipment.”

Kato swept his shifty-eyed over Shaar and sniffed at him with his big crooked nose, before grinning: “I smell the flavor of a rookie. Alright, rookie, starting today you are our brother! Whatever you request, you can say it to me. What do you want? Ham? Tobacco?”

His way of talking made Shaar speechless. Kevin frowned and said impatiently: “Kato, stop wasting time. The general wants to see him.”

Finishing his sentence, this fellow quickly departed.

Seeing Kevin’s back moving further away, Shaar did not even had the chance to speak and Kato already bumped his shoulder while speaking with a very warmheartedly way: “Don’t bother with this guy, he is an hothead. He is actually a nice guy; you just need some time to get to know him.”

Pausing for a moment, Kato suddenly turned around and looked at the horse which Shaar brought.

Shaar seized this horse from the Nightfall Guardians and kept it at the back of his mountain until now. He picked the most majestic dark horse before he left.

When Kato looked at this horse, his eyes immediately started to shine while revealing a professional examiner look. After taking a careful look at it for a while, he glanced at Shaar: “Is this a horse you brought?” He touched his chin, while showing a crafty smile on his face: “Brother, you are more intriguing than you look..... This clearly is a superior war horse that went through strict training. There is even a brand mark on the horse leg!”

Shaar immediately got a bit anxious and cursed himself for being careless in his mind – after all, this horse was seized by him after killing its owner. If by accident.....

When Kato saw Shaar’s tension, he smiled and whispered: “Take it easy.

Even if the horse is stolen, it doesn't matter. We here, especially us, the Praetorian guards aren't good men, hahaha!"

Aren't good men.....Would someone appraise themselves this way?

While talking, Kato bent his waist and grabbed a handful of mud from the ground before wiping it on that brand mark on the horse's leg. Covering the brand mark with mud then he said with a smile: "I will get a knife when we are back and scrape off brand mark from the skin. After putting on some medicine, your horse will be fit again in two days again. However you have to remember, if someone asks anything about it, you have to deny everything stubbornly! Hmpf, who would dare to do something to someone from our army!" He said with an arrogant tone.

This fellow quickly helped Shaar to pick up two military uniforms and a set of armor with weapon.

After receiving his equipment, Shaar was somewhat excited.

Touching the double-edged, cross shaped sword in his hand, he could feel the icy cold on the swarthy sword blade. The sword edge flashed a cold brightness, although it was only a standard weapon of the army, it was made of good steel and with sophisticated forging process. This sword was indeed worthy to be used by the trump card elite army of Byzantine Empire.

With full of excitement Shaar used his palm to careful stroke the blade, as if he was caring for his lover.

Such a good sword would sell for a great value in Primal Wildfire Town.....

This was the best weapon Shaar ever had!

Ahem! That fire pitchfork did not count, since it was only a pitchfork.....

He also received an oval shield. A layer of leather covered the inner part and a line was engraved in Byzantine language on the shield's surface. Shaar carefully identified it for a:

"Rhodelia! Forward unto death!"

Shaar sighed and recalled what Kevin told him about this army's glorious history – Indeed, such glory was already deep ingrained in each corner of this army.

Because of Shaar's big physique, he received a large sized armor. It was a set of light armor, covered with thick leathers and iron composition. Both shoulders and the chest were crafted with an excellent crafting method. Shaar noticed that it was forged very well.

His uniform was a typical Byzantine military uniform with a short sleeved robe and lining inside. Thick breeches were wrapped tightly around the calves and a pair of leather boots was equipped with thorns that made a funny sound while walking.

“Right now, you are one Praetorian guards of the general. A Praetorian Guard doesn't need the heavy cavalry armor during duty. We will be provided with cavalry equipment when we receive a combat mission – those are the good stuff! A four meters long lance and an oval greatshield with the height of half a person, haha! After looking at your physique, you should be able move around with the armor without problems.” Kato laughed and appeared very warmheartedly towards Shaar. At last, he quietly pressed a small bottle into Shaar's palm – this was one bottle of wine, brewed with sweet potatoes. Its taste was not necessarily good, but it still counted as contraband in the army.

Kato blinked an eye towards Shaar and his eyes flashed with kindness. He whispered: “Don't tell anybody, each new brother will receive a gift. This is the tradition between us Praetorian guards. Enjoy it in the evening when you are alone in your tent rookie!”

This action quickly gave Shaar a favorable impression and he started to like this place.

Furthermore, the people in Praetorian guards were all to his liking. Whether it was the friendly Kato or the rash and very upright Kevin, they all seemed to be good people.

However, listening to Kato saying that the people from the Praetorian Guard were “no good men”, arriving at such evaluation.....

Was it a good or bad thing for Shaar to join a group?

Chapter 57: First Mission

Where the 13th Cavalry Army stationed, was about fifty miles northwest of Primal Wildfire Town at the foot of a mountain.

The northern trade route was passing through this place and the Al Bactre plain was located at northwest side of the mountain. It was a long and narrow plain which passed through Primal Wildfire and occupied one-fourth of its area. It was the only piece which was plain in Primal Wildfire and it was near the inhabitants of the goblins and dwarves. Because of its flat topography, it was an important pathway for caravans of between both Empires.

The 13th Cavalry Army was stationed here in order to prevent the Odin Empire's army to break through from this position. But this operation plan has been obviously clear, in the northwest of Primal Fire Town with addition of north and northeast, the convention regular army corps of the Empire was stationed separately in order to prevent the invasion of Odin person.

Fighting a decisive battle with the Odins at Primal Wildfire and keeping the enemy outside of the country, this was Byzantine Empire's battle plan. Two regular armies were stationed at the south side of Primal Wildfire Town as reserve forces. Once they have determined the route that the Odins will use to attack, those two prepared armies will immediately march towards north for support. Moreover, the garrison stationed at the surrounding area would also rush there for aid.

Shaar did not know about this battle plan, nor did he know that Al Bactre plain would be dyed red with blood soon.

Later Shaar received his equipment divided the tent he moved to – he lived in the same tent as the bald Kevin. After changing into his military uniform in the tent, when Shaar walked out, Kevin was already waiting for him there.

This bald man made a very serious expression: "I will bring you to the general now. You listen very carefully. No one here will bully newcomers

since the general is a fair man. However, if you want to become one of us, you must show us your skill!”

While talking, Kevin mumbled the famous saying of the 13th Cavalry Army: “You either get the hell out or become one of us. However, you must obtain everybody’s approval before being accepted – when you see the general, you must show respect. He is our leader!”

When Kevin turned around to lead the way, he stopped for a moment and then added: “When you ride a horse, your posture is somewhat stiff. You need more practice in order to solve this issue – we are a cavalry unit!”

Although his words did not sound pleasant, this guy did not have any malicious intent and talked with a very straightforward manner.

Shaar nodded and followed him to see General Adrick.



Wearing his new uniform, Shaar entered the large army tent with Kevin. Adrick frowned as he was looking at a military report he just received and at his side stood a silver-haired middle-aged man with a mighty appearance.

“Al Bactre is the most likely the route which the enemy will use to attack according to the traditional ways. Placing us with the strongest fighting force here means that they will make us chew the hardest bones – this could also be considered a military tradition now.” Adrick put down the military report and said in ridicule.

The silver-haired man standing next to him had a face with heroism engraved on it said: “This is only natural. Those sissies from the 2nd and the 9th Army do not have the qualifications to fight over the meat with us!” There was both pride and loneliness in his tone.

“Alright, Butler, go prepare your men. I want them all fully equipped and ready for battle before tomorrow night. Go push the military logistics officers. If they delay any further, this uncle will take his sword and start chopping some people!”

The silver-haired man named Butler was the 13th Cavalry Army's third legion's centurion. He immediately straightened his body and forcefully beat his chest while making a military salute, before turning around to leave. When he came out, he ran into Kevin and Shaar. Looking at Shaar, he started to laugh and said: "The rookie seems strong and healthy, he is a good soldier!"

Is a good soldier.....

Watching the silver-haired man leave, Shaar got a weird feeling from his praise.

Lifting his head, General Adrick was staring at Shaar who had put on his uniform. The scar on his face was a bit reddish because of his excited mood, making him look extremely ferocious. That look however did not give Shaar the feeling of fear, but made him feel closer towards Adrick.

"You look good after putting on your uniform; you will be a good soldier." Adrick touched his forehead, while using his eagle eyes to sweep over Shaar: "How do you feel after putting on this uniform?"

Shaar raised his head and replied in a modest tone: "Not bad, very energetic."

"It is indeed very energetic. I am never wrong on people I chose. You have the vigor and health of a bull with the eyes of a ruthless wolf, hahaha!"

Shaar was speechless.....was that a praise?

He did not know why, but in front of this general who irradiated an imposing and malignant aura, Shaar always felt a bit uncomfortable. It was as if that imposing aura of the opposite party was forcefully oppressing him.

"Are you a native? Did you grow up in Primal Wildfire?"

"Yes." Shaar nodded.

"You must be very familiar with the surrounding terrain."

Shaar nodded.

Standing up, Adrick walked at the side and took down the huge leather map that was hanging on the wall. This was a topographical map of Primal Wildfire. He pointed towards the map and asked: "Can you point out which position we are now?"

Shaar did not hesitate and walked up, before pointing out the correct position on the map.

"Are you literate? Do you recognize the Byzantium characters?" Adrick was smiling with satisfaction then he slightly grinned. It looked like as if the scar on his face was vibrating: "Tell me, how is the northern terrain."

Shaar thought for a moment then said: "We are blocking the southern entrance of Al Bactre plain, if we march towards north, we can arrive at the Odin Empire if we cross the Al Bactre plain.....The flanks are close to the dwarf territory and no one dares to pass those massifs hills and caves. Hm..... Closer to it is the Red Wilderness which is relatively barren infested by Goblin tribes and wolves. There are some bandits and black tribes living in the surrounding mountains, other than those..... I don't know what else you want to know."

He raised his head and stared at the general.

The more he speak, he was feeling more at ease – Fuck, this uncle already encountered a dragon, what is there to fear.

Shaar's reply made General Adrick nod in satisfaction. He picked up a small iron badge from a case. This badge was shaped like to a horse hoof and had a line written on it.

"This is your military rank, an ordinary private. However, I cannot give it to you yet." Adrick stared at Shaar's eyes with an electrifying look and said in a deep voice: "You must first undergo a test and complete a task. When you come back, you will become my personal guard and I will personally put on the military badge on you!"

Shaar held up his head and his eyes were firmly fixed onto Adrick's eyes.

"I will send a team of cavalry to scout the northern part. Since you are

familiar with the terrain here, you will go with them. During this trip you will learn some things that you can use in the future.” Adrick hesitated a moment: “Kevin, you go with him and teach this kid well.”

Before Shaar said anything, Kevin who stood there already straightened his body and beat his chest while shouting in a clear voice: “Yes, General!”



Before embarking, Kevin led Shaar towards the quartermaster’s office in order to receive cavalry equipment since they will be scouting on horseback.

During the selection of weapon, Kevin immediately chose a heavy claw hammer, while Shaar refused to take this type of weapon. He did not choose a lance either, but picked a halberd instead.

It seemed as if he had a special fondness of axes.

The halberd used by cavalry soldiers had a length of about one-and-a-half meters it had a two-sided axe. There was a lance sticking out of the top and during combat it could both be used for chopping or thrusting to kill. When Shaar chose this type heavy weapon, Kevin did not said anything.

Back in the tent when they were preparing to leave, this hothead hesitated and glanced at Shaar while whispering: “Ehm.....Your horse it too eye catching, don’t use it for now since we don’t want any unnecessary trouble. I will lend you one of my readied horses.”

Surprised for a moment, Shaar could not help but stare at this fellow and noticed that he made a very sincere look with his shiny bald head.

It turned out that he already saw that his horse was a bit strange but did not say anything. Looking at Kevin’s calm eyes, Shaar smiled and patted him on his shoulder: “Thanks!”

He already started to like this bald man.

Chapter 58: Enemy Attack

Late in the night, Shaar and Kevin accompanied a team of light cavalry out scouting.

The 13th Cavalry Army when fully assembled it had total of 12,000 soldiers. However, the real fighting force only had 8000 men, while the remaining 4000 were auxiliary troops, supply troops, logistics, squires, and temporarily recruited porters. After all, even though the cavalry was the king of land warfare, they were expensive and precious.

The war horses of the cavalry needed to be fed and safeguarded. They needed veterinarians— likewise, the army needed blacksmiths and military supply personnel, who were responsible for maintaining their weapons. Supply troops were responsible for the baggage, and the logistics officers were responsible for the military funding and so on.

The 8000-man fighting force was divided into four stand-alone legions, with each having 2000 soldiers. In addition, there was also an independent scouting unit, which had about 200 light cavalrymen.

A platoon of 18 cavalry scouts from the independent scout unit, including Shaar and Kevin, was assigned for this reconnaissance mission.

It was the first time Shaar had marched with an army. He had only spent half a day at the military camp, and didn't yet have the time to carefully observe this army. Looking at the light cavalry scouts, Shaar couldn't help but to compare them to the mercenaries from Primal Wildfire Town.

Although these scouts were only considered as light cavalry, every one of them were excellent horse riders – If they hadn't controlled their marching speed and instead ran at full speed, in less than a minute, Shaar would be eating their dust from behind. Each and every one of those guys demonstrated an indescribable fearlessness.....Resembling.....Wolves!

That's right; those guys were like a pack of wolves, silent, ferocious, their eyes revealing a hint of resilience and ferocity. Although they treated Shaar very courteously, he could clearly feel that they had not

accepted him yet. They kept some distance towards him while maintaining an amiable façade on the surface.

Even though Kevin and Shaar were part the general's Praetorian Guards, Kevin still complied with the squad captain's command. Just because they were Praetorian Guards, they didn't get any special privileges.

Their group travelled north, riding towards the entrance of Al Bactre plain and ventured into it for about 100 miles. Riding on a winding trail, they spent two days searching..

Shaar slowly got familiar with those people and eventually, he showed them his rich survival experience in the wild. He demonstrated his outstanding quality as a hunter, particularly when he was searching for clues. Furthermore, he provided some insight when they found some traces and everybody's view of him gradually improved.

During their break time, Shaar and the cavalry soldiers sat together while chewing cold, dry bread and drinking ice-cold water.

After two days of searching, they scouted an area 100 miles north of the military camp. Although the cavalry soldiers were somewhat tired, their faces were full of resolve and they didn't slacken. Everyone's eyes were bright, and full of spirit. With Shaar's splendid physique, he displayed strength that turned Kevin's impression of him into a more favourable one.

Shaar had never experienced living in such a collective environment, but his simple and honest hillbilly temper on the surface was well liked by these soldiers. Moreover, Shaar never considered that asking questions was such a shameful thing and humbly asked the cavalry soldier how to improve his riding skills. Right now, because of his monstrous physique..... he basically used brute strength to force the horse into submission – Two days later, after much guidance, his riding skills improved quite a bit.

Only Kevin felt somewhat helpless after seeing how Shaar using just pure strength suppressed the poor horse forcing it to yield. Kevin could only sigh, while seeing that his own horse was tortured and suffered

under this brute.

On the third day, they arrived at a section of the jungle. This part of the jungle wasn't too big, allowing the cavalry soldiers to run around the jungle. After they didn't discover any suspicious traces, they decided to rest a moment. After their rest they started on a journey to return.

During the break, that scout team leader asked Shaar, "Don't you feel that what we do is boring?" He was a veteran who had served more than seven years in the 13th Cavalry Army, and settled down here after being transferred seven years ago. Getting a promotion in the elite cavalry army was extremely difficult, and it didn't help that he was a commoner with no background. Even the fair General Adrick could not help him with this—after all, there was a strict system for promotion in the army.

With the qualifications of the team leader, he could easily get a promotion if he transferred to a regular army but he rejected several times when he was asked to transfer, refusing to leave from here. What's even more absurd is, it is said that this guy's son also joined the 13th Cavalry Army.....

According to Kevin, there were many people in the 13th Cavalry Army that shared similar stories to the team leader.

"Why do you ask?" asked Shaar, curiously staring at the team leader. After travelling together for several days, he felt that this guy was a warm-hearted good person and acted very sincerely towards his comrades. He was a capable middle-aged guy; with weather sharpened bronze skin on his face. Deep, heavy wrinkles could be seen under his eyes, and even though he was only 40 years old, he already looked almost 50.

"We ran around for two days and we achieved nothing. You probably think that this task is very boring." The team leader laughed, and looked at the resting cavalry soldiers around him.

Thinking for a moment, Shaar took a deep breath and answered earnestly, "I don't believe so. A scout's value does not lie in whether he is able to discover a problem."

“Oh?” Although he only asked casually about it, he didn’t expected the rookie to actually have such an answer. Picking up interest in Shaar, he asked, “What is your opinion about it?”

Recalling his memories, he remembered reading some notes in his old man’s books that talked about scouting during combat. After thinking for a moment, he replied with a smile, “I don’t understand it very much, butFinding a problem is without a doubt very important but if we don’t find anything, it can at least provide a valuable clue to the commander which shows that this region is ‘clear’. This itself is a valuable information and therefore not finding a problem cannot be arbitrarily considered invaluable.”

The team leader narrowed his eyes, and Kevin, who was minding his own business just now, couldn’t help but look at Shaar full of curiosity, “Have you studied these things before?”

Shaking his head, Shaar hesitated for moment, “I have read about it in some books.....”

A happy smile emerged on the Captain’s face and he gave Shaar a slap while looking at Kevin, “Hey! Bald kid, this new rookie just arrived right? Can you tell the general to put him under me? All the new recruits only want to become heavy cavalry so that they be on the frontlines. There are only a few guys who have the patience for scouting.”

Kevin cracked a smile, “For this, you need to talk with the general yourself.”

Lowering his head, he went back to minding his own business. Sitting down beside him, Shaar looked at Kevin – this guy was holding a piece of sheepskin covered in dense, charcoal written text. Using a knife, he gently scraped off the writing on the sheepskin.

“What are you doing?”, asked Shaar.

“Writing a letter,” Kevin replied without lifting his head, “We who became soldiers don’t have the money to buy paper. Since paper is easily damaged, sheepskin is used to communicate with your family. Write on it with charcoal, and after reading it, you can scrape the text off and use it

again.”

Baldy raised his head and looked at Shaar, “Have you never used something like that?”

Dumbstruck for a moment, Shaar suddenly felt a strange feeling in his heart and opened his mouth, “II have never written a letter, and besides, I have no one that I can write to.”

When he said those words, his heart suddenly gave birth to an indescribable loneliness.

Writing a lettermeant that there had to be family members to write to. As for me.....

Hmm, after my old man died, I am the only one left.

For some unknown reason, when I think about it that pitiful creature’s face appears in my mind.....

Shaar froze for a moment and his whole body started to get goose bumps. Quickly slapping himself on his arm, he spit on the ground.

Fuck, did this uncle spend too much time with Oaks and get infected with the goblin’s man-loving sickness?!

Forcefully shaking his head, he quickly put aside this fearful thought.

Hearing Kevin’s voice in his ears, Shaar noticed that this fellow’s eyes were glowing with excitement. His normally fierce face suddenly revealed a funny and tender expression, “This is my wife’s letter, hehe! I am someone who has a wife, her name is Julia. She is a pure Rhodelian woman! Haha! Amazed? Right now, pure Rhodelian people are very rare in the empire. Hehe, I actually managed to marry one! I serve in the Rhodelian Cavalry Army, and my wife is a Rhodelian woman. In the entire army, I am the only one!!”

When talking about his wife, this hothead who normally only said few words suddenly became talkative.....

Looking at this hothead’s proud expression, Shaar sighed.....

Having a wife, must be a great thing! Ah, so irritating uncle Shaar is

still a.....

“Ah, your wife must be very pretty.” The virgin Shaar expressed his admiration with envy.

“Of course! She is the goddess of my heart.” The hothead grinned and looked at Shaar with even more pleasing eyes, “The steaks she grills are great. If there is the chance, I will invite you to my house to let you taste her skills! You are a nice fellow and we can become good friends in the future.”

This.....pitiful hothead probably didn't know Shaar's outlandish standards of “beauty”. If he knew, I only fear that those two men who had just become friends would instantly get angry and start a duel.

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After many years, in a time where Shaar has made a name for himself with his honorable deeds spread all over the continent, his early funny aesthetic standards would become jokes that everyone would use to tease others.

The phrase “King Shaar said that your wife (daughter) is very beautiful” – such words would be considered as a famous saying to curse people and were widely spread.....

This famous saying would spread over the continent with another world-famous joke, “XXX, your mother called you to go home for dinner.” Side by side, those two famous sentences would enhance each other's charm on the continent.....

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When the scouts were taking a rest, they picked the three biggest trees with the best view in the vicinity and they let three chosen cavalry soldiers act as lookout while concealing themselves. The young soldier standing at the right wore thick leather armor which turned rough after several days. It rubbed painfully against the skin on his thigh, making the squatting cavalry soldier in a very laughable posture. However, his eyes were still very bright—he had the highest archery skill in this squad and

someone who excelled at archery usually had the best vision.

Looking vigilantly at the distance, he swept over several important positions. The soldier sighed in relief while still keeping his eyes gazing at the distance while carefully hiding his body behind the branches and leaves at the same time. Loosening his water bag on his waist, he slowly unscrewed it.....

When he held the water bag and took a sip of water, his eyes finally averted from observing at the distance – The tiny moment he raised the bag to drink water.....

Whoosh!! A sharp arrow shot out from the void like dark silent night. Not even creating the glimmer of piercing sound like a poisonous snake it maliciously pierced his throat!

The arrow shot through the water bag in his hand while piercing his throat! In a flash the eyes of the soldier unwillingly widened. Lifting his hand he suddenly plunged down the tree!

The cavalry scouts on the ground immediately awakened! Exactly at this moment, in the darkness, more than a dozen blurry, black shadows rushed towards them in the woods!

Enemy attack!!!!”

Chapter 59: War, is war

A large number of dense shadows leapt and maneuvered up and down as they jump back and forth between the trees in the forest it looked like they were giant apes. The moment they rushed in front of the cavalrymen, a black shadow suddenly dropped down from the sky, throwing himself at a soldier who had just raised his sword.....

Although the cavalrymen had already drawn their weapons, they were ill-prepared to face enemies who specialized in agility, nimbly leaping around everywhere. Almost instantly, three shadows lunged towards the soldiers. One maliciously stabbed towards his victim's chest with a short sword, while the other two furiously started to clash with their targets.

The remaining twelve shadows also instantaneously threw themselves at the crowd of imperial cavalrymen. Suddenly, Shaar could feel a fishy breath on his face as a huge shadow stretched his arm, trying to maliciously grab him. Not having any time to dodge, Shaar was instantly pushed to the ground. His opponent's hands were trying to break his neck but with a grunt, Shaar grabbed his assailant's hand and forcefully bent them. Kaka two sharp, crisp sounds rang out as two bones protruded out from his opponent's hand. His adversary, concealed within the darkness, got his hands broken—immediately starting the struggle between him and Shaar. In a few moments, Shaar grabbed that guy's throat and resolutely pressed.....

Kack!

By the time he climbed up, Kevin, who was next to him, smashed his claw hammer into a shadow and sent it flying. A short sword was stabbed into Kevin's shoulder, piercing through the shoulderguard's slit. Fresh blood was dripping down onto the ground and it looked like he got injured when he was thrown on the ground a moment ago.

“Damn! What are those things?”

Looking at the black shadows quickly regrouping, he noticed that they continuously jumped, changing their positions after several jumps. Their

physique was clearly tall and robust but surprisingly, they moved nimbly like monkeys.

Gasping for breath Kevin roared, "Draw closer! Everybody close up at same place! Those are Odin's Icefield hunters!"

After the first wave, from the original number of Byzantine cavalry scouts, six men were lying on the ground. Only two were still alive, while the the other four were already dead.

The opposite party, the "Icefield hunters" only suffered two casualties, the one that got his neck broken by Shaar and the other one that got his ribs crushed by Kevin's hammer who was lying under a tree. A large part of his chest was caved in, and it was obvious that his breastbone was smashed into a pulp.

At this time when the night was darkest, the sky was covered by the tree branches and leaves. In order to hide themselves, the scouts refrained from lighting a fire. However, with Shaar's natural night vision, he could still see the "Icefield hunters'" presence very clearly.

Every single one of the hunters wore a black fur coat, and was extremely tall. Compared to the Byzantine cavalry scouts, they were at least a head taller and their arms reached to their knees like apes. With their tall body wearing a black fur coat in the darkness they could possibly be mistaken as bears. Thanks to the pitch black night, it was very difficult to see their appearance clearly.

The strangest part was that even though these fellows were obviously extremely fat, their agile jumping movements were so quick that it was scary! Their movements didn't even made any sound!!

As one could expect from the elites of the 13th Cavalry Army, the scouts quickly gathered together and placed themselves back to back forming a defensive circle. Shaar and Kevin stood next to each other and beside them was the scout team leader. A moment ago, he was also thrown to the ground during the conflict. Because his forehead was crashed on the ground during the impact blood could be seen trickling down from his face. Holding a sword in his hand, he tightly gripped his left rib, where

his leather armor was cut open. A deep wound could be seen and blood was flowing out.

“Damn those things! Hmph, they are the mortal enemy of us Byzantine scouts!”

The team leader silently panted for breath in a low voice while his mouth maliciously spurted out those lines. His eyes kept staring at those assassin hunters in the darkness – After striking, the latter already retreated to keep their distance. Not far away from them, a dozen shadows were quickly moving around the big trees and it seemed that they were looking for an opportunity to attack.

Kevin forcefully pulled the short sword out of his shoulder and frowned because of his pain. Clenching his teeth he said, “Shaar, be careful. Those guys are the scouts of Odin. They live in the Odin’s northern Icefield region, surviving year-round in the harsh conditions of smooth icefields and steep snowy mountain cliffs. Their greatest skill is agility!”

No wondereach of them were as agile as monkeys.

Shaar squinted his eyes and looked towards the distance with both sides patiently waiting for a confrontation. Those Icefield hunters were constantly switching positions.....

Finally, after hearing a whistle, a black shadow leaded the way and lunged down, before soon after a dozen other shadows followed its suit. They dropped down and attacked them from all sides! The cavalrymen raised their swords to block while furiously resisting but alas these fellows were just too fierce. Even though it was obvious that every cavalryman’s sword cut their opponent the target didn’t care and continued to pressed themselves closer to the soldier before stabbing their weak spot!

After several painful screams, their great defence circle suddenly broke! Shaar kicked towards the guy who was plunging at him with his enormous strength booted the guy who was still in midair. Being hit with such a heavy blow, blood started to spurt out like fountain from his mouth. Shaar already drew his fire pitchfork with his other hand and

noticed that in order to deal with agile guys like them a huge encumbersome cross-sword was inconvenient. It would only affect their striking ability.

Shaar immediately rushed out!

Taking a monstrous leap, he resembled the Icefield hunters whom they were fighting against and jumped several meters high. In mid air, Shaar stretched out his arms wide welcoming the adversary who rapidly jumped towards him. While hugging him like an octopus his opponent used his short sword to maliciously stab Shaar's chest.....However that guy made a miscalculation! This hillbilly's body was already strengthened to a level where not even a short sword could pierce his body! Shaar tightly contracted both of his arms, crushing the bones of his enemy. A barbarian's unusual strength was not something that could be underestimated. Carrying the dead body which was still spewing out fresh blood Shaar landed on a tree and dropped him like a sack of potatoes while taking his short sword. Looking at a new shadow lunging at him, Shaar furiously threw his newly obtained sword at him. In an instant, that shadow clutched his throat in shock. After a few painful gurgles, yet another shadow fell to the ground.

It was as if Shaar transformed into an Icefield Hunter. His movement and jumping speed were both far above the opposite party! If his opponents were agile apes then he could be called a fierce lynx!

In one breath, Shaar had already killed three hunters and quickly aimed for his next target.....

His target was the enemy with the biggest stature. That fearsome enemy had just cut open the neck of a cavalry scout with his short sword and his face was covered with blood. Just as he was getting up off the ground, Shaar threw himself at the burly man, pushing him back down to the ground.

Wrestling against him on the ground, Shaar immediately felt that this man's strength was not something to be underestimated. Compared to the Icefield Hunters, this guy was on a whole different level! When Shaar

tried to grab his neck in order to strangle him the man unexpectedly and furiously broke free from his grip.

Shaar was furious! This uncle tried to kill you and you actually dared to resist?

Both of them rolled on the ground for a while before Shaar created a little space so that he could bend his knees, thrusting upwards. His thrust brutally smashed against his victim's thigh causing waves of pain to shoot through his opponent's body! That fellow instantly swallowed the pain while twisting his body, trying to get away from the source of pain. Seizing this opportunity, Shaar released his arm and stabbed his elbow towards his opponent's heart.

Crack Hearing his enemy's rib break, Shaar immediately jumped up and climbed the tree like a lynx. While watching Kevin smash another opponent into a pulp another Icefield hunter suddenly threw himself at Kevin's back! The hunter wrapped himself tightly on Kevin with both his legs around Kevin's waist. Kevin immediately struggled several times but he was actually incapable of throwing him off! The Icefield hunter clinging onto Kevin's back suddenly drew his short sword and viciously stabbed towards Kevin's neck.....

Shaar did not hesitate, and immediately threw the fire pitchfork in his hand like a trident of lightning.. Kevin whom already felt the rush of cold air on his neck started to feel despair in his heart. Suddenly he heard something else was rushing towards him. Shink! Fresh blood suddenly started to drip down on his ear and the northman's body got stiff and fell down. When he turned around he saw that the head of opposite party was pierced by a pitchfork!

Jumping down, Shaar pulled the fire pitchfork out of his victim. Gasping for air, Kevin panted, "I owe you my life!"

Shaar only grinned back.....

Only four of the Byzantine Cavalry Scouts remained.. However, the Icefield hunter finally whistled and retreated from the battle circle. Quickly leaping on the tre, a few shadows no longer regrouped to attack

and instead they hurriedly escaped far away into the darkness.....

Fourteen cavalry scouts were killed during this sneak attack but the casualties of the Icefield hunters were ten. Of those ten enemies who were killed, Shaar and Kevin had killed six. Obviously if Kevin and Shaar didn't attended this scouting mission this cavalry scout unit would've probably been wiped out!

After their first confrontation the powerful Odin's hunters left a deep impression in Shaar's mind.

When the enemies retreated far enough, Kevin immediately sat down. In fact, most of the Cavalry scouts were barely standing. The team leader was still alive, and used his hands to support himself on a big tree. The blood from the wound on his ribs had already stained half of his body crimson.

Kevin saw that Shaar looked a bit different after the attack and pulled him aside while whispering, "Odins are always cruel and these Icefield hunters were inborn scouts of the Odins. Although they are our enemy, it can be said that their individual battle efficiency is higher compared to the Byzantines."

Pausing, Kevin added, "The general said once: When those fellows gather together, they are just like a group of unorganized mops and we can always defeat them."

However, after the battle, the fourteen companions with whom he shared his meal and company for several days with turned into ice-cold corpses.

Regarding these cavalymen they didn't entertain their sadness and just silently cleaned up the battlefield. Moving their companions' corpses to one spot, they inspected their enemies carefully and gratefully for any clues. Those who had yet to die were killed off without hesitation.

They proceeded in total silence and nobody said a word!

For these people who seemed to get used to those kind of life and death on the battlefield, their faces did not show any sorrow. Their grief turned

to hatred and it was reflected in their eyes!

The injured team leader stood in front of a corpse and looked at it for a while – That was the soldier who died first during that sneak attack with an arrow shot through neck. He fell from the tree and his water bag was still nailed at his neck. The water bag was already empty and formed a pool of blood next to the body.....

The team leader looked at this young soldier in silence and his eyes flashed a look that resembled sadness!

Then he turned furiously and screamed with a hoarse voice, “We don’t have time to delay! Now that we have discovered the enemy we must immediately ride back with the message! Everyone get on your horses!”

The team leader quickly climbed on his horse and the remaining cavalymen followed his suit, and they instantly left this forest of slaughtering.

After riding more than a dozen miles, Kevin whispered to Shaar.....

“The soldier who died was the son of the team leader.”

! ? ?

Shaar was shocked.

During the past few days, this young cavalry scout did not leave any deep impression in Shaar’s mind. He only remembered that he had a plain, firm and resolute look. He would occasionally smile and was a bit of a shy look.....

For these past days, when facing team leader he would also shout like everyone else “team leader” and did not shout father. He did not obtain the least bit of favourable treatment from the team leader and even the harshest tasks like surveillance or night watch were given to him.....

Only a small moment was given to a father to bid farewell to his son.

Only a small moment of life and death to brutally divide their kinship!

※※※

During the first battle after Shaar joined the army, the experience of that team leader looking at his dead son with deathly solitude, was a memory that was deeply carved in Shaar's heart.

Regarding this young hunter, this fierce small battle that occurred in front of him suddenly reminded him of a fact:

War, was not like hunting in the woods of the mountain!

War, was not like adventuring on the Primal Wildfire!

War, is.....War!!

Chapter 60: Promotion

Only after the remnant of the cavalry scout team reached the 13th Cavalry Army camps their faces started to relax slightly..

The military intelligence that they collected was handled by the scout team leader according to army regulations and the information was delivered to the intelligence regiment. Shaar and Kevin started to go towards the Praetorian Guard camp.

Looking at these cavalry scouts with whom he fought together side-by-side quietly leaving the camp, Shaar suddenly felt a dull rage inside him – almost no one spoke a word in past two days when they were rushing back. An invisible fire started to burn fiercely in Shaar's heart and it was burning stronger with each passing day.

Watching those cavalry scouts walking away, Shaar looked at the team leader's back.....

Suddenly he felt that he was very lucky.

At least, the old man died on his bed and he could personally bury him. As for what happened to the team leader and his son – in order to return to camp as soon as possible, they didn't even have the time to bury the body of his son!



Both Shaar and Kevin didn't have any time to rest. Just after they reported that they carried out their orders successfully in the Praetorian Guard camp, they didn't even had enough time to untie their belts as someone was waiting for them outside to convey a message to them: The general wanted to see them, now.

When Shaar entered General Adrick's big tent for the second time, he immediately felt that the atmosphere was extraordinary. At the entrance of big tent, the Praetorian Guards on duty were doubled and everyone had a pre-war anxiety all written all over their faces.

When Shaar and Kevin were waiting to be announced, they stood

outside of the big tent and suddenly they heard an angry shouting voice coming from within the tent followed by a suddenly burst of an intense quarrel.

A moment later, several military officers walked out the big tent and Shaar recognized that one of them was the silver-haired middle-aged man, Burtler the centurion of the 3rd Legion he met last time. The others that came out were probably also Centurions of the 13th Cavalry Army.

When those eight people walked out, some of them had faces full of anxiety while others had an indifferent face and there were even some who had flaming rage in their eyes. When they were walking Kevin immediately pulled Shaar away to let them pass and pounded his chest in salute.

Waiting for these people to walk further away Kevin noticed the puzzled look on Shaar's face and started to explain: "It must be the pre-war conference. Those Centurions probably started an argument in order to snatch the vanguard role – this is a common occurrence. Seeing the look on Centurion Butler's face, it is very likely that it fell into his hands. "

The map on the wall of the big tent was painted with various colors. Many numbers and military symbols were marked on various areas. Furthermore, those symbols were also painted in different colors.

When Shaar saw that the map it looked like it was changed beyond all recognition. Shaar was startled and subconsciously glanced at it a few times.....

This was probably the markings of a military map? Shaar remembered reading a book which was devoted to these things. When he was still young, he found it quite fun and took a map of Primal Wildfire and drew on it for a while.

Ah, so the square symbol represented their own camp, the round symbols represented the logistics camps and the dotted line represented the logistical lines.

All the triangles represented mountains and hills, while the ellipses

represented low-lying terrains. The areas on the map that were painted with a little green flag symbol meant that it had been searched and a safe area.

The places that were marked by a small cross meant that there was an enemy encounter at that position.

While staring at the map, Shaar was in a small trance and only recovered after Kevin pulled him. When Shaar raised his head, he suddenly noticed that General Adrick was standing next to him, watching him with interest.

This tyrannical General's face was somewhat red and beads of sweat could be seen on his forehead. Holding a small dagger with a golden hilt in his hand, he casually cut a thick paper into several small pieces.

He looked at Shaar without stopping the movements of his hands and carefully examined him for a long time. Only when Shaar felt some tingling on his scalp, General Adrick pulled back his scary piercing eyes.

"Can you read the military symbols on the map?" Adrick caught Shaar's expression when he entered the tent.

After hesitating, Shaar replied: "I know some." Catching his curiosity, Kevin who was standing next to him leaned in to have a closer look at Shaar. After taking a breath, Shaar continued: "I read some books which had those things on them."

"Very good." Adrick nodded, picked up a charcoal and threw it to Shaar: "Mark the place where you fought the Odins on the map for me."

Holding the charcoal, Shaar didn't hesitate and walked towards the map and accurately marked the position. He then drew a small cross on that place and after thinking for a moment, he added a small round circle next to it. His last action immediately made Adrick reveal a hint of satisfaction in his eyes.

The last symbol that Shaar drew represented the enemy's frontier force according to the Byzantine military symbol.

"It seems like you really understand these things", Adrick smiled.

Withdrawing his attention Adrick nailed the dagger on the table and put on a serious expression again: “I heard the result of this your mission. Well done.....”

While staring at Shaar he asked: “Did you really kill six of Odin’s Icefield hunters?”

“.....it is five.” Shaar thought for a moment and replied in a very frank tone: “I killed five and wounded one. Kevin finished him off.”

The general nodded and then stood up in order to walk around the table and stopped in front of Shaar. The stature of this tyrannical general was towering and vigorous. While standing in front of him, Shaar felt that it was not a human who was standing in front of him but a lion instead – The King of Lions!

Adrick looked at Shaar with flashing eyes: “Raise your head and fix your stand!”

Immediately afterwards, the general’s big rough hands patted on Shaar’s shoulder and pinned a badge on his chest: “This is your military rank.”

A deep seriousness could be heard in his voice: “Normally you should be a private but taking into account the fact that you performed outstandingly during the mission and killed five Odins, according to the Imperial Military Law I am promoting you to sergeant.”

This badge was only a piece of slightly polished black iron sheet and originally Shaar did not care about those things. However seeing this black iron sheet, Shaar suddenly remembered that the scout team leader, whose son died, seemed to wear this type of badge.

“I hope that you can understand something – in this army this badge represents the glory, the blood and the sacrifices.....” Adrick spoke with a very dignified voice: “Furthermore, you have killed five enemies and according to Imperial Military Law you can obtain a black metal Medal of Courage. The military law office was already notified of your achievement and your medal will arrive soon.”

While talking about, he suddenly turned his head and looked at Kevin:

“Kevin, how long were you in the army until you obtained your first Medal of Courage?”

Somewhat embarrassed Kevin scratched his head and bitterly smiled: “I don’t remember the time clearly, but it should be after a year.....”

“Ha! It seems like this newly arrived kid is stronger than you!”

Finishing the conversation Adrick walked back behind his table and said: “Kevin take this kid to receive his newly-arrived warhorse. Starting today, the Praetorian Guards will be equipped with cavalry equipment!”

Kevin’s eyes immediately lit up: “General, can we going on the offensive?”

Adrick glanced at Kevin and showed a faint smile. Kevin immediately understood and excitedly pounded his chest, before pulling away Shaar who was still in a daze.

After leaving the tent, Shaar suddenly remembered and asked Kevin about medal of courage.

According to Kevin’s explanation, among the ordinary soldiers of the imperial army, if they managed to kill five or more enemies in the battlefield they can obtain a medal of courage. This medal would become a future merit for being promoted.

The black metal medal of courage was only awarded to ordinary soldiers with no military appointments. Once promoted to a military officer, you can’t obtain this medal anymore.

In addition, owners of the black metal medal of courage also had a special privilege: All of the retired veterans who obtained this medal would be exempt from paying all taxes to the empire for the rest of their lives.

Hearing this, Shaar somewhat disapproved the idea of paying taxes in his mind – he lived in Primal Wildfire Town and was not a native of Byzantine Empire. Therefore, he didn’t have to pay taxes to Byzantine Empire.

When Kevin and Shaar returned to their tent, this bald man was very excited. There was a very simple reason for his excitement:

“Praetorian Guards are rarely provided with cavalry equipment, since the general issued this order then it is very obviousThere is a major battle for us to fight in!”

Pausing of a moment, he smiled: “Alright, now I will lead you to pick up your warhorse so that you can stop torturing my backup horse.”

After experiencing a battle, Kevin’s attitude towards Shaar warmed up a bit. It was very obvious that he started to accept Shaar as a comrade.

“Since you are a sergeant now, you will be regarded as a ‘real soldier’! Generally speaking private soldiers can only act as an auxiliary unit in the army. Only after becoming a soldier, one can get a position to fight with the main force. Since we are a cavalry unit, our recruitment requirements are stricter than the infantry regiment. Now you can receive two warhorses, along with cavalry equipment which includes an armor, shield and lance.....”

Suddenly stopping mid sentence Kevin halted his steps and slapped his head: “Ah! I have almost forgotten an important matter.”

“What?” Shaar asked puzzled.

“Your squire!” Kevin smiled: “You are now an official cavalryman and an official cavalryman will be provided with a squire. As the general’s Praetorian Guards, we receive a special treatment and we are provided with a personal squire. If it was some other squad, several cavalrymen had to share one squire.”

“Squire? What do they do?” Shaar’s understanding of the army was very obviously limited.

Kevin frowned: “You understand the military map, but don’t know about this?”

Bearing with him, he patiently explained: “Look at me, my current military rank is a cavalry captain and I use three warhorses, two sets of permanent equipment, weapons, shields, uniformsIn this case,

someone has to take care of my warhorse, he needs to feed the horses, scrub the horses, clean my armor and weaponsSomeone has to do these chores right? Certainly it is impossible for me to take care of these matters; otherwise just looking after my three warhorses, I would be busy every day and have no time for other matters.”

Pausing for a moment, he smiled and continued: “A squire is your follower. You are responsible for going to warall other matters will be left to your squire. Even if you are wounded, your squire will be responsible for taking care of you.”

Talking about this, he patted Shaar and walked forward while taking loudly: “Come on, I will lead you to porters camp first to chose an appropriate candidate. First I need to explain something: according to the tradition of our Byzantine army, a squire of a cavalryman gets his expenses covered by his master! Anyway, your pay is not low so you can afford to hire a personal squire.”

Hearing about this, Shaar suddenly remembered an important matter and rushed up to Kevin: “Hey! How much do I get paid right now – where do I receive it?”

Chapter 61: An Old Friend In The Porter Camp

In the armed force, cavalry were the most expensive and delicate units.

According to the current standard of the Byzantine Empire, the expenditure for a cavalryman was at least seven times higher than for an infantry – calculation based on a heavy armored infantry. If you were to consider an ordinary, light infantry member, the disparity would be widened to about ten times.

To answer why, first of all, the worth of a cavalryman far exceeded that of an infantryman. A skilled cavalryman must be proficient at horse-riding, as well as combat and weapon techniques while riding. A person who excelled at several different skills was more expensive than a cheap labor, this was true anywhere in the world.

Secondly, the weaponry of the cavalry cost much more than that of the infantry – after all, a four meter lance took way more iron to forge than a one meter double-edged sword.

With horses added to the sum – a superior warhorse's feed cost even more than the food consumed by an ordinary infantry! After all, ordinary infantry were only served coarse food to fill their bellies. However regarding a warhorse, if the feed for it wasn't satisfactory, then it wouldn't have the strength and capability to reach high speeds. Furthermore, the loading capacities would be reduced and their effectiveness in combat would suffer greatly.

Lastly, there was the squire!

The Byzantine Empire had a strict hierarchy system governing its population; since a squire occupied an essential and irreplaceable position within a cavalryman's retinue, they had a status higher than that of an ordinary auxiliary soldier.

For a regular cavalryman, he would spend most of his time honing his horse-riding skills, practice killing techniques and other combat abilities

on his horse. In addition to that, he had to practice formations, lineup and so on..... In this case, you couldn't count on that cavalryman to personally feed his warhorses every day and look after them while needing to also repair his weapons and equipment; that is when a squire comes in.

Generally speaking, except looking after the horses and doing some simple weaponry repair, superior squires also required to know some basic horse-riding. In some cases, squires also had their own equipment, weaponry and armor so that they may serve as back up cavalry for larger operations

It could be said that Shaar was an exceptional case since he possessed great strength in combat. If he were only an average person, there would have been absolutely no opportunity for him to directly become a regular soldier. Most of the cavalymen were formerly basic auxiliary soldiers; some were former squires that were promoted to cavalryman after some time.



Two miles south of the 13th Cavalry Army's camp laid the auxiliary camp, and auxiliary troops that were affiliated to the 13th Cavalry Army were stationed here. These troops were tasked with escorting military baggage and its porters, guard and logistic personals.

A considerable portion of them were all temporarily mobilized before each war.

The porter's campsite was situated on the outermost region of main camp, and if you came by you would see several groups of temporary recruits hauling military provisions, bundles of arrows and wooden boxes filled with weapons, one by one. Each of them had a solemn look and by the side stood Byzantine soldiers with a hand on their sword hilt.

It wouldn't be hard to imagine that a large number of these porters weren't voluntarily recruited to come here – of course such a thing was quite common in armies.

And even if they were recruited voluntarily, when war approaches, it is inevitable that there would be those who panic and flee.

These porters were all clad in dirty rags and covered in grime. When Shaar arrived here with Kevin, he immediately went and brought back a fat military supply officer. It was easy to see that Kevin and the officer were old acquaintances. When faced against the general's Praetorian Guards, this fat military supply officer obviously would put on a flattering show. However, Kevin acted very indifferent, even so he still displayed some disdain and his words had some disgust that were hard to conceal.

That fat officer unexpectedly had a thick skin and completely disregarded the disdain on Kevin's face. When he heard that Kevin had come, he did not forget to put a respectful smile on his face and immediately came over in a flattering manner while saying: "So you are here to select a squire.....Please don't worry, we have just drafted a number of new recruits who are quite good. There are some who excel at blacksmithing, as well as someone who had raised horses at home and as such would presumably make a good squire. I will take you to make your choice right now."

Having some dissatisfaction, Kevin grunted, "How could porters that have just arrived become squires? Can't you find some more appropriate personnel in the auxiliary barracks?"

The fat military officer showed an awkward expression on his face, "ThisThe escorting duties of convoy is very important; the manpower of the auxiliary barracks had always been very....."

Shaar gave a timely smile and commented, "Never mind, a porter is not a problem. I do not need a squire that accompanies me on battlefield anyway, as long as they look after my horses, that's good enough."

Remembering the formidable fighting power that Shaar displayed, Kevin relaxed and reluctantly nodded, before adding, "It would be better if you could find someone who understood a bit of blacksmithing; otherwise you will be in trouble when your weapon breaks."

The fat military officer led the way while Shaar and Kevin follow behind. On the way, Shaar could not help but whisper, "You seem to hate this guy?"

Kevin looked at the fat person's back in front of him and sneered while saying in a low voice: "Hmpf, those people from the military supply department are mostly leeches and greedy rats. Everything, from our military funding, weaponry and even our salary passes through them. There is nothing that they don't have in their hands!"

Somewhat surprised, Shaar asked: "Even the 13th Cavalry Army had something like this? Didn't the general say anything about it?"

Kevin glanced at Shaar and smiled, "It seems that you need to properly study the laws of the army." Pausing for a moment, he sighed, "Although the military supply officers are under the army, they were not directly controlled by the combat unit. The military supply and logistics unit formed their own system and was supervised by the Imperial military supply department under the direct command of the Ministry of Army Logistics. Each independent Regular army of the Empire, an army such as ours for example, would have their own logistics camp that was responsible for transportation only. In times of war, they would establish a special logistics camp in the war zone that's responsible for consolidating. In the army the stocked military provisions and commodity will only suffice for half a month and the logistics department would need to constantly transport the replenished supplies.....The army would not let us hoard goods," his voice lowered a bit further, "This is a tradition of the Byzantine imperial army. It is said that this system prevents army revolts; an army that has only half a month's worth of provisions would find it difficult when planning one!"

Looking at the fat military officer's back again, this fellow's obese ass would wiggle around while walking. Kevin's tooth started to itch from hatred, "Look at this fat pig. I don't know how much he already put into his own pockets! Hmpf.....Because they belong to the military supply department, the general isn't able to efficiently suppress them and could only execute a person as a warning to others when he is caught. However, the Imperial logistical system had always been corruptedHmpf, the current minister of the military supply department is Count Maurice Jake, the biggest corrupt official in the empire! When the biggest boss above

them is corrupt, then the people under him naturally followed suit!"

Looking at Shaar's thoughtful look, Kevin sighed, "Don't just look at the fact that this fellow treats us very politely. This is only because we are the general's Praetorian Guards. Furthermore, just last month, the general grasped the opportunity to directly cut down a rat from the military supply department. We are the imperial elite troops and these fellows are terrified of the power and authority of the general. This is the reason why they don't dare to be rash and there is a slight restraint in their greedy actions."

Shaar didn't speak, but in his mind he recalled the content written in the old man's book.....

Dividing the logistics and the command of the combat unit was indeed an effective way to prevent a general from amassing too much power and causing a rebellion. What was written in the book was right. However, why did it still result in such a phenomenon?

"However.....doesn't the military court do anything about the embezzlement of military supplies?" Shaar could not bear and finally asked.

"Count Maurice Jake was the emperor's in-law, how could the military court dare provoke him? Even afraid of pursuing the biggest corrupt official, the people below naturally had nothing to fear," Kevin grunted and glanced at Shaar, "There is no need to repeat those words in order to avoid trouble."

Sure enough, Kevin was right. Although this fat military officer was humble and respectful on the surface, once he started to do things he had a somewhat duplicitous quality.

Leading Shaar and Kevin towards the porters camp, they were over a hundred porters gather in front of them – They did not know where they recruited these fellows, but every one of them had a depression expression on their face with a pair of hollow and dull eyesMore importantly, they were mostly too old or too young and those several middle-aged fellows all seemed slow-witted.....

Kevin immediately expressed his dissatisfaction and got angry, “Are those the appropriate candidates you talked about?”

That fat military officer immediately put on a smile on his face and his eyes flashed strangely: “Certainly! They look a bit stupid, but they are all honest and would absolutely not escape!”

“Bastard!” Kevin’s eyebrow knit and he revealed a ferocious look full of murderous intent, “Are you playing me? What I want was a qualified squire! How could these guys be called competent? How would a cavalryman entrust his warhorse to these people?”

“They are farmers and have experience rearing livestock, it shouldn’t be an issue,” The fat military officer replied while spreading out his hand, “I already told you, there is currently a shortage of people and I don’t have any other means.”

Kevin was close to getting into a fight and Shaar, who was standing next to him, was also enraged in his heart – the hillbilly’s temperament was not good at all and he had already formed a tight fist. He was just waiting for Kevin to make the first move before giving this fat military officer a taste of his fist.

At that exact moment, a pitiful scream could be heard next to them.

“Ahhh!! Don’t hit me! Don’t hit me! I won’t run!!”

Miserable screams and a weeping voice could be heard. The source of those sounds was a skinny guy donned in a shabby robe that was being kicked to the ground by two foot soldiers. One of the soldiers lifted a whip while cursing, before fiercely bringing it down upon that guy’s body.

The man lying on the ground had his robe torn and several holes opened. With dishevelled hair and a dirty face, he screeched and shouted desperately while crawling on the ground. However, the whip still continued to land on his back.

When this fellow suddenly saw Shaar not far away with his eyes, his pupil immediately irradiated a sudden burst of brilliance and rose, energised with all his strength. Jumping up while quickly rushing up

towards Shaar, he shouted, “Shaar! Lord Shaar! It’s me, it’s me! Oh! Help, please saves me!!”

As he called, he was caught up by the foot soldier and was once again kicked down, and resumed huddling while rolling on the ground.

Frozen for a moment, Shaar quickly ran over and shoved those two soldiers away before taking a closer look at the guy on the ground.....

“huh? It’s you?” Shaar stared at him with widened eyes.

“It’s me! It’s me, Lord Shaar! It’s me, Tatara” this pitiful thin guy’s face was covered with tears and mucus.

It was the magician that Shaar sold to the pitiful creature for a gold coin. God knows how he had landed up at the porter camp.....

Chapter 62: Tatara's tragic fate

Tatara felt that he must have offended the supreme god or that he was cursed.....

It couldn't be..... thinking back to all his past deeds, he couldn't think of anything particularly that was a great sin, save for scamming people's money, not paying his debts, being lecherous and greedy.

Ah.....there was also the time when he was still studying magic in the church. He would often get absent-minded, and dozed off during the routine prayers of every day and evening classes.....

Even so, such a pitiful fate shouldn't fall on an important person like me, Lord Tatara's head!

Ah, God! I am a magician! I am of the continent's noblest profession, a magician!!

Although, in order to avoid his creditors, Tatara wandered to an impoverished, barbaric, and uncultivated land place like Primal Wildfire Town, he thought that his own pitiful fate would end when he started to follow the noble and beautiful Highness, after she freed him from that young, cut-throat thief's hands.

He knew about Adeline's noble identity! If a low-level magician like him, who had only reached the first rank, followed Her Highness around, it couldn't be said that he would get many advantages. However, at least in the future, he could have a long-term meal ticket. He wouldn't have to worry about food and drink, right?

Unfortunately, Tatara's wishful thinking was not fulfilled.

Her Highness never meant to let Tatara follow her; in fact, she didn't even think about her own fate after she went back. How could she let Tatara follow her? Furthermore, she only brought Tatara with her at that time, because she simply wanted to avoid letting him reveal her true identity.

After taking Tatara away, Adeline forced him to swear a magical oath

during the journey. Although he was low-level, a magical oath contract was sufficient enough to close this fellow's mouth forever.

Therefore, when they returned to Primal Wildfire Town, the pitiful creature released Tatara, making him fend for himself.

Of course, the good-hearted Adeline didn't treat Tatara too unjustly, and let knight Tryp give him a small amount of money before leaving. After all, they also shared hardships together. Although it was not a lot, a 100 gold coins were still enough for a magician to spend for a very long time.

Moreover, Adeline naively believed that she did a good deed. After all, she let this magician regain his freedom.....

However, she was wrong!

People like Tatara had no self-protection skills at all. His magic was extremely weak, and in a place like Primal Wildfire Town, where thugs filled the streets, it was without a doubt like throwing a fat sheep into a wolf's den.

What was more unfortunate, this fat sheep carried 100 gold coins on him. Such a fortune would make anyone's eyes red with jealousy!

Therefore, Tatara was screwed!

What made this magician most annoyed was, he met the same group of thugs that robbed him the last time. It was those guys who stripped his clothes and threw him outside the city.

As a result, not only was this fat sheep delivered to them again, he also unexpectedly brought a small fortune!

The thugs were very happy and kindly accepted this unexpected harvest. The pitiful magician was again stripped of his clothes and thrown at the corner of the city wall – in kindness, , those thugs let the magician keep his underwear this time.

Adeline probably would never have thought that her good intentions would make this magician suffer such a tragic fate.

IfIf Primal Wildfire Town had not been occupied by the army, then

Tatara could have sold himself again. Since he was an intellect who could write and count, he could have sold himself to a caravan to work as a servant and at least get some warm food and clothing.

However, he encountered a tragedy in a miserable situation. Both Tatara and Shaar came across a group of soldiers that were force drafting young men! What was more miserable was that the pitiful magician didn't have Shaar's powerful fighting strength.

After having suffered from several whip slashes from trying to escape, the magician didn't dare to try again.

Being brought into the porter camp, he gloriously became a hard labourer that silently contributed towards the Byzantine Empire's war against the invaders.....

The gluttonous and lazy magician now became a hard labourer, and someone who got bullied inside the camp. His physical strength was extremely poor, and always lagged behind during work, but he did not eat less than others. He would naturally receive a severe beating from the soldiers supervising the work every other day.

Of course, he didn't spare any efforts to explain his true status: An honorable and noble magician.

However, unfortunately, his words were treated as crazy talk. When he tried to use his magic, his enhanced dust technique actually provoked the guarding soldiers, making them angry.

"Fuck! You actually dare to throw sand at me!"

As a result, the magician got another heavy beating.

Before meeting Shaar, the pitiful magician already struggled in the porter camp for many days.....

When speaking about this continent's history that lasted thousands of years, perhaps Tatara would have neither a predecessor nor a future successor for the spot as the magician with the most tragic fate!

Having ended up in such a miserable situation as a magician.....If this

story spread, perhaps the whole continent's magicians would be so ashamed that they would wish to kill themselves – of course, before killing themselves, they would certainly first execute Tatara who put their community to shame!



Sitting on the ground, with snot and tears on his face, Tatara told Shaar the tragic experience he went through. Their fates intertwined before, after all, and even Shaar couldn't help but have a bit of sympathy for this pitiful bottomfeeder.

“Alright! I want this guy!” He announced after turning around to face that fat military officer, “I am taking him as my squire! When can I take him away?”

The fat military officer carefully examined Tatara as if he was checking cattle – this guy was so thin, that he barely had any meat on him. Leaving him in the porter camp would only waste the grain.

Thus, the corrupt official revealed a respectful smile and said, “You can take him away at any time – as long as you wish to do so.”

Therefore.....

After a big circle, the magician once again fell into Xia Shaar's evil clutches.

After abandoning the “honourable” status of a porter, the new status of this magician was a cavalry squire.

.....ehm, well, at least being squire was a hundred times better compared to a hard labour porter.

However, Shaar's words quickly put away any of Tatara's wishful thoughts.

This hillbilly grinned and announced, “From now on, you are my personal slave.”



The only one who had some doubts was Kevin. Looking at this

emaciated fellow that Shaar wanted to take away, he couldn't bear and constantly turn his head to take a look at this suspicious fellow as he pitifully followed them – No matter how he looked it, that man's appearance was really dreadful and sneaky looking.....

Moreover, according to Kevin's professional perspective, this fellow really didn't look like he could do a competent job as a squire. He seemed a bit sly, and didn't have the appearance of someone who could bear hardships and stand hard work. Furthermore, with his thin physique, he didn't seem like someone who could do physical work. Everyone knows that a cavalryman's equipment is very heavy! Can this guy even lift it?

(Editor: Does this guy even lift?)

"Why did you choose such a guy?" Kevin sighed.

"He is an old acquaintance of mine. Seeing him in the porter camp was too much of a pitiful sight." Shaar casually answered.

"Oh? What was his former profession? What skills does he have?"

Thinking for a moment, Shaar answered: "Erm... small magic tricks. Yeah, he was a trickster."

(Trickster.....Tears started to stream down the magician's face as he heard those harsh words while following them.)

"What use does a conman have? He doesn't look like he can do much work. Also, this person seems somewhat sly." Kevin expressed his uneasy concern, after all, a squire was still very important to a cavalryman.

Shaar grinned, his eyes flashing with a strange light, before he replied Kevin's question, "Relax, he will be obedient," As my foster father once said, "A dutiful son is made with a stick! Hehe....."

The magician coughed blood and thought, "Oh gods, please pray for me and please bless me so I can survive this hardship....."

Chapter 63: Pre-war Preparations

“Block! Left! Block! Right! Down! Block again! Watch your steps! Don’t walk backwards blindly! Use your footwork! Correct! Again!”

Along with Kevin’s vigorous commands, the wooden claw hammer in his hands launched several attacks on Shaar. Same as Kevin, Shaar was wielding a similarly wooden axe, but it was made with a longer handle which was about one meter long.

Readying himself, Shaar resisted Kevin’s attacks one by one. Kevin’s attacking speed was not too fast since they were restraining their power. They already had been practising for several hours and Shaar’s black hair was drenched in sweat, sticking together like wet cloth on his forehead. Kevin was also panting for air and his bald head was covered with body oil and sweat.

They went back and forth, one attacker and one defender. The wooden weapons in their hands kept banging against each other a dozen times. Finally, Kevin took a big step while he pressed his body slightly downward and bent down to sprint as his hammer suddenly pounded on Shaar’s thigh. Immediately swinging his axe upward Kevin smashed the wooden axe in Shaar’s hand and sent it flying!

“Stop!” Kevin exhaled and signalled Shaar to pick up his axe. The bald man looked at Shaar and saw that his whole face was flushed red because of the blood generated by the exhausting exercise. Breathing for a little while he forced smile on his face and said: “Very good, this time you blocked me 27 times and I was able to hit you 3 times.”

Immediately they heard some whistling sounds. A dozen of soldiers had already gathered around them and the one who whistled the loudest was that sly Kato. Clapping his hand, he laughed: “Awesome Shaar! Nicely done!”, Immediately, Kato faced his companions next to him and smile while stretching his hand: “Give me the money! Hurry up, I don’t allow any debts!”

A group of Praetorian Guards laughed and cursed as they pulled out a

bunch of copper plates and silver coins.

“Kevin, did you not eat breakfast yet! Your strikes are too soft! You made me lose money again!”

“Shaar, you really aren’t fucking human! The money I lost will be put on your tab! Haha! Next time you get your stipend, you will have to invite us to a drink!”

This kind of practice had been carried out for three days.

At the end of the previous reconnaissance mission, Shaar showed his formidable battle efficiency making Kevin admire him in his heart. Since they lived in the same tent and practiced martial arts while comparing notes, Kevin discovered that Shaar had a significant flaw: During the sparring, this guy completely relied on his monstrous strength and his superior physical qualities to bully the others. However when came to martial arts, he was simple – a complete mess!

Of course, when saying it was complete mess, it didn’t mean that Shaar’s martial arts was bad – on the contrary, his attacks were fierce particularly when he displayed his set of “Cutting firewood technique” even Kevin with his impressive strength was unable to resist it. This technique was too strange and was made of unpredictable moves. This obvious big kill and slash axe skill was transformed by Shaar into an elusive and mysteriously pattern! Even for Kevin who had reached the warrior’s strength of middle rank level-one could not block Shaar’s several axe strikes.

No matter how naïve Shaar was, he already have understood that the “Thousand Men Army Slaughter” which the old man taught him was definitely a extremely powerful axe technique.

However, compare to Shaar’s offensive tactics, his defensive ability was simply lousy to the extreme!

This couldn’t be blamed on him because when the old man was still alive he didn’t teach him martial arts techniques seriously – the set of broken Thousand Men Army Slaughter was taught to him during his daily firewood cutting, coal brick stabbing and so on. As for defence

techniques, Shaar simply never practiced them until now!

When encountering enemies in the past he only relied on his monstrous physique and his swift reaction speed which he obtained from fighting against the beasts in the mountains – However this was only limited by using his instinct and reactions. He didn't study any defence movements methodically.

Only knowing offensive skills and not knowing how to defend, he wouldn't be able to survive long on a battlefield – Kevin still didn't know that Shaar's body was strengthened by Dragonblood. However, even a body that was strengthened by Dragonblood was not omnipotent and if he met an opponent with a battle ki his opponent could break through Shaar's body defence!

Therefore, the shortage of defence skills became Shaar's biggest flaw. When encountering ordinary enemies he could deal with them, but if he met a powerful enemy, he would find himself in great difficulties. Shaar understood that very clearly the last time when he met those Nightfall Guards if it wasn't for the magic crystal that the old man left behind suddenly erupting, he would have been a pile of bones lying in Primal Wildfire by now.

Kevin very enthusiastically began to teach Shaar basic combat skills, especially focusing on practicing defence skill sets. When they are training; they didn't use battle ki or their real power and only focused on exercising moves.

In the beginning, Shaar would get his weapon knocked out of his hands and his vital parts by Kevin after 2-3 moves when he didn't use his abnormal strength. The first day, Shaar was taught a severe lesson by Kevin and his head was smashed black and blue – allowing the Praetorian Guards in the surrounding to get a good laugh when they practised because from start to finish it was one-sidedly being abused.

That night, the hillbilly didn't sleep at all and repeated those attack patterns that Kevin used during the day as well as the thinking defensive skills he should have used in his mind. When dawn broke over the

horizon, Kevin woke up and saw this fellow sitting on his bed with red eyes staring in the air.

During the practice on the second day, Shaar made a considerable progress and endured a dozen of strikes under Kevin's fierce attacks before getting hit on his vital spot – this situation immediately attracted other Praetorian Guards who were practising and everybody suddenly rushed over competitively to act as judges and started to bet on how long this rookie could persist under Kevin's attacks.

Although everyone was teasing him, Shaar knew very clearly that they were meaning well when joking around. It was a kind of goodwill to ridicule someone between comrades and moreover this was a good sign: It at least represented that he was getting accepted by this group.

After coming back from the scout mission, Kevin didn't conceal that Shaar saved his life. Furthermore, this bald man with honest and frank temper personally expressed his approval of Shaar. With Kevin, who had quite a lot of prestige among the Praetorian Guards helping Shaar he was quickly accepted by the other members. Moreover his temper was also very straightforward and such open characters were liked in the army environment.

During the second day of practice Shaar not only blocked Kevin's complete offensive on the last round but he even hit Kevin one time during a counter-attack. Although it wasn't on vital spot, everybody regarded this as an astonishing progress – everyone started to realize this kid was quite amazing!

During the third day of practice, more people were attracted and later even several Guards with high martial arts skills volunteered to rotate with Kevin while taking turns to exchange blows with Shaar – Using Kato's words to describe it was a free pass to maliciously bully the new rookie.

“You are too anxious and focus too much on your footsteps while forgetting your hand movements. You have to turn everything into an instinct. If you have to deliberately think about it, then during your

movements it would unavoidably slow you down.” Kevin very seriously talked from his own experience.

“Well, Kevin, you must certainly be angry out of shame that you didn’t knock away Shaar’s weapon within a certain number of moves, hahahaha!” A tall man with the most burly stature standing next to them started to laugh.

“Sarbar, you shut up.” Kevin then taunted: “If you have the skill, you can spar with Shaar!”

“Me? I am not going to do it! I don’t have bull wrestling as a hobby.” That brawny chap touched his chin – this fellow called Sarbar was also a member of the Praetorian Guards. Before Shaar arrived he was recognized as the man with the strongest brute force among their group. However, during a night before, they carried out a fair wrestling and he almost had several broken bones because of Shaar. After that he was convinced.

In comparing strength Sarbar was no match against that monster.

Three days later, Shaar could be considered acquaintances with most of the Praetorian Guards. This of course was because of Kevin.



Although he didn’t need to use his brute force when the practice finished every day, Shaar was tired to death. The sweat covered his whole body and soaked his clothes making him resemble a fish which just came out of the water.

Seeing the hillbilly returning to the tent, Tatara started to curse in his mind: I hope he was beaten black and blue. While thinking in his mind his face quickly revealed a respectful smile and greeted: “Lord Shaar, you came back

Shaar instantly threw his wooden axe towards Tatara. Although it was made of wood the giant axe almost smashed Tatara to the ground. Barely clinging on his axe he staggered with following Shaar.

“Go draw water, I need to take a bathAlso did you feed the horses

yet? Tonight is my turn to go on patrolAlso don't forget to wipe my armor clean." Shaar dropped on the bed and felt as if every bone in his body was falling apart.

Tatara slowly walked outside with pleasing face but his face immediately changed to resentment when he left the tent. He grabbed a brush in the corner and ran to bring out the heavy cavalry armor. Afterwards, he cautiously cleaned the dirt of the top and careful smeared fat on the joint spot of the armor. With his whole body covered in oil and dust, the pitiful magician cursed endlessly about his unfair fate in his heart.

Chapter 64: Running Rabbit

Three days had already passed since they came back from their last scouting mission. In those three days, the 13th Cavalry Army corps improved their war preparations. Large quantities of materials and equipment were transported to the camp. According to the battle plan, a legion of cavalrymen left the barracks in advance in order to conduct a reconnaissance operation in the north last night.

The big headquarters tent was also bustling about during these three days, as one legion commander after another kept going in and out of the tent. The operational conferences were strictly carried out, and all duties were distributed. Additionally, the security was also raised to the highest level.

However these temporarily things were irrelevant to Shaar as he lied on the bed while still repeating today's experiences that he gained during the practice. Simultaneously he was making the best use of this time to rest. In a short hour of rest, he had to fully restore his physical strength.

Although, he had yet to taste a true battlefield, but the short confrontation with the Icefield hunters in the forest let Shaar experience the especially brutal side of war.

He was getting used to staying in this place. Shaar liked his new friends a lot – whether it was Kevin, Kato, or that tall and strong chap Sarbar, all of them were to his liking. These guys were straightforward and very direct people. Once someone had been accepted by them they would treat each other sincerely – this kind of atmosphere was absolutely impossible in Primal Wildfire Town.

In the 18 short years of Shaar's life, except for the short adventure in Primal Wildfire, he never had any friends and therefore he was cherishing this feeling very much.

However, he also knew very clearly that this was the army! An army must go to war! And a war was brutal!

Therefore he had to practice in order to enhance his skills.

He desperately practiced his martial arts during the day and applied to go on patrol during the evenings in order to grasp the opportunity to practice his horse-riding. Moreover each time Shaar went on a patrol he would also use this time to consult with the other cavalymen whom went on patrol together with him about combat and killing techniques.

He knew very clearly, perhaps the simplest technique will become his life insurance which he will have to depend on during the battlefield in the future – this wasn't because of his intelligence but from the vigilance he gained when he was growing up in the mountains, practicing and fighting and the beasts since childhood.

One hour of rest quickly passed and when the pitiful Tatara finally managed to raise enough water, Shaar didn't even had any time to take a bath. He quickly jumped up and wore the armor which the magician just cleaned and ran out of the tentThe magician maliciously spat behind him and threw the brush on the ground before lying down on Shaar's bed.

Ah gods bless this hillbilly and make him fall down from the horse during the patrol.....

The magician recited this prayer in his heart.

※※※

He joined the patrol leader after receiving the order and followed the team to leave the camp front gate. He suddenly saw a horse caravan which was slowly coming closer from the distance and the vanguard cavalymen were carrying the banner of the imperial army in a strict formation.

“Who are those people?” Shaar asked his companion beside him.

“Those are the guys are from the Sixth Army.....I heard that they were going to come over in next two days. HeheRookie, your luck is quite good since you came in at just the right moment to catch a major battle!” A veteran cavalryman next to him laughed.

The incoming horse caravan quickly changed formation and held up the banner of allied force from a far. The patrol leader immediately made a

way for this horse caravan to pass the main road. Shaar and the cavalrymen of the patrol watched from the side as these troops passed them on the road as they noticed that this horse caravan were not big in numbers, probably not more than 100 riders. A team of cavalrymen were wearing a fine armor and they were guarding a fellow who was looking like a general as he ride a red horse in the middle – the general was tall and sturdy. Although he was wearing a full set of golden armor, it actually didn't make him look lean but extremely bloated instead.

“That's Ruhr, the general of the Sixth Army.” A nearby patrol cavalryman told Shaar.

A General? Shaar immediately compared this guy with General Adrick and immediately gave birth of scorn in his heart. This fellow looked more like a cook.....

“He was original a cook.” Another cavalryman whispered with a smile: “General Ruhr comes from the Minas Family and he was formerly a chef of Duke Minas. Later, I don't know how but he was recognized by Duke Minas and promoted. AhDuke Minas was also a renowned commander of the empire and only made a mistake with this guy in his lifetime.”

It was very obvious that the cavalrymen of 13th Cavalry Army despised this General Ruhr with a passion.

In factThey had a good reason to despise General Ruhr.

The tradition of 13th Cavalry Army was “Advance upon death!” In the war history of all the armies this iron army never withdrew once.

However, this General Ruhr general actually had a special record in Byzantine Empire: The army that he was commanding was always the one with the least death and the best preserved each time a war ended!

The reason was, General Ruhr seemed to have an extremely special talent: He could always predict or sense an imminent danger then quickly leading his army to evacuate before the danger arrived!

Noting that, each withdrawal was not running away! On the grounds

that this fellow never violated the military order of abstaining from combat. If that was the case, he would be punished by the military law. General Ruhr's unique element was he can always find a way out of the most dangerous situation and led his men to safety by withdrawing.

Once during a war, General Ruhr was also only a centurion of a legion and commanded the army's vanguard. With the enemy's sudden advance detour, they circled the rear and directly led a surprise attack on the main force and defeated it. This caused Ruhr's troop to be stuck in the enemy-occupied territory without any reinforcements.

As a result, Lord Ruhr displayed a type of ability that made all Byzantine generals gasp in admiration: He led his 2000 subordinates and found a slit to escape through an area which was blocked by 40,000 enemies. He used the complex terrain to trick the enemy who were pursuing and blocking him!

Except for some soldiers who had a sprained ankle during the escape, his soldiers unexpectedly didn't take any damage!!

If it wasn't a miracle such command could still be considered a masterpiece of art!

During General Ruhr's 30 years of service he never fought a tough battle. However his forces always managed to provide an assistance or hit enemy's rear and so on. His army's advance was rapid but its withdrawing speed was too scary!

Furthermore, he even set a record among all military officers in Byzantine Empire which made people gasp in admiration: His army won a head-to-head confrontation with the continent's most valiant general, the Odin empire army's God of War Hasting!

Hasting was this continent's recognized most valiant General and also Odin imperial army's proudest God of War! All Byzantine Empire's armies and Odin Empire's armies had pretty even victories and losses during all the battles. However, when they faced against Hasting's army, they always had more defeats than victories. Even the iron army, the 13th Cavalry Army corps received some big losses.

However, it was actually different for General Ruhr.....

About six years ago a war between both countries erupted when Ruhr was just promoted to a general and he was commanding the military strength of a full army. What was very unfortunate was that his army encountered Hasting's army on the battlefield.

The military order which Ruhr received was that he must at least stall Hasting's army for two days!

General Ruhr suddenly decided to send boldly a letter of challenge to Hastings, in which he asked for a decisive battle on the battlefield! His letter of challenge was written full of integrity and also explained that although he knew that he wasn't Hasting's match, however.....

"I will defend the dignity of a warrior and guard the glory of the Imperial Army. In every echelon of my army, I promise a battle to the death and use the blood of my men to show a Byzantine's soldier's integrity!"

"If I can fight with your Excellency, I can die with no regrets!"

– The above were the words written in the letter of challenge!!

Seeing an opponent with such a cavalier ideal, Hasting burst out with happiness in his heart. He accepted such a request with the mentality of heroes and also sent back a reply to the letter of challenge written in extremely respectful words.

As a result, when Hasting prepared to fight a decisive battle two days later and led his troops towards the big camp of Ruhr, he actually discovered that it was completely empty with not one human soul left!

It turned out that after General Ruhr received Hasting's reply he dropped all military baggage and equipments as well as the ordnance logistics at night and ran away with his troops at the same night.

When Hasting angrily ordered his men to chase them down, Ruhr's troop was already 200 miles away.....

Although, he discarded all ordnance supplies and military baggage

since Ruhr successfully delayed Hastings for two days he didn't receive any punishment from the military headquarters.

Hasting gave this despicable opponent an evaluation: Among all the generals in Byzantine, this Ruhr was the most despicable and cunning; he was simply a foxNo! Even a fox was more courageous than him, he was simply a rabbit! A quickly running rabbit!

Henceforth, General Ruhr obtained the nickname – “Running Rabbit”!

There was another interesting matter.....After Hasting discovered that he was cheated, he became so angry that he ripped The letter full of brave words which Ruhr initially wrote to Hasting to pieces. However, when this Odin's valiant general calmed down he stuck this letter of challenge back together and kept on him in order to remind himself in the future that he should not be blinded by his pride when dealing with his enemy.

After this event was spread it gave General Ruhr' side another boost of fame.



After watching Ruhr's troop pass, Shaar heard the magnificent past events of this Running Rabbit general from the mouth of a cavalryman. However, he had a different opinion compared to the cavalrymen. Watching as the distant caravan moved out of sight, he didn't have a slightest disdain towards them but instead he thought deeply for a moment in admiration.

(That fat person was absolutely not a simple coward.....)

Chapter 65: Special Army Observer Envoy

In order to welcome the General Ruhr of the 6th Army, General Adrick personally walked outside the headquarter tent to meet him. Seeing the empire's famous "Rabbit General" being helped by his Praetorian Guard to climb down his down, Adrick's heart started to twitch.

This is just crazy! The commanding officers at the military headquarter must be out of their minds! How could they send such a fellow to us the 13th Army? How could they put a rabbit and a lion together? The person who came up with this plan should be hanged!

No matter what, the 6th Army had arrived as an ally. Even if Adrick was unhappy about it, he could not express it on his face.

General Ruhr made a very warm expression and after dismounting, he slightly fixed his appearance before striding forward to give Adrick a big bear hug. His big and fat physique actually gave him an imposing manner. While hugging, he could hear Ruhr's laughing loud and clear, "Our 6th Army is honored to be able to fight side-by-side with the empire's most famous Iron Army! Although we have known each other for many years, it is actually the first time for us to fight side-by-side against the enemy! With the 13th Army here, I am sure those Odin bastards are panicking right now!"

Not only was he tall, his resonant voice while speaking which made him sound extremely heroic. If you didn't know about his identity and only looked at his acting you would certainly think that he was a man who was full of pride. Who would actually guess that this was actually the empire's famous Rabbit General?

Adrick didn't know if he should laugh about it or not and could only put on a serious face while coughing. Gently breaking from Ruhr's embrace he firmly fixed on Ruhr with sharp eyes and said in a deep voice, "General Ruhr, since the military command was assigned us to form armed forces then I will naturally obey the order however.....on the battlefield, I also hope that the 6th army will fulfil their duties as our ally. We, the 13th

Army will naturally chew on the hardest bones; therefore we can only hope that when we leave our backs to our ally they wouldn't disappoint us!"

Ruhr's face didn't show the least bit of awkwardness – with his reputation he already forgot how many times he heard this kind of words full of mistrust during all those years and he already trained his skin to be as thick as city wall. Hearing him laughing, "Rest assured! Although our 6th Army is not the ace of the army, we absolutely won't drag on 13th Army's legs!"

(You certainly won't drag our legs, since if there is danger that means you already ran away.....) Adrick's eyes twitched.

Ruhr immediately continued while laughing, "Well, General Adrick, let me introduce you Mr. Special envoy that the headquarter send, Sir Bonfret from the Imperial Army unit. Two days ago, he was ordered to come to my army bringing the orders from the military headquarters from Osgiliath. This time he was ordered to go the front as an observer, hahaha."

Hearing the name "Bonfret", Adrick's reluctantly maintained restraining face immediately changed!

When Ruhr moved his body out of the way his huge bear like physique suddenly revealed a figure behind him.

这位邦弗雷特爵士一直就站在鲁尔的身后，只不过鲁尔的体格实在太庞大了，直到此刻阿德里克将军才看见了这位前线观察特使先生.....

Bonfret was standing just behind Ruhr and because of Ruhr's huge physiques, Adrick only saw Mr. Special observer envoy just now.....

(This is simply absurd! Why did the military headquarters send this bastard?!) Adrick's face immediately made no secret about his gloomy mood!

Standing behind Ruhr was Sir Bonfret, who had a medium build and slender body. He was wearing a beautiful silver armor which resembled the old paladin's armor in the Royal Capital Osgiliath it was the most

popular retro fashion of the year. This type of armor had two major characteristics, First it was magnificent! The whole body was wrapped in a layer of silver which was sparkling and shiny with a single piece of breastplate showing a concave-convex shape. A beautiful pattern was carved on it and the pattern was painted with red iris flower juice while silver and gold threads were sewed on the surrounding joints. The inner part of the armor was bolstered with a soft fox fur. This fine and soft fur was also put around the neckline in order to protect the wearer's neck from the hard mail-armor and helmet from cutting into the flesh.

The shoulder pads and arm protectors were polished very thin but the slightly exposed a shape which seemed especially valiant – However from a professional soldier's perspective his hollow iron pattern could be pierced by gently poking with an iron sword.

Hence, the second characteristic of this type of armor was, Frail.

This kind of armor instead of calling it armor it was more like one magnificent costume for aristocrats.

Sir Bonfret was born extremely handsome and he was 33 years old. Even with his mature age, he had a fair skin and delicate features like a woman. However his face had a sickly paleness and elongated pair of pupils while the corners of his eyes were raised high. One could say, he was born with a charming condition.

When he stood in the front of General Adrick even though he wore this magnificent set of armor it actually instead brought out a bit of feminine touch because of the contrast and even looked a bit frail. Putting on a smile, his mouth showed shyness as he lifted his hand and covered his nose while wearing white spotless silk gloves. With his little finger slightly tilted, it gave others slight goose bumps....

(TL, My gaydar is going crazy!)(EN(Ama), I wonder how can Shaar understand a beautiful man but fails at beautiful women*facepalms*)
(TL, Shaar wasn't in the tent or else he would be disgusted by that guy)

Simply walking in front of General Adrick If one saw his appearance while walking, that person would think that he was strolling on a party

instead on being in a military camp.

Being such a Mr. Knight, Ardrick's complexion immediately became as ugly as one can imagine!

This running General Ruhr, although his reputation wasn't good but at least he could barely be called a soldier and was at least on a battlefield – however this Sir Bonfret.....

Well if Ruhr's nickname was “rabbit”, then this Bonfret would be a real “rabbit”!!

Every person in the Royal Capital knew name of this beautiful knight Bonfret.

He was currently 33 years old and was born in a rich and powerful noble family of the empire. Unfortunately he was not the firstborn and could not inherit the title. However because of his extraordinary beauty ever since the beginning of his boyhood, he was the most renowned handsome guy in the empire. The most important thing was, he was also a famous lover!

The lover of the current Imperial Crown Prince, his Royal Highness!!

The legendary Crown Prince actually didn't like sexual relations with women instead he preferred male companionship in bed. This Sir Bonfret was His Highness the Crown Prince's favourite lover! After becoming the crown prince's favourite and after receiving his love in the recent years, Sir Bonfret's status had skyrocketed in the Royal Capital Osgiliath. With his prominent power and influence everybody looked at him with fear and indignation. In the aristocrat circle of the Royal Capital there was no one who didn't know about the knight who sold his ass for wealth and power?

This kind of person was actually sent to my troops? What does the military headquarters want to do?!!

Grunting, Ardrick with a pale complexion looked directly into the eyes of this knight. After reluctantly greeting him, he turned around and angrily entered the big tent.

Sir Bonfret also grunted with dissatisfaction while Ruhr smiled next to

him and said,” Sir Bonfret, you should be tired after such a long journey, you should go back to your tent to get some rest.”

This handsome man’s face revealed an unhappy look as he covered his nose and carefully spoke with a sharp voice, “I was ordered to serve as an observer here. After receiving such an order from the military, how can I dare slack off?” He knitted his brows, “The smell here is really disgusting. Do all military camps always smell this smelly?”

“Haha, please use my tent for now. I am completely sure that it is very clean inside. When the strategy meetings start, I will send someone to notify you.”

Ruhr politely accompanied him and chatted for a moment, before telling some attendants to send this Sir Knight to his tent. Finally after getting rid of him, the Rabbit General scratched his head as he entered the big tent.

Just as he was walking into the big tent, he immediately saw the anger in Adrick’s eyes. Ruhr spread his arms out helplessly and loudly proclaimed, “Don’t blame me! Bringing him here wasn’t my decision! It was a military order handed down from above and only thing I could do bring him along.”

Adrick sat there while twirling dagger in his hand and sneered, “Sending such a knight to the frontlines, wasn’t the His Highness the Crown Prince worried about his lover dying in the frontlines?!”

Although Ruhr chose where he sat, he still gave a look at the Praetorian Guards who were posted outside the tent before smiling in a low voice,” From my point of view, there are two reasons why this guy came here. It isn’t necessarily a bad thing, my dear General Adrick!”

“What?” Adrick frowned and the scar on his face twisted, “Sending such a fellow to my army, it is like someone is deliberately trying to cause trouble!”

“First possibility is that..... maybe he didn’t come here under the order of His Highness the Crown prince but under the order of His Majesty! In recent years, the Crown Prince and this knight made a huge scene.

Moreover, His Majesty present body is worsening day by day and the Crown Prince must succeed the throne soon. However, having such a male lover for himself made His Majesty restless. He must be worried that the Crown Prince's favour is getting monopolized by this knight. In the future the since crown prince doesn't have interest in sexual attractiveness with women but a man can never give birth.....Hahaha! Therefore, I am afraid that there will be a lack of successors for the Royal Family! So, maybe he intentionally ordered this knight to come to the frontline and hopes that he dies in the front, clearing the Crown Prince's head!"

Adrick put the dagger away and furrowed his brows.

"The second possibility..... Is that the people above already obtained some information about this place isn't being the Odins' main target direction therefore they felt at ease when they send this fellow here..... Hehe, perhaps The Crown Prince intended to promote this knight and gave him the status of observer. Ordering him to come here and getting some achievements served on a silver-plate."

Adrick grunted and thought to himself; perhaps it was because they knew your escaping abilities, which led to this disgusting fellow sticking with you, so that even if there is a danger, he will have a master life escaping artist next to him who can guarantee his safety.

The two generals a glanced at each other with both having different concerns in mind. After hesitating for a moment, General Ruhr suddenly announced, "My troops are behind me and they will be arriving in early morning. I brought one legion of light infantry and two legion of heavily infantry. I left my logistics troops behind and didn't bring them with me since the guys from above forced me to rush. In order to arrive here as soon as possible, I rushed with a cavalry unit under my direct command."

Adrick sighed and stood up to take down the map on wall. Pointing at the map he suddenly said, "Let's not talk about the unimportant things. Our last scout reconnaissance encountered vanguard of Odin, the Al Bactre about 150 miles north from here and they also came in contact with the Icefield hunters who were acting as scouts. You should know,

only Odin's elite troops are provided with Icefield hunters as scouts."

Talking about it, he unintentionally made a malicious smile, "Perhaps, this time we will run into your old friend, Hastings!"

Ruhr's fat face suddenly trembled, before he suddenly put on a serious expression while shaking his head. Holding high his head, he said, "Even if we encounter Hastings, we will merely have a desperate fight with our life on the line! Moreover with the empire's Lion general and your 13th Army, even if Hastings comes, we don't have to be afraid to him!"

What he said was pleasant to the ears but Adrick only gave him a cold smile and immediately said with a serious tone, "General Ruhr, since we are cooperating with each other, I will speak with you frankly! We the 13th Army will fully commit cracking the hardest bone! However, we are ultimately a cavalry army and when both armies clash with each other, the 6th Army must defend our headquarter with everything you got! My cavalry will be responsible with flanking the enemy from both sides and you only have to defend the headquarter while not withdrawing one step!"

Ruhr waited for a while before replying, "It seems like your precious army is still somewhat fearing my reputation." This Rabbit General stood up and walked towards the map, he pinched his chin while looking at it for a while. He then pointed a position above, "Here, this terrain here is where it is most suited for the decisive battle. We will wait here for Odins to come and battle in order to push them back. I think Al Bactre may not be their main offensive target direction."

Pausing for a moment, this fat person took a deep breath and stared General Adrick in the eyes, "I will also go straight to the point! My men are infantries so once the military situation goes bad we have to retreat leaving the task at the rear in your hands! Since, four legs always run faster than two legs."

Adrick eyes flashed and nailed his dagger on the map, "Count this as settled!"



When Shaar finished his patrol, the sky was already dark and he didn't

have the rotation watch tonight. Just when he returned to the tent, he saw Kevin reorganizing his equipment and this bald man looked extremely excited while he was cleaning his claw hammer. Flames were flashing in his eyes.

“What happened” Shaar saw that this bald man was unexpectedly wearing horse boots.

“Don’t go to sleep tonight, we are departing before dawn!” The bald man laughed and slapped Shaar on the back, “Prepare yourself! According to our tradition, the general will personally lead the first legion and we will naturally follow the general since we are the Praetorian Guards.”

Chapter 66: March forward

Before the next dawn broke the 13th Army really set out. General Adrick personally led the first legion during the journey.

The third legion led by that silver-haired Butler was acting as a reconnaissance vanguard; they had already sent back a military report. They already fought two small scale battles on the northern part of Al Bacre plain with the scale of approximately hundred people and both sides won a single battle.

The location of the battle was about a dozen of miles south of the small forest where Shaar encountered an attack during the scouting mission.

It was very obvious that Odin's army was slowly marching towards south as they gradually moved deeper into Al Bactre plain.

Being a member of the Praetorian Guards, Shaar put on his full cavalry set and marched together with the large force.

The only thing that gave Shaar a small disappointment was that he didn't receive the fabulous "cavalry equipment" which Kato previously talked about: That up to four meters long lance, a great shield that had the height of half a person and not even was his horse was equipped with the horse armor....

The equipment that he obtained was the same ordinary light cavalry equipment he got during the scouting mission last time. A long double-edged infantry sword, a long shield and a long two-edged weapon used for cavalry battle – Shaar still chose the halberd.

Marching on the road, Shaar told his brothers-in-arms about the doubts in his heart and quickly received an explanation. The one who explained to him was the once top strongman of the Praetorian Guards Sarbar – of course after the last defeat in wrestling match against Shaar, he relegated to the second place.

This burly tall giant burst out laughing: "You were misled by that guy Kato. That rat Kato referred to the equipment used by the heavy cavalries

of our precedents. Hmpf, with a complete set of heavy armor, a four meter long lance, a long shield that had the height of half a person and a horse equipped with full horse armor..... Think about it how heavy would this set of equipment be for a cavalryman? How can ordinary soldier bear this weight? Only strictly selected elite soldiers from the army can bear such a heavy armor in combat. An ordinary person like that rat Kato would probably fall on the ground, not being able to get up.”

Pausing for a moment this uncouthly man lowered his voice: “Also, think about it how much iron would be needed to forge such a heavy set of equipment? Furthermore, they had to breed a warhorse that can ride fast while carrying such a heavy load. This kind of heavy cavalry only exists in the fourth legion of our 13th Army. If you want become a heavy cavalry, you should wait for an opportunity to ask the general put release on you and put you in the fourth legion.”

Shaar was immediately appeased – troops such as heavy cavalry were indeed impossible to equip in huge numbers and he had the wrong idea before.

In fact, strictly speaking, the legion that Shaar followed right now was also not a cavalry unit in the true sense – the first legion of the 13th Cavalry Army was actually an infantry combat unit that rode horses. By definition, infantries riding horses as the name suggests, were infantry troops who used horses to enhance their mobility and speed. During a battle the infantry will dismount before going into formation.

After all, even though a cavalry was powerful it was impossible for them to individually form an force during a large scale battle and needed infantry to coordinate with. Generally speaking, a cavalry was unlikely to act as an independent force alone to directly carry a frontline assault (surprise attacks are an exception). With thousands of cavalymen charging directly into the enemy’s infantry array was actually a rarely occurrence. The real tactical power of a cavalry unit was strength which they used on both two wings to outflank the enemy before hitting its flanks. Like peeling a potato, penetrating it layer by layer.

The 13th Cavalry Army acted as an independent army, but a part of

them were infantrymen. In order to maintain the mobility of the Cavalry Army, they upgraded their infantry and gave them horses to ride. Moreover, during a siege battle, pure cavalrymen couldn't be used and only infantry could be relied on.

The troops of first legion marched in order to provide assistance to the third legion which moved as vanguards few days ago.

Marching with the Praetorian Guards, Shaar listened as his brothers talked about some of fighting tactics used by the 13th Army. Although those Praetorian Guards might not necessarily understand everything, but as a Praetorian Guards they usually followed the general and could listen to the military conferences and reports. Influenced by the things they saw and heard, they had more experiences compare to ordinary soldiers.



This was the first time for Shaar to march with an army which had over thousands of people. During the first day on the road, he listened to legendary stories which frequently told about wars of mighty forces. Although at this moment this legion had the scale of only 2000 people but this dense black mass riding through the plain showed a rigorous discipline displayed by the 13th Cavalry Army. Marching in a neat formation with a solemn silence, it created a bloodthirsty aura which made Shaar awestruck in his heart.

This was just from the troops from a legion. If the whole army was gathered, which would combine several legions, what an impact would that scene make in someone's mind?

The formation didn't even rest in the evening since the soldiers of 13th Army have been accustomed to marching without breaks. The soldiers didn't eat, drink nor rest as they were riding with high speed until the next morning. Only when the sun started to rise, General Adrick allowed the large force to stop and take a break.

The Praetorian Guards were somewhat special since they were the only real cavalry in this horse riding unit everyone had a spare horse. During the break, Shaar would rotate next to General Adrick.

Kevin and Shaar with several other Praetorian Guards created a formation to escort Adrick. General Adrick was still in the same black fur robe which he wore during his first meeting with Shaar. His brows were twisted tightly and his eyes flashed in a way from time to time that could made people break out in cold sweat, resembling like a lion.

“Rookie.”

Just as Shaar took a quiet look at Adrick, this general suddenly tilted his head and looked at Shaar with a smile.

“Eh?” Shaar immediately straightened up his body.

“We will soon fight in a major battle, are you anxious?” Adrick made a strange happy expression with the corners of his mouth.

The Praetorian Guards nearby looked at Shaar since the general only questioned this rookie alone which made them was somewhat curious.

Thinking for a moment, Shaar shook his head: “Not too anxious.”

“Oh?” Adrick’s eyes looked somewhat satisfied: “Why?”

“Killing a beast is killing, killing a person is also killing. Since they want to kill us, we naturally we will have to kill them. There is no difference.” Shaar replied while not even needing the time to think.

“Haha! Interesting way of thinking.” Adrick stared at Shaar for a moment, suddenly shaking his head while saying: “You are a great kid and you remind me of a fellow I knew in the past. However, you are still not as strong as that guy. Do well this time. Since you are quite skilled in this war if you can render some meritorious achievement when we get back, I will make you a cavalry captain.”

The Praetorian Guards nearby immediately made an envying expression. Adrick looked at the bald man on other side: “and Kevin, if you can make it out alive this time, you should be able to lead a battalion.”

The bald man immediately growled in excitement as his whole face turned red. Even his bald head was somewhat sparkling under the

sunlight.

Adrick seemed to be in a very good mood and waved his hand while ordering to end the break. Just when he was about to climb on his horse, his eyes suddenly changed expression as he looked up toward the sky.

In midst of the blue sky a little gray shadow with open wings was circling around. It seemed like an eagle, but from its size; it was slightly smaller compared to an ordinary eagle. Moreover, its cycling movement was somewhat strange and after cycling few laps above the first legion, it turned around to fly away.

Adrick complexion suddenly ashen and next to him Kevin squinted his eyes while the color on his face changed too: "General, that's the Odin"

"Yes, it's a scouting eagle!" Adrick's eyes flashed with a strange gleam of light: "If a scouting eagle is here, then Odin's army is certainly not far away!" He suddenly turned around and asked one of the officers: "How long since the last news of Butler?"

"The last news came with a messenger last evening, after that there were no more news." The military officer replied.

Adrick's face suddenly turned gloomier: "Map!!"

The lieutenant next him immediately took out the map from the bag and opened it. After taking a look, Adrick pointed a location on it: "How far away is that place from our position?"

The place he pointed was a long and narrow region with slightly lowlying topography. It was in the center of the plain with highland forest on both sides and a stretching marsh land in between.

"Not too far away."

The one who answered was Shaar as he shouted loudly without even thinking: "I know that place. From our position, if we ride at full speed we can certainly arrive there in two hours!"

"Are you sure?!" Adrick stared at Shaar and this general's eyes

unexpectedly made a frightening light and his gaze was breathtaking. Shaar braced himself against such eyes and clenched his teeth while replying: "I am sure! I had gone twice to that place and I am familiar with the nearby terrain."

"Something happened!" Adrick's eyes flashed with a dangerous light: "The scouting eagle of Odins is alerting them against us! Something must have happened in front to Butler! Otherwise the scouting eagle would not be flying this close to south to scout. Furthermore, we didn't receive a messenger from Butler for whole night!"

The general thought for a moment and looked at the few lieutenants around him before his eyes fell on the bald man: "Kevin!"

"At your command!" Like on stimulants, the bald man shouted excitedly while warming up his neck.

"I will give you the command of all Praetorian Guards including the scouts of the third legion! Should be a total of more than 200 cavalrymen! You will lead them and immediately ride full speed towards north!! Butler that fellow must be in trouble! Your task is to reinforce them. On the road if you will encounter a blockade you know what to do!"

Kevin immediately lifted his claw hammer and roared excitedly: "Tears them to shreds!"

"Idiot!" Adrick scolded him: "When you met the blockade, you are not allowed to stop and fight. You will directly breakthrough and your task is to find Butler's troops and aid them! I am bringing our main force to catch up afterwards!"

Pausing for a moment, He looked at Shaar: "Shaar is familiar with the terrain, make this rookie lead the way!"

Then he looked up the sky, watching the eagle's flying shadow and suddenly felt irritated in his heart. Grabbing a bow with his backhand from a nearby soldier's saddle, he pulled the bow and aimed at the sky.....

Pew!

While the bowstring vibrated, the arrow shot forward transforming into

a gray light. However, this was only an ordinary bow and even if it was pulled to its maximum capacity of a full moon shape, the arrow flew upward for a while before dropping a down a big distant away from the eagle. Furious, Adrick drew the bow again and this time he put in more strength but with a cracking sound the bow was snapped into two.

“God damn it!” Adrick was enraged: “If only Sylvia was here.....”

He glance as Kevin and shouted: “What are you spacing out for! Go immediately fulfil your order!”

Kevin quickly complied with a cry and hastily rode out. A moment later, he gathered the Praetorian Guards with all the cavalry scouts and formed a squad of 300 riders: “Everyone leave behind your spare horse! You don’t need bring to bring your dry rations! Threw away all the unnecessary things! We will depart immediately!”

The 13th Cavalry Army was indeed an elite force and only needed a moment to ready a squad of 300 people before embarking. Kevin had quite a bit of leadership and he easily arranged his troops into a wedge formation while leading the 300 cavalrymen on their way.

Shaar and Kevin rode in the forefront of this group since he was responsible for guiding them. After riding at high speed for about the energy of one meal, they saw smooth terrain with steep hills in front of them. On the high ground left, there was a sparse forest and Shaar immediately shouted: “Almost there! It’s after the highlands!”

Just when his voice quiet down, a group of people could be seen coming out of the forest from the highlands. Those fellows all wore leather armor and had tall stature with wild hairstyles. While holding large swords and other types of weapons in their hands, they were also carrying a round shields. Roughly about hundred people quickly rushed out of the forest to greet the cavalrymen!

These guys were not riding horse, but instead they were riding a strange mounts which resembled horses. However, they seemed more majestic with their fur full of black markings and their two long horns on their head.

Seeing this Shaar got a strange feeling in his heart before hearing Kevin roaring anxiously: “Is the Odin’s caribou cavalry unit!! Breaking through!!”

(TL: <https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Caribou>)

Both forces would soon smash against each other and Shaar heard the Odin’s roaring a strange tone as they came closer. Those caribou mounts growled loudly and their running momentum was unexpectedly more astonishing than that of horses!

With a strong wind caressing his face, both group of cavalrymen maliciously crushed against each other making loud sounds of clashing!

With Shaar and Kevin spearheading the formation they immediately crashed into the Odin’s formation!

What was quite shameful was that Shaar’s horse-riding skill was not very advanced and when he hit a majestic caribou head-on, his horse’s neck was twisted from the impact while he immediately fell off his saddle!

Chapter 67: Rage Ki! Rage Ki!

Part 1

Shaar fell to the ground, with a Caribou hoof following suit. Barely missing his body, Shaar couldn't help but think that if it had hit him, his first cavalry charge would've been his last!!

Rolling to the side with all his strength, Shaar brandished his sword, and with a crack, chopped the hoof in half, sending it flying. Seeing his reindeer's leg getting cut off, the Odin cavalryman sitting on its back let out a roar, quickly leaping on Shaar. During their entanglement, Shaar somehow managed to free his hand, punched the soldier's face, crushing the nose in the process. The man screamed bloody murder as the excruciating pain almost caused him to black out, raising his fist to retaliate. Suddenly, another Odin's Caribou Cavalryman rushed in from behind, stamping on and immediately killing his comrade! There was a deafening crunch as most of his bones were trampled.

Shaar didn't have any time to turn around in response to the sound of the wind whistling behind him. Looking behind him, he saw another Odin's Caribou cavalryman wielding his axe and rushing towards him. Radiating a ruthless aura, the axe chopped down towards Shaar's shoulder. But in that moment, Shaar lifted his halberd to block the incoming axe. Clang! The Odin Soldier felt a numbing jolt as his axe was split in two. Using this opportunity, Shaar kicked both of his feet against the ground, and threw himself at the soldier, which knocked him off from the Caribou with a tackle. Attempting to take control of the Caribou that was still bucking about, Shaar yanked its head so strongly, that its neck almost snapped. With a small amount of strength, Shaar started to slowly strangle the life out of the Caribou. After a short amount of time, the Caribou collapsed to the ground, its eyes glassy, and devoid of any life.

As Shaar threw himself onto the ground, he caught a glimpse of the cavalry soldier beside him being pulled down from his horse by an Odin soldier; half his head had been chopped off with an axe, blood splashing

everywhere. Suddenly, Shaar's eyes turned red. He recognized the dead man as one of the Praetorian Guards who, just a few days prior, had accompanied him for his missions. Swiftly, Shaar grasped the halberd with both hands, and maliciously stabbed it into the belly of the Odin soldier. He then lifted his halberd and swung it, sending the corpse flying. With a twist, he leapt onto the cavalry soldier's horse and vigorously kicked its belly as he speedily rode to catch up with the rest.

Presently, the cavalry team had already broken through the formation of Odin soldiers; there were only a hundred of them, after all. Compared to Kevin's and the others', they were much less. As Shaar was at the very end of the group, the Odins turned around and started to chase him, seeing this, Shaar pulled out a long sword from the saddle and shot it towards the closest Caribou knight like a dart. 'Pu!' The sword impaled his chest and forced him off his steed.

Despite their desperate pursuit, the distance between them and Shaar gradually widened; caribous were slower than warhorses, after all. However, from the highlands nearby, a team of archers suddenly appeared from within the woods! Although their numbers weren't big, a dozen archers drew their bows; their arrows taking aim on the cavalry unit below that was rushing by.

"Raise the shields!!!" Kevin roared angrily. Following his orders, a heavy rain of arrows poured down!!

When the first wave of arrows rained down from the sky, the knights were caught totally unprepared. In the blink of an eye, more than ten soldiers were shot and seven immediately died while falling off their horses.

The archers uphill drew their bows again. Although the knights had their shields raised, they were all light cavalry, so their horses lacked any form of armor or protection. Additionally, the distance between the highlands and the cavalry was about a hundred steps; the difference in height between the two was about five to six meters. This made it extremely difficult for the cavalry to directly attack the archers, as they would have to make a detour. On the other hand, for the archers it was

the opposite, since they could shoot five or six volleys of arrows at them within the given time.....

It was at this critical moment when Shaar's mind became crystal clear; all of the distracting thoughts were kicked out of his mind. Only one thought remained in his head: I must let my brothers break through!!

The previous tragic scene of the Praetorian Guard getting his head cut off by an Odin soldier was still lingering vividly in his mind. Suddenly, Shaar felt a burning passion bursting out from his chest. With a mighty shout, he turned his horse around and separated himself from the cavalry, fervently charging towards the highlands!

His horse continued to gallop until they were just below the hillside. With an elevation of about five or six meters from the ground, there was no way for a horse to jump to the top. Ignoring this fact, Shaar gave the horse's belly a heavy kick, making the horse sprint wildly forward. Using the force of inertia, the boost allowed the horse to traverse three to four steps up the steep hillside before exhausting all of its strength. Yet, Shaar who had already loosened the reigns, proceeded to spring himself up even further with all his might; firmly kicking off from the back of his steed.

With a loud neigh, the horse was immediately pressed down towards the ground; Shaar used it as a foothold to leap forward! He jumped up an incredible three to four meters in height! In the air, he pulled out his fire pitchfork and stabbed it on the slope for an extra push before flipping himself over the edge of the hillside!

With halberd in his left hand and fire pitchfork in the other, he roared like a beast and rushed towards the archers who were stationed near the forest.

Just when these archers completed their second volley, they saw a guy in Byzantine armor rush towards them from the slope like a berserker! Running at them with his monstrous speed; just one leap of his legs could already be compared to the distance a normal person took with seven to eight steps. Within several of such movements, like a whirlwind, he had already crashed into the crowd before they even had the chance to move!

Where Shaar's halberd swung, blood splattered; three to four archers had already been chopped up! The rest of the archers were thrown into chaos as they tried to put aside their bows and quivers one after another, and draw out their swords to fight. Roaring like a madman, Shaar fiercely swung his halberd and chopped another archer in two; his head and upper torso split directly in half! The fresh blood spurted onto Shaar and, within seconds, his upper body was completely dyed in red. Shaar's face was covered fully in flesh and blood as he turned around desperately pushing one archer away with his shoulder, while bitterly resisting several enemies' sword attacks with his back, before fiercely crashing into the crowd again. Because his body was reinforced with the dragon's blood, other than feeling immense pain, normal attacks could not hurt him.

With his enormous strength, he sprinted towards the crowd and smashed into the two archers who stood directly in front of him, sending them flying as blood spat out from their mouths. In the next moment, Shaar repeatedly thrust his fire pitchfork, simultaneously piercing the heads of three different soldiers. He then brandished his halberd and with a powerful swing, broke the sword of another soldier; without pausing for even a moment, the sword continued its trajectory and severed the soldier's arm. Blood poured from his exposed shoulder as he fell to the ground!

Meanwhile, Shaar also suffered a few ruthless attacks that were most likely a military officer of this archer unit. A long sword that was covered with an opalescent glowing battle ki clashed maliciously onto Shaar's shoulder and forced Shaar's body to bend down a bit. The mighty force of the battle ki continuously pressed on to Shaar, making him unable to stand up while slowly pressuring him to kneel down as the blade directly broke off the armor on his shoulder! His body which was reinforced by the dragon blood could no longer block the battle ki and blood immediately burst out of the wound on his shoulder!

However, that military officer looked shocked as he had accumulated his blow with enough battle ki to chop a person into two pieces!

Nevertheless, this attack only cut off Shaar's armor, and it didn't even break a single bone as the edge of blade was stuck in Shaar's shoulder blades!

Shaar was growling in pain while struggling to turn around. Under the immense pain, his strength erupted again and he finally managed to throw that military officer off. However, that military officer roared and once again injected the blade with his battle ki and with an explosion it caused a blood fountain on Shaar's shoulder! It exploded into a rain of flesh and blood!

Shaar screamed pitifully while staring at that officer with mad eyes. His eyes were turning into crimson and used his backhand to stab the fire pitchfork into the head of that military officer, directly piercing his head!! Right at this moment his back was stabbed by another two swords!

Although Shaar's body had been strengthened by the dragon blood, the reinforcement from the dragon blood was limited after all. Once he was injured the protection would be broken, and he would bleed. This would cause the momentum to drop drastically and as a result, the effect of the dragon blood would also start to weaken.

The two swords behind him also cut through Shaar's skin and flesh. Although the stab did not pierce through him, it pushed him forwards and he fell on his face.

At the same time Kevin was leading the horse team round under the hill when he saw that Shaar crashed into the enemy's archer team on the top of the hill, wildly slashing their way through. The enemy's archers were suddenly in disarray and had no more time to shoot any arrows. When they saw Shaar kneeling down after getting cut on the shoulder, the archers at the back rushed forward as they drew out their swords uniformly.....

Kevin watched this scene with a great resentment, before letting out a loud cry of pain while he was thinking whether to turn around or rush ahead.

All of a sudden, he saw that among the crowds Shaar jumping up and

maliciously hitting several archers away while howling towards his brothers at the bottom of the hill:

Shit! Get the fuck out of there!!”

Part 2

Shaar’s hoarse voice could be heard from afar. Hearing his voice, Kevin’s eyes lit up as he stared audaciously towards the mountain top before finally yelling, “I will avenge you!!!”

Afterwards, he leaned on his horse’s back and gave its belly a powerful kick, before leading the cavalry group up north.

Shaar felt his blood flowing out of his body, and as he felt himself losing his strength, tides of exhaustion slowly swept over him.

A sword was embedded deeply in his shoulder and after his halberd was continuously slashed by the enemy’s archers; its handle had broken in two. After jump kicking the person in front of him, Shaar ferociously stabbed another with the broken hilt, piercing his armor. The blood splattered all over his face, giving him a warm and metallic taste, with a hint of salty sweat in his mouth.....

By this time, several archers were already killed by him. However, there was a huge difference between them and the archers from Odin’s legends. Each of them was equipped with sophisticated light armor, made out of high quality materials. The shoulder pads, especially, didn’t interfere with the sensitivity of an archer whilst they were shooting. It only covered the vital spots, and along with their bows, each archer was equipped with a short sword for close combat. It was obviously not something that the barbaric Odin’s soldiers could produce.

However, Shaar was still injured after all, and as such his defence level had dropped to the lowest level. He had obviously suffered from that slash a moment ago, and even though it was only an ordinary attack, it had actually almost cut through his fibula.

(Dragonbloodcan really only defend against ordinary attacks. However, once that defence is broken, its effectiveness will quickly

decrease.)

He continued the one-sided slaughter whilst displaying his technique, the 'Thousand Men Army Slaughter', which turned his fire pitch fork into a blur. Just as he stabbed another three archers, Shaar noticed that he was tightly surrounded. The enemies were all around him, and after the caribou cavalrymen at the base of the mountain noticed that they couldn't catch up to Kevin anymore, they circled around to the only ramp leading up to the hillside.

Despair crept into Shaar's heart as he fell into a hopeless situation. His foolhardiness had gradually calmed down after he'd received a serious injury.

(Fuck, in a moment of hotheadedness, the urge to show off my ability rushed to my head and now this uncle is dead for sure. Damnit.....This uncle is still a virgin!)

The caribou cavalrymen were already climbing up the hill whilst making loud roars. Hearing the hoofbeats, the archers quickly made way for them. A caribou cavalryman who looked like the leader quickly rushed over. Wearing a set of excellent armor that had a thick fur lined robe, his face was covered with blood, making Shaar unable to clearly determine the original look and age of him. A pair of eyes full of murderous killing intent stared firmly at Shaar, and an angry flame could be seen in them. Suddenly rushing over, his axe chopped at Shaar's neck.....

Ding!!

Just when the axe's blade was but three fingers away from Shaar's neck, the Odin soldier suddenly felt his axe was blocked! It seemed as if his axe was stubbornly pulled back by something, and it was unable to go any further.

From Shaar's neck, under the middle of his throat, a small red light suddenly erupted! The light was coming out of Shaar's shirt, and in an instant that red light filled the surroundings with a dazzling, incomparable brightness!

The shirt under Shaar's neck was instantaneously torn apart, and a red

crystal was exposed in the air! Suddenly, the red light crept out and surrounded Shaar. Everything within the range of ten steps around him was completely enveloped by that red light!!

Both of Shaar's eyes turned completely red and he felt that this red light washed over his body while instantaneously making all the pain of his body vanish.

An inviolable strange consciousness streamed in his mind, which instantly filled his consciousness by force!

Stab! Chop! Hack! Target!

At that moment, the complete set of the Thousand Men Army Slaughter clearly and quickly flashed through his brain. Intention, as well as the motion of every single movement, became clear and natural! Things that he originally wasn't able to comprehend suddenly became transparent, as if a dense fog had been ripped apart!!

The millions of thoughts in his brain finally and surely turned into one thought,

Kill!!!

He suddenly roared and leaped!

For a moment, Shaar could clearly see the faces of every single enemy around him! The ferocious expressions, their eyes full of murderous intent, their distorting facial muscles.....

Additionally he started to see the movements of the opposite party; their every twist, and every movement, became clear and slow. All the shouting and roaring, it all became distorted and stretched.....

However, his own consciousness was still as clear as water!!

Kill! Kill them all!

Completely slaughter them!!

In the place which was now enveloped by a crimson light, everything became slow and clear!

Shaar began to move.

The fire pitchfork slashed horizontally inside the field of crimson light.

The crimson light suddenly turned into a thin blade made of light, and flew out towards to the chest of that Odin caribou cavalryman.....

Then it was like everything slowed down ten times; Shaar could clearly see that guy's leather chest armor splitting in two, and then the muscles, the bones and internal organshe watched the separation bit by bit, the cavalryman's entire chest area was cut horizontally into two!!

In was not only the fellow in front of him, but five steps behind him two caribou cavalrymen also bizarrely dropped to the ground! Their upper parts completely cut in two!

Afterwards, the one behind him.....

In Shaar's surrounding, when the fire pitchfork finished making a circular arc, dozens of archers that were gathered together, on both sides, had their leather armor split open, bowstrings ruptured, skulls cracked, bones shattered, blood spilled.....

As if everything within this crimson light became a light blade that could separate and cut anything apart!!

Within ten steps, everything turned crimson!!

Crimson Rage Ki!!

This thought emerged in Shaar mind!

During the previous outbreak of Crimson Rage Ki, it could be said that Shaar was unconsciousness. However this time he could clearly feel the Crimson Rage Ki's eruption clearly!!

The entire area was covered with the crimson light, which looked like it was from an indescribable magic! Slashing his fire pitchfork, whether it was a sturdy armor, or a firm sword, it was like everything became like air, and he could easily cut it without any barriers!!

Crimson followed him wherever he went, and all of the defences were..... useless!!!



Dozens of archers in the surrounding instantaneously instantly slit in half and everyone was easily dismembered. Even when the corpse fell down, the remnant half of the corpse stood still there as fountains of blood sprayed out!

All around Shaar everything within ten steps, there was not a living person left!!

Such a shocking scene made the enemies behind him fall into an immediate deadly silence. For a dull moment it was like everyone's mind went completely blank. Which seemed like in a blink of an eye, how did so many people died?!

Making a growl Shaar leapt forward as his steps left behind several cracks on the ground and even the stones were broken under his foot! His body soared a few meters while jumping and finally bashed on a caribou's back while pushing the corpse off that mount. Using his fire pitchfork, he maliciously stabbed into the caribou's buttocks which that pitiful animal screamed in pain before lifting up its head smashing towards the crowd.

Before the archers had time to recover from their shock, Shaar rushed over. Under the enormous pain, caribou's majestic stature immediately sent several archers flying before jumping down the hill.

Landing five meters below the hill when the caribou fell to the ground, its four hooves were already broken by the powerful impact. Making a pitiful cry, it bashed on the ground as Shaar tumbled off the caribou's back. After hitting the ground, he rolled several times and suddenly took some big steps and sprinted away with full of panic.

At the same time, the Odins on the hill finally recovered and several of the caribou cavalymen at the back of the formation looked towards their dead companions. Especially their leader who was in the front and who wanted to chop Shaar with his axe was suddenly got sliced in two parts.....

The Odin soldiers simultaneously roared like crazy.....

“That guy killed Little Highness!!”

“Little Highness is dead!!”

A collective madness burst out of the remaining caribou soldiers as everyone went berserk and turned their caribous toward hillside to chase down the guy who killed Little Highness.

Shaar ran furiously and with his tough physique, his feet maliciously push forward. One of his jumps could be compared to a dozen steps from an ordinary person. As his ears suddenly heard sounds coming from hoofs of caribou's catching up behind him as well as the wild shouts while holding their weapons and swirling them around. While running, Shaar's hand desperately touched around his bosom before finally fishing out a small ring.

(Fuck, I rely on you!! Don't disappoint this uncle!!)

This wind magic ring was initially pulled from a dead senior magician's finger during the dragon hunt. Shaar once asked Tatara about it and he told him that this kind of magic equipment wasn't limit to just magicians. As long as you were a human, after putting it on you could use it. However, the magic on this ring was limited since there was no magician who could continuously injected magic into it. Therefore, it became a consumable item, once the magic was exhausted; it wasn't distinguishable from an ordinary ring.

Once Shaar put this ring on his finger, he immediately felt a strange power fluctuating throughout his whole body. This fluctuation was gentle and slow, it was as if the surrounding air became diffused and light.....

Shaar continued to take some crazy steps forward. The first few steps didn't have any difference but later he started to faster and faster as if he could walk on air. It was like the air turned into the thick entity and when his footsteps landed on it, he could run at full speed!

At the same time, because of the ring Shaar felt that his own body weight became a lot lighter, which in turn also dramatically accelerated his speed.

As for what those Odins who were shouting and roaring loudly behind him Shaar didn't understand a single word. However, after looking at their faces with full of murderous intent and madness those guys, he could guess that it was definitely not something good.....

The Odins behind him were all out trying to chase him suddenly saw they saw the fellow ran a few steps more steps before his steps turned to gliding in the air. It transformed as if he was flying, his body went up and down and all of the sudden he threw himself far away.....

Chapter 68: Kikkan

Part 1

Shaar frantically fled north; he didn't know how far he ran. All he knew and cared about was that his pursuers couldn't be seen anymore, and that their constant death threats could no longer be heard. It was only then, did he sigh in relief.

Fortunately for Shaar, the magic that was stored inside of the ring wasn't used up yet, and had actually managed to throw off his pursuers. After noticing that he managed to flee successfully, he couldn't bear to use his precious ring again, and took it off, carefully putting it inside of his bosom pocket once again. This type of precious magic had to be used sparingly.

Resting for a while, Shaar searched for a lowlying pit and laid in it. Lying on the ground, he stuck out his tongue and gasped for breath. Even with the support from the wind magic ring, Shaar had used all of his strength to run for his life. If they had caught him, a fate of dismemberment would await him.....The moment he stopped, he felt as if his lungs were ablaze; his breath was extremely heavy, making his throat feel close to bursting.

Lying inside of the pit, Shaar was so exhausted that he couldn't even move a muscle. This condition lasted for about twenty minutes before he was barely able to stand up.

After experiencing the Crimson Rage Ki once more, Shaar found that just like in the previous times, it covered his whole body, instantly healing any and all injuries. All of his wounds, which were inflicted by both the enemy and himself, were now healed. Even his heavy shoulder wounds, which were inflicted by a sword that had even fractured his armor, were already gone. Due to his opponent's battle ki bursting out, Shaar's shoulder had also been mutilated and stained with blood from his, with even his bones were broken. But, after it was bathed in the Crimson Light,

only a faint, red mark remained.

Shaar held his head in his hands and thought for a little while.

(Fuck, this is just like a unique skill. It instantly heals any of my injuries, and can also emit a killing technique which completely disregards the defenses of the target.....If such a unique skill could be displayed whenever I wanted, wouldn't I be invincible?)

Shaar held the crystal in his palm, and could feel that its surface layer returned to its initial dull appearance. However, it seemed as if there was a slight difference from before.....

After giving it a careful inspection, he could see that this was indeed the case. The surface of the crystal still had the appearance of an ordinary gray stone; however, when he actually looked closely, it seemed that a few thin, red lines ran over the surface of the crystal. It was sparsely distributed on its surface and they were not numerous.....it resembled.....

The red threads resembled the bloodshot eyes of someone who had gone without sleep for a long period of time. However, if you didn't lean in to have a better look at the stone, the number and the thickness of the red threads were so small that it was impossible to see them!

He remembered that when he looked at this stone in the past, he never noticed this unusual change. Could it be, that because he had accidentally used this strange crimson light twice, the stone changed?

Could it be, that after many uses in the future, this stone would turn blood red?

After many uses.....

Shaar could not help but to smile bitterly.

He was saved by that crimson light twice, but right now he actually still didn't know how to correctly use this kind of thing. Although the killing technique was powerful, he still couldn't use it easily.

It seemed that the red stone would turn crimson red only when his life is truly in danger, and only when he is beaten to point of half-death, his

body covered with cuts and bruises.

Thisthis approach was too dangerous!

If the stone doesn't activate the crimson light next time he encounters such a dangerous situation, allowing him to use the unique skill... then wouldn't his death just be too stupid?

After resting for a moment, although his hands and feet were still worn out and aching, Shaar finally recovered some energy. Since his powerful physique couldn't even be counted as human, even with such a small rest, his strength had already recovered to a point where it was about 20-30%. Standing up to take a look at the surrounding environment, he identified his location and decided to continue toward north.

Although going south in order to meet up with the large forces led by General Adrick was the safest option, he did not go that way. The Caribou Cavalry was still chasing him in the south, so he would encounter them first before meeting up with the main force. He couldn't expect for this unreliable crimson light to save him every time, so he could only go north to try and catch up with Kevin's group.

Yes, Kevin that bald man, should've met up with the people from the third legion by now.....

※※※

Just as Shaar began moving up north, Kevin had indeed already joined up with the third legion, north of Al Bactre plain.

Under Shaar's cover, Kevin led the 300 cavalrymen and separated from the battlefield to continue north. On the road, they met another intercepting group made of caribou cavalrymen. After they forcefully broke through, from the initial 300 cavalrymen, only about 200 survived.

The time was almost noon when Kevin finally saw the third legion, which was led by the silver-haired Butler.

The third legion was a light cavalry unit under the 13th Cavalry Army, and when Kevin arrived, it seemed as if they were already in a difficult situation.

This was special terrain, with a forest growing in the valley that they were in. Although the slopes were only about 4 or 5 meters high, it was still extremely unsuited for a cavalry unit to battle in. In the middle of the valley, there was a 200-300 meter wide stretch of flat plains – with this kind of extremely narrow terrain, as long as the Odins arranged a small amount of infantry to create a thick human-barrier in this narrow pass, then they wouldn't get overrun by a cavalry charge.

After all, the third legion wasn't heavy infantry, and forcefully breaking through a thick troop formation wasn't something that they excelled at.

When Kevin arrived, the third cavalry was currently caught in a bitter struggle. Centurion Butler fortified his troops on the hillside, and used the narrow ramp to help them painstakingly defend against the Odin's attack.

They had already struggled here for a whole night, and the third legion took heavy losses. From the 2000 people that were sent, only a bit more than 1300 cavalymen remained with half on the wounded.

Butler regretted this outcome so much that his organs had begun to go green. He was only the vanguard that carried out the reconnaissance and cleared the path for the main army behind him.

However last night, he encountered a small team of Odin's caribou cavalymen. After engaging in battle with the enemy, the Odins lost more than 100 people before retreating. Butler was eager to exploit this opportunity and after this victory he decided to chase after them. During the night, the line of sight wasn't really good and he was lured into this type of dangerous terrain by the Odins. By the time he realized, it was already too late to withdraw.

This was obviously a trap and the Odin's clearly intended to swallow the third legion which acted as vanguard.

In the narrow terrain, the cavalymen were unable to breakthrough and Butler immediately decided to retreat to a hillside. When dawn broke, he had finally determined that a full army of about 20,000 people were besieging him. After getting encircled and nothing went through, Butler

tried to bring people for a breakthrough. He tried twice to rush downhill with the cavalry with using their sprinting power; however after killing some Odins they were pushed back. The Odins had gathered too much force after all and in this type of narrow terrain, as long as they had a thick infantry formation, Butler was unable to penetrate the opponent's camp with just 1000 cavalrymen – Just like a rusty dull knife, it was unable to quickly pierce through a thick meat.

After trying to break through twice, the cavalrymen of the 13th Army fought with nothing less than bravery. However, after trying to breakthrough left and right, they were forced to return on the hillside – If they were just a little late to retreat, they probably wouldn't even had the opportunity to retreat towards the hillside and would be directly encircled on the battlefield!

When Kevin led his troops there, he saw that there was such a dense army with countless Odins under the hillside so may his scalp started to tingle. He had only 200 cavalrymen and it would be really difficult to breakthrough in order to rescue them. 200 people rushing into a camp of 20,000 would end up them getting wiped clean in less than a moment.

However, Kevin soon discovered a strange phenomenon – as soon as his force of 200 cavalrymen entered this area, they were quickly discovered. Butler, who was standing on the mountain, saw that reinforcement arrived, and gathered all his remaining troops to organize another break through. The remaining force of a 1000 cavalrymen pledged to fight to the death, and charged forward, unexpectedly started a killing spree. They had actually forged a bloody road in the middle of Odin's siege!

Under the hillside inside narrow terrain, there were corpses strewn about, the Odin's sweeping over them like a tide. As Butler led his cavalry to charge, he forced the Odin's tide to retreat.

Under this kind of situation, Kevin didn't have a choice, and could only brace himself for impact, while taking his men to rush for support. Along the way, he crashed through Odin's formation and massacred, but Kevin somehow gave birth to some doubt in his mind.....

The Odin's soldiers hadn't resisted nearly as much than he had imagined!

Soon, both forces quickly join together on the battlefield then rapidly tried to withdraw back to the south to meet the main army.

Shouts of thousands of people filled the air, and hundreds of men crowded into the narrow valley. Just when those two cavalry units joined each other, they suddenly heard a monotonous sound made by a horn from a distant slope!

The sound coming from the horn was deep and solemn. All those Odin soldiers who were stubbornly entangled a moment ago suddenly quickly retreated while creating a path on both sides. They soon separated themselves from the Byzantine Cavalrymen.

"They'll let us go?" Kevin felt doubts in his heart.

At that moment, the centurion of the third legion Butler's body was already completely bathed in blood. On his armor, there were at least seven or eight puncture marks, and a blade was stuck on his shoulder. His helmet was lost a long time ago. When he joined up with Kevin, he saw that the surrounding Odins were retreating. This silver-haired man maliciously wiped the blood of his face and his expression suddenly changed, "Damn, we were tricked!"

As the Odin's infantry quickly retreated, on both sides of the slopes quickly came a caribou cavalry unit after another out of the forest!

These caribou cavalrymen were conserving their strength and resting in the forest for an entire night. Seeing one caribou cavalry unit after another madly rushing down the slopes from both sides, Butler's eyes flashed fiercely. Preparing for the confrontation, he hissed and roared, "Push to the south! Everyone towards the south!! We are breaking through this canyon!!"

However, it was already too late!!

The caribou cavalry units riding down from both slopes used their momentum, and soon smashed into the Byzantine cavalry, before

stubbornly entangling with them!

Entanglement! The tactic of the Odin's was very simple. They stubbornly stuck to the Byzantine cavalrymen, not giving them the opportunity to take a rest!

After breaking out of the siege, the Byzantine cavalrymen's formation was completely scattered, falling into disorder. In a situation where the engaged in battle while retreating, they didn't have opportunity to take a breather, and reorganise their formation to carry out a counter-charge.

Just like that, more than 1000 cavalrymen were being pursued and beaten by Odin's caribou units. There were also lines upon lines of infantry in front to break through and even archers were positioned on the slopes.....

Kevin had never fought such a hopeless battle! He knew very clearly that if they clashed frontally, as the most elite Cavalry unit in the Byzantine Empire, they could absolutely destroy those caribou cavalrymen!

HoweverHowever, they were unable to turn around!!!

There was no way to turn their formation!!

Part 2

Note: We will use the word Caribou Rider instead of Caribou Cavalryman

In order for a cavalry unit to form an effective lethal technique, they had to arrange into a strong formation and use its impact to their advantage! With the army in panic-mode while being chased and attacked by enemies who were on their tails, they didn't have the opportunity to rest. If they stopped, the Odin infantries surrounding them would sweep over them like a wave; but, even if they kept going, they wouldn't be able to throw off the chasing caribou riders.

The caribou riders chasing after them resembled a knife, slowly slicing the Byzantine Cavalry formation layer by layer!

On a distant hillside stood a tall figure covered by a giant, leather cloak. Behind him was a large chair made of animal bones, with a thick layer of black fur covering it.

This person had the typical physique of an Odin. His broad shoulders matched well with his majestic stature, which was filled with explosive strength. He wore a gray fur coat and a bear skull on his head, and instead of a weapon, in his hand was a small flag.

His skin was fair and smooth, unlike the typical Odin's rough skin. He appeared to be pale and weak, possessing a pair of rare blue eyes, which were firmly fixed on the distant mountain where the battle was commencing.

Dozens of Odin warriors, each with a height of over two meters, lined up behind him. Each wore thick bearskins and chest armor on their breast, with axes hanging from their belt. Their hair was extremely dense and long, which were made into numerous small braids. As all Odins knew, only the "Mad Axe Warriors" had such an appearance!

The leading Odin retreated his gaze, his mouth revealing a shallow, disdainful smile.

"Hmph, the famous Rhodelia Cavalry is surprisingly mediocre."

He smiled lightly, and suddenly stretched out his arms, of which black iron hoops were attached. A piercing eagle's cry could suddenly be heard from afar, before a gray-feathered scouting eagle appeared, landing on the Odin's arm.

The Odin stretched out his finger and gently patted the eagle's head, immediately taking out a piece of bloody meat from his pocket, and bringing it into the eagle's beak.

"Oh.....Adrick and his men and should be arriving by now.....Hehe."

There was pride mixed with a smile in his eyes, but before he could finish gloating, he suddenly heard rapid hoof beats approaching.

A caribou rider rushed over from a dozen of meters away before jumping down. He stumbled on the floor and immediately prostrated on

the ground.

“What happened?” This Odin frowned.

The caribou rider was a tall man with a powerful build, but at this moment fear was written all over his face as continued to shiver, “Honorable Kikkan, yo-your younger b-brother.....”

Kikkan curiously raised his eyebrow, “What about him?”

“Your younger brother was killed in battle! He died in the hands of a Byzantine cavalryman.....We, we tried to chase down the killer, but.....”

After finishing his sentence, the Rider shut his mouth after seeing Kikkan’s smoldering eyes looking down upon him. Kikkan had a sharp glint in his eye, which radiated a frightening aura!

The caribou rider’s body trembled violently – remembering that such an important figure unexpectedly died among his unit in battle, he only feared.....

This rider was fearful in his heart, but the expected raging anger didn’t appear.

After staying silent for a while, Kikkan’s expression immediately showed hints of a strange smile.

“Oh.....My dear brother, he died in battle? Oh, this is actually interesting news. For us soldiers of Odin, dying on a battlefield can be considered a rare honor.”

These words didn’t have any anger in them, and instead there were hints of gentleness and feminine charm – because of this, the riders who were familiar with Lord Kikkan felt their hearts going cold!!

Seeing that Lord Kikkan’s expression was getting gentler and more amicable, the rider prostrated deeper on the floor while not daring to lift his head. His body was trembling as if he was extremely ill.

At corner of Kikkan’s mouth hung a smile as he casually teased the scouting eagle on his arm with his finger. As if he was talking to himself, he said, “Ah, a son died, my honored father the great Emperor will

certainly burst out in anger like a thunderstorm.....Ei, this news will bring sadness to our people.”

Although his mouth was saying it like that, there was a warm smile on his face who could he claim that he was feeling the slightest sorrow?

“.....Luckily, my father the Emperor has more than 20 sons. If one or two died, I am sure it won't be too much of deal.”

These last few words could be seen as treason, and the rider wished that he was deaf at this moment. If these treacherous words were heard by him, he only feared that Lord Kekkan would certainly tie up loose ends.....

After a moment of silence, Kekkan took a deep breath, instantly replacing the gentle expression with cold killing intent.

“I command you.....Raise the blood flag. I must avenge my dear brother.....Afterwards, write a letter to home and report this saddening news.” Pausing for a moment, his eyes flashed in a strange way, “In any case, one of my brothers died, so I must take a stance. This will be my first time personally leading an army, and I can't mess things up.”



Kevin and Butler finally brought their men out of the lowlands, and after exiting the valley, the area finally widened. Both were wounded everywhere on their bodies, and Kevin's claw hammer had been long been lost on the battlefield. Now, he was wielding a standard issue cavalry longsword. However, Butler was leaning against horse, as he was already unable to support himself. His back was slashed up by a Rider, and his armor was cracked. This cut almost cost his life.

Once they broke through the valley, Kevin immediately felt excited. There was no Odin infantry blocking them in the front, and the Byzantine Cavalry was much faster than the Odin Riders. Therefore, they could rely on their speed to throw off their pursuers, and after reorganizing their formation, they could organize a counter-attack! This would allow them to let those Odin caribou riders taste the might of the Byzantine Cavalry!

The Cavalry had always been Byzantine's strongest force!!

Kevin, who was beaten with his hands and feet tied together, was full of anger. However, what made him even angrier was that once they ran out of this canyon, the caribou rider unit following them immediately stopped their chase, before quickly retreating. They actually turned around and retreated back in the canyon!

These, these bastards! When did the Odins became so cunning?!

Just when they were finally able to stop and reorganize their formation, after making a head count both Butler and Kevin almost coughed blood at the scene!

The third legion and Kevin's reinforcement with everyone put together there were barely 600 people who had made it out alive!

In other words, the hit and run tactic that their opponent used was sly and annoying but it was very effective! This kind of entanglement tactic, cost Byzantine over half of their men!

The third legion was completely crippled after this battle! They were unable to create a formation and display the combat strength of a legion for all the following battles, and could only wait for their reconstruction again after the war.

Butler was bleeding in his heart. As the commander of third legion, all these cavalrymen were personally recruited and trained by him. After losing more than 70% of their military strength, how could he not be overcome by grief?

It could said that if the Odin's plan was to swallow the third legion, then their goal was mostly achieved. Out of the 2000 cavalrymen from the third legion, only less than 500 were able to make it out alive. They lost 70% of their forces, and those who managed to come out alive were all wounded. Only around 300 people were still capable of fighting.

In this war, although the third legion wasn't annihilated, they were effectively crippled.

Butler's face was now devoid of any trace of heroism. It was as if he aged 20 years while leaning against his horse's back. Blood dribbled out

of the corner of his mouth as he stubbornly clenched his teeth.

Kevin's heart was also full of sorrow while looking at the remnant of this force.....

(It was too bizarre. The Odins' fighting style was completely different compared to the past. Previously, the Odins were the symbol of barbaric and courageous people. They excelled at frontal attacks in battle, and wouldn't lure the enemy into traps nor besiege them while overwhelming them with reinforcements. Moreover, they certainly haven't ever used such sly tactics as stubbornly entangling themselves with the enemy!)

Apart from that, the most important thing which didn't give Kevin and Butler peace in their minds was that:

The army in front of them, although they were 20,000 men strong however, from the quality point of view they weren't Odin's elite troops and were just an ordinary second tier army. Regardless of battle efficiency or each individual fighting abilities they were far below the standard of Odin's elite!

It wasn't as if the 13th Cavalry Army never suffered heavy defeat in the hand of the Odins, but that was only to the Hasting's elite army. However, this time, they unexpectedly suffered such a heavy blow from a single ordinary army of Odin Odin army.....

Both of them had been in the army for a long time and were war veteran. They could approximately estimate that the losses of the Odins this time was about 3000 to 4000 men.

In proportion to their losses, it wasn't too grim.

However, let's not forget that they were one of Byzantine Empire's most elite armies!! Furthermore, they were the most-powerful unit, the cavalry!!

"Fuck, the Odins actually learned how to use the terrain and even strategiesWas the general of the opposite force Hasting?" Kevin fiercely spat a mouthful blood on the ground.

"It's not." Butler's face was full of grief, "It's not like we never saw Hasting's black flag Army. If they changed the commanding generals,

then with Hasting's prestige in Odin Empire, it should be absolutely impossible for him to be downgraded enough to command a regular army. The only explanation is, another powerful military general appeared in Odin!"

Pausing for a moment, although this veteran was beaten half dead, he still clenched his teeth to issue an order.

Since those Odin didn't continue their pursuit, then they had not need to immediately retreat. They fortified themselves in this position while sending out a messenger and waiting for the main force to catch up before joining them.

"Wait until the general arrives with our men. We'll hit them with everything we got!"



Shaar didn't dare to walk on the main road, and seemed to have returned to his days of hunting and surviving in the wild of the mountain's forest. Cautiously sneaking around on the complex hillside, he deliberately made big circles, careful to not leave any tracks. He made a roundabout for more than ten miles, and quietly closed in the prior predetermined location.

Around noon, Shaar finally arrived at this valley and because he skilfully avoided the main road he didn't encounter Kevin's force which was fortified south of the valley, waiting for reinforcements. He closed in from the right side and quickly approached the right side of the mountain slope.

When he approached the forest, Shaar heard faint voices behind him. From his experience, the dull, messy hoof beats the resounded clearly did not belong the Byzantines. Like a monkey, he immediately fled up into a tree before seeing a squad caribou riders slowly passing.

After seeing the opposite party's number, Shaar didn't dare to breathe, with the fear of revealing his location.

Afterwards, he curled up on the trunk and quietly shrunk his body.

Hearing a loud voice coming from the forest, he saw one squad after another of Odin's army emerging from the forest and lining up just outside of the woods.....

(Shit!)

Shaar, who was still hiding in the trees, suddenly had his retreat cut off.

Chapter 69: Spirit Beast Warrior

Shaar regretted choosing this direction when he saw the Odins were beginning to line up in a formation. He immediately began to cautiously retreat and used his agility to silently climb on the trunks. His movements were vigorous like a lynx and his body bent like a cat in order to climb from one tree to another. This process was slow since he tried to make each movement as light as possible, until he moved over a dozen trees away and entered depths of the forest. Only after distancing himself from that group of Odin soldiers, Shaar reluctantly increased his movements to speed up and enter further into the forest.

However, very soon a squad of Icefield hunters suddenly appeared deep in the forest, which immediately sent Shaar's heart up his throat.

These guys' sharpness was strong enough to threaten and expose Shaar's hideout!

Immediately stopping all his movements, he hid himself in a thick branch of a large tree.....

Using his sharp eyes, Shaar spied through dense foliage and got a glimpse of a squad full of majestic Odin soldiers coming closer. Both tall and burly, every one of them looked very capable and vigorous. Each of them had cold expressions on their faces while wearing animal skins and carrying a short axe. A hidden violent aura could be seen in their eyes as they quietly stood there in a circle.

The most terrifying thing for Shaar was that, more and more Odins were gathering at that place. Beside those Icefield hunters, there were a dozen Odins who were wearing strange animal skins. These guys didn't carry any weapons but they were wearing various accessories made of strange types of animal bones. An old, but big and skinny Odin with a wild disordered hair stood out amidst among them. He was wearing a large fur lined robe with nothing underneath unexpectedly. This Odin seemed to have the highest rank among them as everyone else maintained a considerable distance and respectful stance towards him.

A fire was quickly lit on the ground and that skinny Odin grabbed a handful strange powder from his leather bag, throwing it into the fire. Immediately, that flame turned into a bizarre green as the flames erupted.

While this fellow scattered the powder into the fire, his mouth started to cast some strange notes. Since Shaar didn't speak the Odin language, he couldn't understand what that guy was saying. Nevertheless, while that Odin was singing, the others around him started to kneel while prostrating around that green fire.....

A strange feeling crept from Shaar's heart.

This Odin.....Is he a magician?

Ah, no, he heard that the Odin didn't call them magicians, but.....gothi?

The Odin soldiers at the back quickly carried over two wild animals, a living wolf and even living grizzly bear!!

These animals were tied up and put next to the fire while they were still fiercely roaring furiously and making threatening expressions. However, the Odin gothi walked towards them with a strange smile and stroked their fur with his hand. Suddenly, that wolf felt something and seemed extremely frightened and did not even dare to struggle. Pitifully shrinking its head, it started to make some whining sounds.....

The gothi put on a gloomy smile and gently put his hand on the wolf's head while pressing his fingers, which resembled a dried twig on it. The chanting coming from his mouth became increasingly more erratic as the wolf's cry gradually disappeared.

When the gothi's fingers gently pinched the wolf's head.....Shaar stared at him with widened eyes as he saw this strange scene.....

A transparent light was gently "pulled out" of the wolf's head by that gothi!!

That mass of light was very weak and after it "detached" itself from the wolf's body, that wolf immediately stopped moving and turned stiff.

Suddenly thinking about his experiences during the dragon hunt, Shaar's heart started to pound like crazy!

It's..... the Soul!

This gothi unexpectedly "pulled" the soul from a living wolf with his bare hands!!

With a solemn expression, the gothi held this mass of light in his hand and gently threw it into the green flame.....

Bang the green light flared up and from within the flames, a painful loud howling rang out!

The gothi used his finger and directly pulled a mass of green flame from the blaze and it turned into a dozen smaller green luminous spots on his hands. Gently flipping with his finger, he shot those light particles on those burly Odin warriors surrounding him!

When those light particles fell on the Odin warrior's body, chest and head, it immediately fused with their bodies. Suddenly, each warrior lifted his head and howled a painful cry!

A painful expression could be seen on each of those Odin warrior's faces as their muscles constantly distorted. Each one of them started to bare their teeth and some of them even started to shed tear and snot. It seemed as if an enormous pain was being inflicted upon them as some even began to struggle to remain standing. Their body began to stiffen and swayed from side to side like puppets, before they suddenly tore apart their fur lined robes. From their bare chest, one could see their muscles were rapidly inflating with the naked eye. The surface of their skins quickly burst open, but soon a new layer of skin would cover their wounds and a thick black fur started to grow out of this new layer of skin. Even their faces started to grow a dense fur.....like, like.....

Monstrosities made of half wolf and half human?

Their initially cold eyes suddenly turned into a strange green! As if there was a green flame radiating within their eyes!! Although they previously had a cold stare, there was at least a hint of human emotions in them.

However, now within two pair of green flames there were no longer any traces of humanity left in them.

(Burning the soul of beasts and injecting them into a human body..... could it be)

Shaar's expression changed abruptly.

Could it be the "Spirit Beast Warriors" from the legends?! He once heard a tale in the tavern of Primal Wildfire Town from some passing mercenaries who were boasting about their exploits while getting drunk. Some of them mentioned that the Odin Empire's army had monsters called "Spirit Beast Warriors" with extremely high battle efficiency. Those legends mentioned that the Spirit Beast Warriors were like ferocious beasts in combat with almost an infinite strength, feeling neither pain nor fear. Furthermore, they had extremely strong fighting capacities, as if they were possessed by the souls of powerful beasts.

Those warriors who became half werewolves continued to growl and the thin Odin gothi arrived in front of grizzly bear. Baring its teeth while growling fiercely, its cry gradually turned to whining when the gothi came closer. It was as if it had a premonition of danger and despair was getting closer.

The gothi put on a smiling face, but it was a strange kind of smile, the kind without slightest bit of joy, but instead radiated a cruel aura. Putting his hand on the bear's, he started to do the same procedure as last time. While his mouth chanted some strange tones, his fingertip made the same pulling motions and soon a green light was ripped from the bear's head!

It was very obviously that bear's soul was shining much stronger and brighter than that of the wolf's. Throwing the mass of green light into the green flames, the raging fire was immediately set ablaze.

The gothi also seemed somewhat exhausted and his forehead was full of sweat. His face looked pale and the incantations coming from his mouth also got quieter while the pace of his breathing obviously increased. Holding his hand over the first, he put it in like a claw then he

gently waved. The green light was once again separated from the fire, but the gothi's magic seemed unable to support the consumption. His palm which shouldn't be burned by that flame suddenly emitted smog and scorched his hand.

The gothi frowned a bit as if he couldn't feel the pain but he had a somewhat nervous appearance. He quickly grabbed that mass of green flame and pressed it against his palm, before throwing it away with his charred claws.

Behind him, a row of Odins warriors with the biggest and the strongest body came forward. Their excitement was written all over their faces as if they were filled with the anticipation for the upcoming event. This team of Odin warriors had the tallest statures and each one of them was at least two heads taller than Shaar. Moreover, they wore thick heavy armor and carried a long steel axe.

A dozen small bear soul fire hit those guys' bodies and soon they let out a deep, loud roar. More than a dozen of Odin warriors roared towards the sky, while forcefully pounding their chests. The muscles on their body started to swell rapidly as their heights instantly shot up. Their bodies swelled to such a degree that it deformed their body armor while issuing some distorting noises. It seemed like these fellows were not feeling the pain and only howled like wild beasts. Finally, as if feeling their body armors were nothing more than shackles, some of them casually stretched out their fingernails, which were turned into claws, and tore it off.

That originally thick metal armor was like a fragile paper in their hands as it got easily torn off!

Still sitting on the tree, Shaar's heart started to jump madly after seeing this.....

What insane strength! Shaar, at least knew very clear that although he possessed a monstrous strength, he would probably wouldn't be unable to tear apart a metal armor with his bare hands even if he wanted to! These Odin monsters could easily pierce a metal armor with their fingernails

and tear it at the very least.....His own finger weren't that hard!

Even after the Dragonblood's strengthening, he was afraid that he couldn't achieve it.

Damn, hard as steel! Those Odin's monsters hands were truly hard as steel!

Looking that those guys muscles, their swollen arms were almost as thick as his thighs! Their bare body parts were covered with black hair and their mouths quickly grew a pair of sharp canine fangs – were these fellows still human?!

Shaar's heart was pounding madly and he knew clearly that he accidentally stumbled on an Odin gothi performing some magic ceremony on those berserkers. Right now under him, there were all those horrifying half human, half beast monsters. Even unarmed, they could still tear apart an armor with their horrendous strength.....Once he was discovered, there would be only a slim chance of survival.....

Ah no, it was a certain death!!

Even though this hillbilly was bold in this kind of situation, it was unavoidable that his heart would beat like a drum and a chill went down the back of his head.

He even subconsciously held his breath and cautiously crotched on the branch, not daring to move a muscle.

However, exactly at that time, the ceremony continued underneath him, immediately robbing all the colors from his face!!



It was very obvious that this ceremony had not ended yet. As dozens of those crazy Spirit Beast Warriors prostrated on the ground while growling and roaring quietly. The gothi who continuously refined those two animal souls, looked extremely exhausted. An Odin who was standing next to him wore a similar fur lined robe and that acted like the disciple of the gothi, walked towards him while saying few words. That skinny gothi closed his eyes and wiped off his sweat, before shaking his head while

opening his eyes to say a few words.

Soon again, several shadows which were tied up were once again brought out from the forest. However this time, Shaar's eyes reddened while sitting on his tree!

This time, they didn't bring tied up beasts, but humans!!

Several injured Byzantine soldiers were tied up and brought here. Seeing how the bloodstain was still wet, it was obvious that they were captured not long ago. This scene immediately shocked Shaar as there were people he knew!

One of the captives brought over was a tall burly guy who wasn't much shorter than those Odins. This kind of physique was quite rare among Byzantine men and this guy's robe was cut in several places. Fresh blood was still flowing and while they were bringing him over, he was constantly shouting curses with his bulging neck.

Shaar immediately recognized him. This was his brother-in-arm from the Praetorian Guards, Sarbar! He was the previous strongest man among the Praetorian Guards and he even wrestled with Shaar. In the Praetorian barracks, except Kevin and that cunning Kato, this uncouthly guy was the one he got along with the best. This time, he came along with Kevin and the others to ride north in order to rescue Butler. How did he managed get captured?

Did they defeat Kevin?

Anxiety swelled in Shaar's heart.

Sabar swore loudly and foul-mouthed them although he knew clearly that most of those Odins couldn't understand him; it still didn't stop this man from launching all kinds of insults.

Moreover, Shaar also knew the second guy who was tied up!

It was Kato!! It was that cunning Kato! The Kato who secretly slipped him a bottle of liquor during the first day when he entered the military camp!!

Chapter 70: This Uncle Will Butcher Him!

Besides the bald Kevin, the crude Sarbar, and the cunning Kato, were two of his closest friends among the Praetorian Guards! Seeing them tied up in front of him, he noticed that although Sarbar's injury was light, it wasn't the same for Kato. There was an arrow deeply embedded in his chest, with the arrowhead poking out of his back. His left arm was limp, and had obviously been cut, though whether his arm had been severed or not was still unknown.

Behind those two were several cavalrymen. With how they were dressed, they didn't seem to be Praetorian Guards, and were probably one of Butler's men.

Anxiety immediately took root in Shaar's heart, causing it to beat madly like a drum. When Sarbar and Kato were brought before the gothi, the Odins behind the two kicked them, making them kneel on the ground. Sarbar resisted, but after getting a few harsh kicks to the back, he finally submitted. The gaunt, skinny gothi stood in front of the two and calmly looked at them both, before finally moving on to the last Byzantine soldiers in the queue.

All of the cavalrymen of the 13th Army were heroic and brave men, so no one opened their mouth to beg for mercy. Firm, unyielding resolution could be seen on all their faces, as they shot cold glares at the gothi. Only when the gothi smiled grimly, and took out something from his waist pouch, did several of the captive's faces finally turn ashen. Even Sarbar, who was known as the toughest and the bravest, revealed a hint of disgust and fear in his eyes.

He took out a worm-like insect with a silver body, which was reflecting a faint, finger long trace of green light. The gothi cautiously pinched the insect and forcibly opened the mouth of a Byzantine cavalryman by pressing his other hand on the guy's chin. The cavalryman stubbornly clenched his teeth, but an Odin nearby maliciously stabbed his dagger into his body and the Byzantine Cavalryman couldn't bear the pain and finally shouted out. The gothi immediately forced the insect into his

mouth!

The Byzantine cavalryman's complexion changed abruptly, and his body suddenly became stiff. After a moment, a mass of green smog started to come out of his nose and suddenly the skin on his face started to emit green gas!

Subsequently, the cavalryman soon closed his eyes and breathed his last. However, a big piece of lump suddenly emerged on his forehead and underneath it something was constantly twisting. Pop and all of the sudden a hole appeared on his forehead and the greenish insect broke out of it!

Looking through the hole on the cavalryman's head, it seemed like it had been drilled empty! His brain was completely gone, and that insects mass had increased to more than double. It was obvious that this insect had sucked out the entire brain of the cavalryman! Its green light was more intense now, as its body was so fat that it was bloating. After twisting a few times, the gothi pinched it then picked it up.

While that gothi was holding that fat insect in his hand, his whole face showed an excited and self-satisfied smiling face.

"Hey! Kato, you have seen more of this world than me. This, this damn Odin, what did he do?!" Sabar swallowed a big gulp full of spit: "Fuck, being caught means death, but this guy....."

Kato was already as pale as a ghost, but reluctantly managed to squeeze a hint of his voice out, "Damn, this is Odin's gothi is about to absorb our souls! We can't even die in peace, did you see that insect? It eats the human brain while simultaneously sucking the soul of that person! That is a Soul Eating Bug! Fuck...We are done for."

"Fuck!" Sabar's face went completely pale and suddenly roared in anger while he went all out and struggled, "You Odin bitches! Whore raised swines and imbeciles! If you dare, then take a knife and stab me!!!"

The Odin gothi gently squeezed the insect with his fingertips and slowly went towards the green fire. The fire was already weakened and it seemed like it would gradually extinguish soon. Although there were two

disciples who continued to feed wood to the fire, it didn't stop the green flame from dimming.

The gothi gently threw the human brain sucking insect into the fire.....

Immediately, that flame came gushing up as if had received new fuel. The flames raged three to four meters high, and the flame's color became quite eerie it was a nasty green!!

The gothi smiled satisfied, and reached into the flame before gently pinching it with his fingers again. When he pulled his fingers back, he unexpectedly took out that insect again! Even though it was burned, it was unexpectedly still alive. However, it was back to its original thin body. It seemed like the soul it sucked from the body a moment ago was burned, but the insect itself actually didn't actually fear the flame.

The gothi pinched the insect and approached another Byzantine captive. This time it was the one placed at the front of the group, Sabar!

Shaar's scalp was already tingling from watching! Watching this kind of insect which would crawl into someone's mouth to suck out the human brain and finally break out of the forehead... this kind of strange maggot-like insect gave people a cold chill in their bones!

Shaar was completely shocked from this scene and didn't recover for quite a while. However, when that gothi squeezed out that insect next to the fire and started approaching Sabar afterwards, Shaar suddenly woke up!

In this moment, Shaar's mind was conflicted and was constantly struggling with two thoughts.

Should he go help them? There were too many Odins down there; if he went, only death awaited him.

And if he didn't go? Those guys down there were his companions! Those whom he also recognized as friends! Within eighteen years, this was the first time he had tasted "friendship", and the feeling of having friends!!

Suddenly, Shaar's expression became twisted, and finally, the hillbilly's eyes twitched a few times. Then suddenly he fiercely clenched his fire

pitchfork, pulled up his belt, and took a deep breath before jumping down with one swoop!

Shit! If I have to die, then I will die! However, seeing my friends die in front of me and doing nothing, such cowardly things are not something that uncle Shaar can stand for!!!

--

Desperation had already clouded Sarbar's heart – this brave man didn't fear death anymore – but thinking about his soul being sucked out...it was a horrifying way to die. Feeling that his end was inevitable, he tightly closed his eyes to die, but suddenly he heard a mighty roar!

When he raised his head to look up, he saw a figure jumping down from the trees. He had messed up hair, and was wearing a tattered, fur lined robe, while his body was covered with dust and bloodstains. He came down while screaming madly like a pig which was being slaughtered – wait, wasn't that Shaar, the rookie?!

When Shaar came falling down with an appearance of a godly warrior, it immediately gave Sabar and Kato inspiration! They were elite Byzantine soldiers; they immediately struggled to get up while simultaneously tackling the Odin's next to them.

The moment Shaar was on the ground, he immediately rolled towards the gothi and maliciously jumped on him!

He knew very clearly that if he recklessly attacked them alone, he would die for sure! His only chance of survival was to grab the seemingly high ranked gothi!!

Shaar's movements were fast like a lightening and he was already in front of the gothi with just one leap. Just as his hand grasped the gothi, he immediately heard a terrifyingly loud roar beside him!

His body instantly felt a strong feeling of danger running through his body. At the same time, every single hair on Shaar's body stood up and a dangerous feeling immediately let him follow his instincts to shrink his head back while fiercely throwing himself to the ground!

That movement barely saved his life!

Hush a giant claw swept past his head! When Shaar rushed to the ground, he quickly continued to rolling forward, but suddenly saw a beastly bear warrior was getting in front of him. When its giant palm swayed towards him, Shaar could only helplessly use his fire pitchfork to block!

With a crackling sound, the sharp fire pitchfork unsurprisingly cut the paw into two and that giant hand immediately flew away.

However, Shaar also grunted while taking three steps backwards. His fire pitchfork was not damaged, but holding that shaking pitchfork in his hand was giving an endless pain to his palm!

Even Shaar with his abnormal and barbarous strength was having a hard time, one could see the level this terrifying bear spirit warrior's strength!

The bear spirit warriors around him also started to surround him, and a few gray shadows flashed from behind. Those wolf spirit warriors at the back acted quickly like lightning and in less than a moment, they were ready throwing themselves in front of the bear spirit warriors!

Such quick movement! Shaar's scalp immediately tightened and just as he bent his head backwards, a wolf spirit warrior nearly scratched off his scalp. When he dropped to the ground, the wolf was already using its four limbs to move on the ground like it was used to it, and then turned towards Shaar to bare its teeth at him.

(Fuck, they're really not human anymore!)

Shaar cursed in his mind and suddenly felt a burning ache on his face. Touching it with his hand, he suddenly noticed that his hand was full of blood. This wolf spirit warrior actually managed to graze his body – although its claws didn't tear him to bits – but just by slightly touching him with its claws, the injury was already deeply gouged into his skin!

My god, my body was also strengthened with Dragonblood!!

Exactly at that moment, several other wolf spirit warriors leapt over and

Shaar's heart was instantly stuck in his throat! (It's fight or die!)

Suddenly stretching his out his arms, he hardened himself and met the wolf spirit warrior's frontal. He unexpectedly greeted that wolf spirit warrior's claws with his chest!!

Sabar and Kato were already dumbfounded from watching – did this rookie want to court death? He actually left his chest open for the enemy to attack?

With a loud bang, both Shaar and the wolf spirit warrior clashed into each other, and just as its claws penetrated Shaar's chest, two clear breaking sounds could be heard! When Shaar bashed the wolf spirit warrior to the ground, a thought immediately flashed in his mind!

He bet on the right choice!

Although the attacks of these guys were powerful, they still couldn't pierce through Dragonscales! Shaar always hid a basin sized dragonscale around his chest to shield him from attacks on his heart!

There was another thing which Shaar confirmed: The strengths of those wolf spirit warriors were a lot weaker compared to the bear spirit warriors, but their movement far exceeded their counterparts. Relatively speaking, those wolf spirit warriors were a like a strengthened version of those Icefield hunters.

The moment Shaar dropped to the ground; his hands were already strangling the wolf spirit warrior's neck as he used the opening that was created when the claws of opposite party were broken by the dragon scale. Twisting his hands, Shaar broke his opponent's neck with a cracking sound!

Holding up the corpse, he turned around and maliciously smashed it into a bear spirit warrior – until its head started spinning – because after all, the strength of this hillbilly was not necessarily weaker than those bear spirit warriors! Because of this sudden attack, that bear spirit warrior suddenly tumbled and fell down, before suddenly landing on that green flame, and starting to burn!

A burst of pitiful scream suddenly erupted, while the green flame spread on the bear spirit warrior's entire body. Even when rolling on the ground, it appeared that the green flame actually didn't extinguish, and very soon that guy's strong body and spirit quickly withered, as if its strength was completely burnt out!

The other spirit beast warriors immediately dodged it in fear, and Shaar's sharp mind quickly understood: Those guys feared the green flame!

At this moment, that skinny gothi quickly ran away a few steps and shouted something. From the distant, a loud roar could be heard, and an Odin battalion suddenly flooded over from the distant forest! Quickly turning around, Shaar fiercely threw his fire pitchfork towards that gothi.

With a piercing sound, the fire pitch fork pierced the thigh of the gothi and the force threw down to the ground and firmly nailed him to it! Shaar twisted his body, and instantly threw himself on his target. Seeing this scene, the wolf spirit warrior behind him suddenly jumped forward and pushed itself to claw his back. Taking the hit, a piece of his armor was instantly cut off, but luckily the strength of the wolf soul warrior was weaker and only managed to leave a deep scar on his back after getting blocked by his armor! Reaching in front of the fallen gothi, Shaar pulled out the fire pitchfork and grabbed the screaming gothi. Firmly grabbing the neck of the gothi with one hand and holding the fire pitchfork in other, he turned towards the Odin soldiers and roared fiercely:

“If someone dares to move closer, this uncle will butcher him!!”

Chapter 71: Arrow!! Arrows!!

The incoming Odin soldiers immediately stopped their advance, threatening Shaar with their fearsome swords.

At the same time, Shaar felt a gust of wind pass by his face as a giant axe chopped down, forcing him to desperately block with his fiery pitchfork!

Peng!

With a sharp noise, the axe instantly broke on the spot, leaving Shaar stunned. It was as if he got struck by lightning! After receiving this brutal attack, Shaar couldn't even lift his numb arm. When he looked up, he saw a bear-spirit warrior standing next to him with a broken axe in his hand!

(What great strength!!)

Shaar quickly grabbed the gothi and retreated several steps while started to shout, "Hurry up, and ask them to stop! Or this guy gets it!"

As he spoke, he lifted his fiery pitchfork and stabbed it into the wound on the gothi's thigh.

This old gothi screamed in pain and finally yelled out something in the Odin language. Hearing the sudden command, the spirit-beast warriors immediately halted, staring at Shaar with an intense, smoldering gaze. Their eyes were burning with a piercing green flame, the sound of their breaths emitting a steady, hammered tempo. .

Shaar grabbed the gothi's neck and quickly retreated to where Sarbar and Kato were. He didn't care about the Odin shouting in the distance, much less what they shouted, since he couldn't understand any of the shouting and cursing.

Shaar lifted his hand and cut off the cattle tendon ropes tying both of his companions and helped them up. Wielding his weapon again, Shaar cut off a branch and gave the gothi to Sarbar while he stuck the branch into the campfire. The stick instantly burst into green flames, turning into a green torch.

After waving the torch in front of the surrounding spirit-beast warriors, Shaar quickly retreated into the forest with his two companions. It was apparent that the spirit-beast warriors feared the green flame as they involuntarily took a few steps back.

They slowly retreated while still facing the Odins. They appeared to highly value him and be concerned for his safety, since they continued whistling in anxiety.

Shaar's group quickly withdrew from the forest and arrived at a hillside with a downhill slope which was about five meters long.

Turning his head, Shaar yelled towards Sarbar, "Quickly, jump down!" His two companions looked at each other before grabbing the gothi and rolling downhill.

The hillside wasn't too steep or high, so when they finally landed on the ground, Shaar had already followed them down in one leap.

Exactly that moment, the Odin pursued them towards the edge of the hillside, and after seeing how Shaar's group had leaped down, they started to roar wildly.

It was only when Shaar arrived at the bottom; he saw that the opposite side was also a hillside, and that they were in a valley. It was only around several hundred meters wide, but it had already turned into a battlefield! The ground was littered with corpses, dead mounts, and fragments of equipment!

There were some Odin soldiers who were currently sweeping over the battlefield, but when they saw Shaar's group, they immediately gathered from all directions and encircled Shaar and his group. Forcing the gothi to scream out a few words, Shaar immediately saw that those Odin started to fall back, not daring to approach.

Looking towards the south, they noticed that the exit of the valley was only a hundred meters away. While carrying the gothi, the trio immediately dashed towards the exit as they were being pursued by the Odins from behind. While running, Shaar sometimes stabbed the gothi with his fiery pitchfork in order to threaten those Odins and forcing them

to keep their distance.

Spirit-beast warriors were running at the front, but the green torch which was still in Shaar's hand was almost burned up as it got weaker and weaker.

At the same moment, Kekkan was standing on a nearby hillside and watching Shaar's group with a gloomy face.

He already obtained a report from his men.

"Idiots! How could you let a Byzantine ambush happen! Furthermore, how could you let them capture the high gothi?!" Kekkan face wasn't warm or gentle anymore, instead it was contorted into an angry grimace – he was much angrier than when he heard the news that his younger brother died in battle.

An Odin soldier pointed out Shaar in the distance, muttering a few words into Kekkan's ear. Suddenly, Kekkan's eyes lit up!

"Oh? So that's the Byzantine warrior that killed my brother? Haha Interesting" Kekkan instantly restrained the anger on his face and squinted his eyes. Looking at the fleeing Shaar in the distance, he suddenly smiled and turned his body towards the bony throne, before taking off a big bow, which was half the length of a person.

It was completely white and made out of rare animal bones, and had two white fist-sized stones embedded on both sides.

Kekkan gently pulled the bowstring, which lacked an arrow, and aimed at Shaar in the distance.

"Since we can't rescue our honored gothi, then there is no need to save him anymore! Rather than being captured and taken back by the Byzantines, it's better for him to die here." Kekkan spoke in a flat tone, and the corners of his mouth tugged a cold smile, "This is also the murderer that killed my brother, I must kill him here and now, or else how could I face my dear father, the Emperor?"

Buzz!!!

Shaar, who was still retreating, heard a strange buzzing sound approaching him. Just when he raised his head, he could immediately point out a twinkling silver speck in the air. It was rapidly increasing in size as it flew closer to him!

Immediately, a piercing feeling of danger enveloped his body! This incoming light made Shaar feel a desperate crisis! With a roar, he brought up his fiery pitchfork to block the incoming light!

Ping!!

After receiving this attack, Shaar's body flew backwards and crashed to the ground. His right hand, which was holding the fiery pitchfork, was ruptured, with blood gushing out. Even several of his fingers were broken!!

(So! So strong!!)

Shaar's heart lurched! An arrow that was shot from such a long distance easily defeated his dragonblood strengthened body!?

Luckilyhis fiery pitchfork was not destroyed.

Kato quickly rushed towards Shaar to help him up; however, Shaar actually shoved him away while screaming, "Run! Run!!"

While screaming, he grabbed Kato and dashed fiercely towards south.

"Hm, surprisingly, the warrior blocked off my arrowhe is indeed someone who could have killed my brother. This Byzantine warrior is at least a middle ranked warrior."

Kekkan's pale face showed once again a gentle smile as his fingers pulled the bowstring.....

Buzz!!

Upon hearing the sound again, Shaar's heart started pounding. However, this time, he was not the speck's target!

In an instant, the gothi, who was being carried by Sarbar, got his head crushed by that silver light! When it destroyed the gothi's head, it dyed Sarbar's shoulders crimson!

Even the unyielding Sarbar couldn't bear such a heavy blow, and could only snort before falling down. Seeing his companion in a dire situation, Shaar quickly grabbed Sarbar and threw him on his back, before turning around to run. While madly dashing towards the entrance of the valley, he used all of his remaining power to kick off the ground and leap several meters!

After the gothi had been killed, the Odin soldiers that were chasing them didn't have to worry about anything anymore. Especially spirit-beast warriors. They immediately howled, while leaping towards them!

Kato, who already reached the entrance, saw that Shaar was lagging behind. Just as he was about to turn around to help, Shaar screamed madly, "Don't wait for me! Run! Just fucking run!!"

Exactly at that moment, a third sound appeared from the bowstring!!

Buzz!!!

Hearing the sound approaching, Shaar began to worry. He was still carrying Sarbar on his back, he couldn't let this guy get killed! Out of options, Shaar clenched his teeth and fiercely turned around, sticking out his chest to welcome that deadly, silver light with his fiery pitchfork once again!

However, due to his injuries, his weapon failed to block the silver light in the end.....

With a loud bang, the silver light impaled Shaar's chest! After being hit by that silver light, his fur lined robe instantly crumbled into dust! Afterwards, his armor inside also immediately broke!

A sudden cracking sound filled Shaar's heart with despair.....

The dragonscalewas punctured!!

A gust of cold air sharply penetrated the dragonscale and stabbed into Shaar's chest. Bang! Suddenly, his vision turned black, and his body flew more than ten meters away! In midair, Shaar coughed up a mouthful of black blood, which instantly froze into ice!!

Shaar crashed on the ground, causing Sarbar to scream in agony as several of Sarbar's bones broke, and as Shaar's dragon scale was split into two!!

The wound on Shaar's chest was so deep that even his bones were visible. Strangely, however, they were actually frozen into a solid ice crystal! Even the fresh blood that gushed out of the wound had already turned into a layer of crimson hoarfrost.

Coughing up a mouthful of black blood, Shaar's mind instantly cleared up after seeing the Odin rushing towards them in the distance. Luckily, they already reached the entrance of the valley.

Standing next to him, Kato immediately grabbed Shaar's arm and helped him up, before the three began to stagger away in panic.....

※※※

“.....”

Kekkan had a strange calmness on his face as he looked upon Shaar running out of the valley. His fingers rested on the bow, but at the last moment, his eyes flashed with a strange light and he finally decided to take his fingers off the string. Turning around, he placed his longbow on the chair made of bones again.

On the effeminate, noble Odin's face, a large, radiant smile appeared.

“Hm to think that he can still run after getting shot in the chest by my arrow, this fellow is quite interesting” Lifting his head, he turned towards his men and ordered coldly, “Let my order be known, that the Odin don't need to chase the assailants after the mountain valley.”

After finishing his sentence, Kekkan ignored the confused looks on his men's faces and sat back down in his bony chair. Leaning an arm on the armrest with his head while resting his forehead in his other arm, he closed his eyes to deeply contemplate some matters.....

Being able to block two of my arrows and not dying would make someone be considered a strong person. Someone strong shouldn't die in such a humiliating way.... A person should have a way of dying fitting

their strength. This Byzantine fellow, let's hope I can meet him again and personally behead him on the battlefield.

Chapter 72: Big Merits

Kevin and Butler ordered their men to form a defense line to guard the south entrance of the valley, while waiting for reinforcements. Not soon after, they heard reports from their men, saying that some people were running out of the valley. Kevin rushed to the front, and could see the trio fleeing in panic from far away. They ran all the way from the valley with the Odin in pursuit.

Without hesitation, Kevin turned around and mounted his horse to greet them. Fortunately, the Odin stopped their chase and only roared for a while when they arrived at the valley's entrance before pulling back.

Once Shaar and the other two were rescued, their bodies were so weak that they immediately collapsed to the ground, and needed to be carried back by the Byzantine cavalry.

Shaar burst out laughing like a madman the moment he was carried into camp. All of the fear, tension, and pressure in his heart for trying to survive with his brothers were unleashed all at once. He continued to laugh louder and louder, and although the wounds on his body were starting to open, he didn't seem to care at all. The only exception to his manic merriment were the pitiful yelps of pain in between his laughing, turning it into a somewhat strange scene.

“Hahahaha! I actually didn't die! I made it out alive! Hahahaha!!!”

Although both Kato and Sarbar were getting bandaged, Kato's wounds weren't very life threatening, while Sarbar was in a worse position. When Kekkan's last arrow hit Shaar, Sarbar took the brunt of the force when they fell, and several of his bones were instantly broken from the impact. Luckily, his broken bones didn't pierce any of his internal organs, where nobody save for a priest would be able to save him.

Kevin and Butler surrounded the trio, asking about all the details of their chase. The moment they heard that Shaar had actually managed to escape by himself, and that he had met an Odin gothi by bad fortune in the forest of the valley.....

“What?!”

Butler suddenly shouted, “Y-You said! You killed an Odin gothi!! An Odin gothi?!!”

The gloominess Butler’s face was instantly swept away, and was instead filled with thrill and excitement. Kevin’s eyes were also wide, speechlessly staring at him with his mouth agape.

“Uh.....to be accurate, I didn’t kill him since he was shot dead by his own people. Since they knew that they probably couldn’t save him, they simply” Shaar’s tone was uncertain.

“No matter what, the gothi was captured by you, and that’s all that matters.” Kevin suddenly over-excitedly pounded Shaar’s chest and Shaar instantly screamed in pain. As he coughed, he once again spat a few mouthful blood.

Quickly withdrawing his hand, Kevin looked at Shaar nervously.

“Bald man, do you want to kill me?!” As Shaar moaned, as he could feel that the wounds he received this time were the most serious so far.

Kevin touched his bald head, somewhat embarrassed, while Sarbar and Kato remarked feebly, “It was Shaar who captured the gothi, we were only rescued by him. This merit, there’s no way we’ll claim it for ourselves. Haha”

Kevin became emotional and stared at Shaar, “You fool, don’t you know that in the Odin military, each army has its own High Gothi? Their status equals that of an army commander!! From the description you gave me of his attire, he was certainly not an ordinary gothi, but this army’s High Gothi!! Shaar, don’t you know how big the merit is for killing an Odin high gothi?!”

“How big is the merit?” Shaar’s eyes widened and was somewhat at a loss – he wasn’t a Byzantine, so how could he know the law of Byzantine?

Kevin swallowed and his face turned red, “This merit is enough to grant you a title of nobility, as well as a manor! In the future, you will be a lord! As for the title, you will at least be a knight! If you catch his majesty on a

good day maybe you might get a baron title as an exception – alas, if you want a hereditary title, it might not be possible and will most likely be a lifelong title.”

“Knight? Baron? I can get a big manor?” Shaar asked stupidly, in a daze.

“Under normal circumstances, a knight will be assigned a small piece of land which is big enough to build your own manor. As a baron, you can obtain a small town as your territory, where you have to govern and collect taxes. You can even have your own personal guards! As long as you can afford the cost, of course.”

“A small town..... can it be as big as Primal Wildfire Town?” Shaar’s eyes were shining a bit.

“Primal Wildfire Town is too bigit’s unlikely.” Kevin shook his head, “Primal Wildfire Town could be considered a small city. A common small town is about the size of a quarter of Primal Wildfire Town.”

“Damn.....” Shaar was so excited that he immediately sat up, and although his face was twisted in pain, he couldn’t bear but yell out, “One fourth the size of Black Alley! Hahaha! Wouldn’t it be the same as me becoming the mayor? Wouldn’t I be able to call the shots there? Hahaha! Wouldn’t you be able to do what you want? If I see something I like, I will grab it and take it home! If I see a pretty babe on the street that I like, I will snatch her and take her home! haha

Kevin, Sarbar and Kato who were standing next to him suddenly froze.

This rookie.... This hillbilly!! I thought he was a good person! If he became a noble, he will certainly be a tyrannical ruler who exploits his subjects!!

Seeing how Shaar was laughing like a madman, Kato suddenly remembered something, “There was another important matter! When we were captured, the Odin who interrogated us described a person to us. The guy they described was using the same weapon as Shaar’s black pitchfork, and the description of the appearance and attire they gave us was exactly the same as Shaar’s.....When we encountered the ambush on the road, it was said that he killed a lot of archers.....I heard that he even

killed the leader of an Odin caribou rider unit.”

Shaar froze for a moment and nodded, “Yes, I chopped down quite a few of them at the time.....”

Kato took a deep breath, “Was someone split into two by you? And did you split him down the middle?”

“Uh.....yes.....”

“That’s right then.” Kato slyly smiled, “In the future, we’re probably going to be forced to call this guy Lord! He’ll definitely be made into a baron this time, and maybe even a hereditary one!”

Kevin and Sarbar looked somewhat puzzled, while Kato only smiled bitterly, “I can understand a bit of the Odin language, and I heard that the Odin say that the leader of that caribou unit that Shaar killed was called ‘your highness’!”

Your, your highness?! (ED:That’s basically someone of the immediate family of the king...)

This time, both Kevin and Sarbar were completely shocked.

After a long silence.....

Butler cleared his throat and gave Shaar a firm look, “A high gothi and a member of the royal family! Damn it! You, You runt! This time, it’d be impossible not to become a noble, even if you don’t want to!”

While they were talking, Sabar suddenly grabbed Shaar and started laughing, “You’re loaded now! You better spit out all the money that you won from our bets, hahaha!!”

Shaar was getting smashed to point where he got dizzy from just the sudden rush of happiness. Noble? Baron? Hereditary? Shaar, who was once a hillbilly, began joyfully to imagine a wonderful career as a tyrant.

.....

When the afternoon had almost arrived, General Adrick finally appeared with the first legion. The moment the first legion of Heavy Infantry Riders arrived, they gave Butler’s and Kevin’s remaining men

powerful and much needed support. Everybody's energy and morale soared.

Since the first legion was an infantry unit that rode horses to get around, they set up the camp near the south entrance of the valley very quickly, which was located at the center of the flat terrain. The baggage train that had travelled with the army was fortifying into a tall wood wall.....

Shaar, Kato and Sarbar were brought into the tent to rest their wounds. His injuries extremely heavy this time and the final arrow had a very powerful freezing power. It almost completely froze his wound and blood – when he was receiving treatment on his wound, he discovered that his wound unexpectedly received some frostbites. Furthermore, his lungs received some internal injuries and he was having some problem breathing from time to time, also occasionally would cough some blood – with this injury even if his body physically was extremely tough, he feared that he would need many days to recover.

While casual talking with Sarbar, Kevin came from outside with by two Praetorian Guards and said with a very serious face: “The general wants to see you!”

“Oh? Will I receive my reward now?” Shaar immediately began to get ecstatic.

“Idiot, rewards will be given after the war.” Kevin didn't know whether to laugh or cry: “General has something to ask you.”

The two Praetorian Guards directly lifted Shaar's bunk into General Adrick's temporary headquarters. Staring at Shaar carefully for a while, this sword scar faced showed a faint smile: “Well done, boy.”

While talking, he walked next to Shaar and looked at his injury. The general stared at this hillbilly: “Scared?”

Shaar scratched his head: “At that time I was a bit scared, but as soon as fighting began, I forgot my fear.”

“.....”

“.....” Adrick frozen for a moment and suddenly burst out laughing: “Ha! Good kid! A lot of people pretend to be a hero in front of me and only you would tell the truth saying that you were afraid – That’s right! How could people not fear death? If it’s possible to chose, who would choose to die? However.....there are a lot of times where people are gradually forced to move forward step by step. Where there people who were not afraid of death just after birth? Hmpf, I like you, you are very honest.”

Shaar was speechless in his mind – being described as honest; he only feared that this general was greatly mistaken.....

(Tatara heart was filled with grudges.....)

Adrick showed a faint smile and his eyes flashed with a clean light: “Your merits, you can enjoy them after the war.” While talking, he pulled out his highly treasured dagger which he always played around with from his boots and placed in Shaar’s hand: “This, I give it to you!”

This dagger was the general’s most beloved object. Holding it in his hand, Shaar realised that the dagger’s blade radiated a cold sharpness. This really was a rare sharp weapon! Of course, that what gave this hillbilly the most joy was that the handle was made of pure gold

Holding this dagger, he started to grin from ear to ear, but General Adrick’s complexion suddenly turned cold: “The archers you fought on the road, tell me their appearances, equipments and how they fought!”

“?” Surprised for a moment, Shaar suddenly got an idea: “Generalyou mean.....”

“Hmpf.” Adrick’s eyes flashed a sudden ruthlessness: “Since when did the Odins have such excellent archers? Those archers that blocked you were absolutely not from the Odin’s army!”

“Not Odins.....Well-equipped archercould it be those guys from the sea.....” Shaar blurted out.

Chapter 73: Legends Are All Lies

Across the sea.....

The general's word immediately reminded Shaar of the archer units hiding behind the hill when he rode north with Kevin, which didn't seem like Odins.

From each individual equipment's point of view, those archers had obvious differences in appearance compared to the Odins. They didn't have the usual tall, burly stature of Odins, and although they had lean figures, there was a difference in their height that they couldn't hide.

It didn't mean that Odins didn't have natives with short statures – However the equipment used by those archers appeared rather “sophisticated” compare to the ones that Odins normally used.

Each one of them were equipped with a light, but well-crafted metal armor, which was a standard that clearly Odins did not have – It wasn't like the Odin archers didn't wear any metal armor, but rather the Odin Empire's forging and crafting proficiency was fairly lacking compared to the Byzantine Empire's proficiency. In general, an Odin warrior's weapon focused only on two characteristics: Thick and heavy.

The Odins, who were trailing behind in metal production technology, did not provide their huge armies with strong armor. Only their elite Legions were given superior metal armor to strengthen their defenses. The majority of Odin soldiers primarily wore leather equipment.

Furthermore, the weapons of the archers that Shaar ran into each had superior Eaglehorn Bows. This type of bow was equipped with a bowstring that could be adjusted to provide the user with additional strength, which would require less arm strength from the archer. This kind of fine craftsmanship was impossible for the Odins. Although they could have bought these kinds of weapons, the individual quality of Odin archers was not that outstanding. It would have been a waste of resources to spend so much money to buy such rare equipment for an average Odin unit.

Most importantly, these archers used a uniform, double-edged dagger with a length of about one meter for close combat, which was both light and sharp. However, very few Odins fought with this kind of dagger. The naturally tall and strong Odins always liked to flaunt their own weapons. They preferred using axes, greatswords, hammers, or other two-handed heavy weapons. The majority of Odins disdained other kinds of weaponry.

Finally, there was the skill of those archers. In order to hit a target that was riding on horseback was not something that could be achieved after casually training for 1-2 months! An archer's training was much more difficult than that of an ordinary soldier's training and the Odins never excelled at archery.....

"Hmpf, it seems that they were our neighbours from the others side of the sea." Adrick's face darkened, which made it seem like his scar was twisting, while his eyes were radiating murderous intent: "Every time we've fought with the Odins, those pirates always played a part in it."

Shaar was not unfamiliar with the word "pirate" that Adrick said – just the opposite, he was very familiar with it!

In Primal Wildfire Town, when Shaar was still young, he was in love with Aunt Sofia for many years, and her husband, that one-eyed guy from the tavern, came from across the sea.

Across the western sea of the continent, there was a country made of a various islands and it had only the size of one to two of Byzantine's provinces. However, because of their unique geographical position, they could often sell their services towards those two fighting empires.

The Byzantine's mocked them and called their land a country of pirates. In fact, this country was not a pirate nest and their level of civilization was actually not below the Byzantine's. However, as a maritime country, they were weak at ground warfare, while their navy was famous around the world. With their huge naval force, which consisted of countless fleets of warships, they represented their might on the continent and simultaneously expanded their trading between the two empires. They avoided the majority of the continent's wars for hegemony that would

only produced losses in wealth and resources. They instead profited from those wars and amassed a massive amount of wealth, which in turn, made their country known for being as cunning as they were adventurous.

Of courseThe people from the continent were not fools and knew that this maritime country always played a fuel-adding role during the wars of both empires. They even sometimes played the role of weapon providers during wars.....They used the blood of the continent's soldiers to nurture their own country.

"Hmpf, during the last war, those pirates stood on our side. Now, they are unexpectedly directly dispatching their troops to help the Odins." Adrick frowned.

Seeing the gloomy look on the general's face, Shaar immediately understood that this general seemed troubled about something important. However, since Shaar wasn't a Byzantine, he was unable to understand Adrick's position and worry that an outside country added to this infighting.

After a while, Adrick regained his composure and smiled freely: "Alright, you get some rest. Boy, you did very well this time and your next task is to recover. If you are able to heal quickly, perhaps you might even catch another piece of this war."



Shaar was lifted away from the big tent and he did not have to worry about the issue from "across the sea" – these kinds of matters were only for the general to worry about.

Sarbar, Kato, and him were all receiving treatment for their wounds and their injuries were all quite serious, so they temporarily lost the ability to participate in the upcoming battles. In the evening, they left together with the remnants of the defeated third legion and walked towards the south. They would return to the camp near Primal Wildfire to recover from their injuries.

Since the centurion of the third legion, Butler, was also injured; he went south along with them to heal. Although this silver-haired, stubborn man

was very unwilling, the two arrows in his chest made it extremely difficult for him to ride a horse, and by Adrick's order, he could only withdraw.

Being unable to ride a horse, Butler, Shaar, and the others lay down together in a carriage. After losing more than half of his men from failing to recognize an ambush, this silver-haired man appeared extremely depressed.

Shaar was actually quite indifferent right now – to be honest, until now, in his heart it didn't matter who won or lost this war and he didn't think too much about it. In any case, he was not a Byzantine and as whether Byzantine Empire and Odin Empire won this war, for him it made no difference. The reason he was willing to risk his life and go all out before was because he was amongst the men of the 13th Cavalry army. Unable to abandon his companions, a sudden courage erupted within him.

To be more accurate, right now, Shaar's heart didn't have a sense of belonging towards the Byzantine Empire, but his sense of belonging was linked solely to the 13th Cavalry army itself.

The injury he received this time made Shaar suffer considerably. Although the doctors in army camp applied medicine to and treated his wounds, the power of that arrow was just too astonishing – even after experiencing so many different things, only during that short moment of that arrow, Shaar really tasted the flavor of death for the first time in his life.

That arrow easily pierced through the Dragonscale, which Shaar thought was impregnable! Such might had left behind a deep shock in Shaar's heart! He needed to remind himself now that even the Dragonscale was not omnipotent!

Not only did that mighty shot pierce the Dragonscale, but Shaar also knew very clearly that it also left him seriously injured – in the past, even with his monster-like physique, he had been injured before. However, after each injury, his wounds healed with an astonishing pace: For example, the burns he received in Primal Wildfire were healed in two days.

This time however, the chest wound received from the shot was still open and covered with blood with no traces of healing after one night. He could only apply the drugs to suppress the deterioration of the wound – it was as if his abnormal recovery ability was being suppressed.

Taking the time right now, he recalled the exact details of that arrow: When the shot hit him, a chill completely pierced his chest and the cold immediately spread throughout his body. He could even feel how that cold air was fiercely destroying the defensive ability inside his body! When he came back for treatment, the doctors were forced to cut out a huge frozen piece of flesh and blood with the knife! Furthermore, the flesh was already completely necrotic, and the cold black air couldn't be treated. Therefore, they could only forcefully cut it off and even then, the black air was faintly spreading – if Shaar had come back a bit later to get treated, he only feared that he would really have died.

Only on the third day on this journey did Shaar finally feel that his bodily recovering functions had slightly returned.

It was as if his tough resilience was suppressed by that strange, cold air that invaded his body. Now that the cold gradually dissipated, his powerful resilience finally reappeared again.

During the night, Shaar stayed up the whole night as he was unable to endure the crazy itching that the wound healing and muscle growth brought. The next morning, he took advantage of the moment where his companions were still sleeping and tore off the bandages to take a look at his wound. The color had already returned to normal, and his muscles gradually healed from this recovery.

Seeing that, he finally breathed out.....

This hillbilly was not some kind of broad minded person. Although he would not seek revenge for such a small grievance, but the old man educated him since he was young: If someone is bullying you, you must bully back!

Once, when he was 15 years old, he met a bear in the mountain. At that time, he was slapped by that bear and broke half of his shoulder blade

and the young hillbilly only managed to escape with his powerful physique. Afterward, when he recovered from this wound after several days, he started to train hard, perfecting his axe technique for half year. That winter, he ran back into the mountain and spent two days lurking in that bear-infested area, before finally personally cutting off that bear's head!

After selling that bear's gall as medicine, both father and son drank a month of liquor from the income.

(No matter who that fellow was, who shot me with that arrow, this uncle will get him back to the fullest!)

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Even though Shaar was forced to keep his activity as low as possible until now, on the sixth day, he was finally able to move freely again. He was unable to endure the torture of lying on that boring wagon, where the smell was heinous and the noise of the wheel cracking was unbearable. Although the casual conversation between him and the nearby duo, Sabar and Kato, was very interesting, the hillbilly felt that his body almost started to rust.

On the sixth day, he insisted that he climb off the horse wagon.

Incidentally, because the hillbilly was wounded in action and was forced to move back to the second line, his squire, Tatara the magician, also received the fortunate opportunity to leave the frontline – As a squire, the magician was quite worried in the beginning. For the intelligent magician, it was very clear that with his meager skill, he would only act as cannon fodder on the battlefield. After seeing the terrifying battle efficiency of an Odin, he would never dream of fighting such an enemy in hand-to-hand combat with his thin physique.

(Moreover, I am a noble magician, and a noble magician was never good at close melee combat.)

Now that the hillbilly was injured, as his squire, Tatara naturally had an excuse to leave the battlefield along with him: He was a squire and a squire had to attend to his master.

(Ah, God bless, I hope this hillbilly is injured more frequently)

Tatara's started to pray devoutly while sitting on his horse.

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"Tatara!"

Taking advantage of the caravan's resting time, Shaar climbed down from the horse wagon and reluctantly walked several steps. Although his wounds were still aching, it was already not a problem to walk slowly for him and he immediately summoned his "loyal" squire.

A respectful smile, filled with humility, immediately appeared on Tatara's wretched face: "Yes, my master."

Shaar looked at this fellow with squinted eyes: "You always claimed that you were a magician and I have a problem that I need someone to help me with....."

Tatara immediately put out his chest: "Of course, each magician is learned and knowledgeable!"

Shaar took a deep breath and leaned against the horse. Reminding himself of every details of that arrow, he said with a lowered voice: "You also have seen that dragon! The toughness of that Dragonscale should be known to you, but that guy with that sneak attack unexpectedly pierced through the scale! The most irritating thing was, I didn't even see the arrow! I need someone to explain to me how that is possible, was it magic?"

Tatara blinked both his eyes and thought for a short moment, and only when Shaar showed an impatient expression, the magician quickly searched his brain for some knowledge of this aspect.

Yes, honored master, according to your story, I think that bastard who used a sneak attack on you was perhaps a high-ranked warrior. I've heard that once a warrior managed to step into the high-rank, he could condense a mass into an entity to cause damage. This is not a legend, but reality since I personally witnessed such a master in Osgiliath..... however, to materialize the battle qi, the warrior has at least to step into

the eighth-level of the high-rank. However

“What?” Shaar frowned.

The magician swallowed and his complexion became somewhat ugly: “However, even an eighth-level warrior, who could materialize their ki and use it to attack, has a distance limitation. I saw high-ranked warriors dueling in Osgiliath and their materialized their ki to form a pure sword out of their ki. However, once it left their hand, for example like throwing or using it as a long-distance attack, they could only use it up to ten steps away, or else it would dissipate.....”

Shaar touched his chin and while his complexion did not change much, a strange light flashed in his eyes: “Ten steps.....You mean that arrow was actually not a real arrow, but rather condensed battle ki? However that shot came from a place that was definitely from a distance that was more than only ten stepsCould it be that that guy, who shot that arrow, was even stronger?”

Tatara’s face suddenly showed a rarely seen serious expression as he shook his head while saying: “Not necessarily, after all, the master warriors normally excelled at close combat. Let alone eighth-level warriors, even if they were ninth-level warriors, they would have great difficulties to materialize the ki so that it could injure somebody dozens of meters away – maybe he could do it, since I have never seen a ninth-level warrior yet. However, thinking about it, even if a ninth-level warrior could harm someone from dozens of meters away, his battle ki control would inevitably weaken and the ki would dissipate after dozens of meters. With a weakened battle ki, it would be impossible to pierce the Dragonscale.”

The magician thought for a while and said in a low voice: “On the continent, perhaps only those warriors from the legend, who reached the saint-level and could be compared to an army of tens of thousands, could achieve it.”

“Saint-level?” This hillbilly obviously lacked knowledge in this kind of aspect: “That bastard who used a sneak attack was at the Saint-level?”

Tatara had some disdain in his heart: If it really was a Saint-level warrior, killing you would be like killing a chicken. Why would he need a sneak attack to do so? However, Tatara did not dare to say those words to his face. The expression on his face was getting more and more respectful: “There are only a handful of Saint-level masters on the continent and thinking about it, that bastard you met could not be a Saint-level. Moreover, each person who reached the Saint-level were extremely proud people, probably, uh,Probably”

“They would probably not do such a cowardly thing.” Shaar laughed and patted the shoulder of Tatara: “If you have something to say, say it with no fear.”

Then he frowned: “According to what you said, how would you explain that attack of that guy?”

“This” Tatara hurriedly explain: “What I talked about was a strong warrior. Since all warriors excel at close combat, they could not have shot an arrow from dozens of meters away and still be able to pierce through a Dragonscale. It seems as if that guy, who used a sneak attack, was not a pure warrior. After all the consideration, I think he was mostly is a master of magic.”

“The difference between a magician and a warrior is, magicians mostly excel at long-distance combat. Using a condensed battle ki to produce an arrow that flies for a dozen of meters is regarded as very difficult for a warrior. However, for a magician, it could be achieved with magic. Yes, according to you story and the injury that you received, which had a strange freezing effect, I can affirm that the opposite party was a magician. This attack had an additional ice effect, which was obviously a magic attribute.”

“Butfor a magician to be able to pierce through my Dragonscale from dozens of meters away, wouldn't it mean that magicians are a lot stronger than warriors?”

Tatara wanted to nod out of reflex, since with his status, he was always proud of magicians. In his mind, it was natural to consider that magicians

were far stronger than warriors – at least from their noble status and point of view.

However, just when he was about to nod, he suddenly saw that this hillbilly had a faint smile on his face and the magician's mind immediately changed: This master was a pure warrior! If he dared to say such a thing, wouldn't it mean that the squire was above the master? If he really dared to say that, he only feared that he would suffer from it.

Tatara quickly shook his head. Thinking for a moment, he forced a smile and said: "That, I didn't mean it that way. Your Dragonscale's defense capability was perhaps relatively simple. Although it is very tough, it might only be the physical defense that is very strong and a sword wouldn't be able to pierce it. However, it probably only had average defence against magic. With a living dragon, the Dragonscale were naturally supplemented with magic resistance. A Dragonscale that was peeled off could only maintain the hardness itself, but doesn't have the magic resistance. After all, you are not a dragonPerhaps ordinary battle ki would not be able to cut through your Dragonscale, but it's very possible that a medium-ranked magician could directly penetrate it, since it doesn't have a lot of magic defense capabilities right now."

"In other words, you think that the guy who injured me was an Odin magician?" Shaar touched his chin.

"Uh.....the magicians in Odin Empire, were called gothi....." Tatara sigh.

Thinking for a moment, Shaar took another look at Tatara again, but this time in a more amicable way.

(Yes, It seems as if this fellow is good for something. At least he wasn't a rice-wasting, useless fellow.)



On the afternoon of the seventh day, they finally returned to the camp north of Primal Wildfire Town. However, the men of this camp were mostly gone and there were only some auxiliary soldiers protecting guard camp and logistical convoys left behind.

The main force of the 13th Army set out heading north four days ago, which also included the 13th Cavalry Army's second legion with the highest battle efficiency – this was a unit with 2000 heavy armored cavalry!

Of course, there was another important personage that remained behind in this big camp – that was the special observer envoy who came from Osgiliath, the handsome knight Bonfret.

It was said that his special observer envoy suddenly received an acute disease a day prior to when the main force marched north. Naturally, he remained to hold the post and take care of the remaining work here.

However, it was said that on the second day the army set out north, this Sir Knight suddenly bursted with energy and led his bodyguards, who he brought from the Royal Capital, to go hunting in the surroundings.....

Of course, these matters had temporarily little to do with Shaar. After he returned to the camp, the only thing in his peaceful mind was training. The frontline, which was hundreds of miles away from here, made it seem that the war was very far away from this hillbilly.....

The bald man didn't come back, so Shaar lived alone in his tent. After experiencing a life and death struggle, this hillbilly started to rack his brain.

The first problem that needed to solve in his mind was, that powerful "crimson rage ki"!

No matter what, the two times he accidentally unleashed the crimson rage ki showed such an amazing power that it deeply shocked Shaar's mind! With such a strong unique skill, if he could gain full control if it, then his own strength.....

Next time he met that magician who did that sneak attack, he would cut that bastard in two!

Sitting alone in the tent, Shaar took the crystal and was lost in his thoughts.....

It had to be said that this hillbilly was not stupid, although he didn't

know the correct way of using this magical crystal; at least, he
listened to many stories.

The tavern of Primal Wildfire Town was often visited by travellers and some minstrel-like fellows. These guys didn't seem to have any skill, but would always tell other people luxuriant legends to deceive them and get some liquor to drink with this.

In those stories, those legendary heroes would unintentionally obtain some strange treasures, like magical artifacts, equipment, heavenly swords, magic gems, and so on.

Even if you haven't eaten pork, did you never see a pig running around?

At least, those legendary heroes in those stories gave Shaar some valuable references.

Staring intensive that this grayish stone, Shaar finally got an idea after half a day.....

Could it be.....I have to eat this thing?

Fuck! Maybe I am unable to digest it or I'll choke to death?

After pinching this stone for half a day, Shaar finally gave up on this extremely dangerous idea.

"Uh.....maybe I should drop my blood on it?" Shaar pierced a hole on his finger without hesitation and let his blood drop one the stone

A moment later.....

A little more time passed by.....

Then another little while passed by again.....

Shaar angrily wrapped up his finger.....

(Fuck, all the legends are lies!! If this goes on, this uncle will first die from excessive loss of blood!!)

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Staring at this stone until his eyes started to hurt; he suddenly drew his fire pitchfork.

(There is no other way, lets open it and have a look?)

Exactly at that time, suddenly a dry, emotionless voice appeared in his mind.

“Idiot!”

Chapter 74: Advance!

“Who?! Who is at cursing me?!”

He shouted a few times, and when received no response, Shaar put on a weird expression. After looking outside the tent without finding anything, his eyes finally landed on the crystal in his bed. With a startled expression he asked, “.....Is it you that’s cursing at me?”

In his mind, the dry and emotionless voice finally appeared once again, “I’m in front of you, can’t you see?”

This time, Shaar could clearly see the faint red light that washed over the crystal, changing the gray stone into a red one!

“Huh? The stone? Did the stone really just start talking?” Thinking to himself that he was going crazy, Shaar cautiously approached the stone with his fiery pitchfork in his hand, before gently prodding it. Shaar could suddenly hear an angry shout, “What?!”

“You cursed human! You absorbed my blood with your sword, you touched your dirty body with it, and you even had the audacity to wear my scales.....” that voice suddenly revealed a trace of frustration, “Do you even know who I am?”

Shaar was dumbfounded as his mouth opened and closed like a fish, before fiercely stabbing the stone.

“Damn! Y-you’re that dragon!!! You, you... you didn’t die?!”

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The setting sun’s afterglow fell on the mouth of the mountain valley, and the sleepy, setting sun’s rays reflected on the soldier’s armors and weapons, emanating a chilling glow.

With his hawk-like eyes, he stared at the dense and numerous Odin soldiers that slowly poured out of the valley in waves.

This brave general of the Byzantine Empire grunted coldly and sneered, ordering with a serious voice, “Line up in formation!”

Under the general's orders, the Byzantine elite soldiers immediately began to take action.

The first legion made of heavy infantry had already left their warhorses in the rear, and began arranging into two long and dense lines at the command. Although the infantry formation looked somewhat thin, each of the soldiers of the 13th clearly let out auras of firmness and resolution! Not one soldier had the slightest hesitation!

The formation was quickly arranged, forming a tight, compact arrangement that was ready for battle. The strongest soldiers were chosen to be in front – they wore thick heavy-infantry armor with a great shield that was a meter long. The men created a wall of shields, their faces showing no fear as they moved into formation. It was as neat as a chef's cooking gear in his kitchen!

In the presence of cold air, the soldiers' hot breath formed a white fog, billowing out in front of the square formation.

Slightly behind the infantry formation's two wings, the cavalry of the second and fourth legion stood at the ready. They were waiting to fulfil their duties—to firmly protect the two wings—and were ready to attack.

“Well, let's see what the Odins are made of.”

Wielding a spear in his hand, Adrick put on an aggressive, awe-inspiring, and battle hungry expression, and said, “Let's see how superhuman the Odins that were able to devour one of my legions are!”

From both mountain tops of the valley, rapid and vigorous horns could be heard. Soon, the Odin ranks started to burst out frantic cries and made roars.

“Uarr! Uaarr! Uaarr!”

Innumerable Odin soldiers, who fell into an excited and frenzied, started to beat their shields like mad while raising their swords and axes. After a small amount of time, the horn sounded. With a final scream, the Odin soldiers rushed over like a tide!

It was as if a swarm of ants crazily swept towards the Byzantine army

formation!

The Odin soldiers had unkempt hair, and wore a variety of leather armor. In their hands, they wielded various types of weapons such as axes, heavy spears, and sabers. Their boots trampled on the ground, kicking up a large cloud of dust behind them as they ran, their weapons clinking.

Looking at the dust cloud, General Adrick had a sharp, needle-like glint in his eyes as he lifted the corner of his mouth into a sneer, "Hmph! Still using the old tactic....."

Adrick lifted his right hand and with the long spear raised high, he traced a circle in the air.

With a twang, around 100 archers who were standing behind the front lines shot the first volley!

The arrows fell like rain on the ranks crowded with advancing Odin and immediately evoked painful screams. Among the running Odin soldiers, a dozen of them were slain. However, among the violent and sturdy Odin soldiers, most of the men who were hit by the arrows, while in a berserk state, actually cut off the arrows that were stuck in their body as they continued their frenzied roar, increasing their pace.

The archers only managed to send out three volleys of arrows; the third round flew in almost a straight line due to the short distance of the Odin troops!

Although the three volleys of arrows from the archers caused more than a hundred casualties among the Odin soldiers, with the war-fanatic Odins, it actually stimulated their violent nature.

Soon after, a dense mass of men clashed against the wall of shields of the Byzantine infantry square formation like a wave and started their mad assault. The mighty wave of soldiers seemed to crash into a rocky shore, immediately exploding into a flower of steel from the momentum!!

The powerful Odin attacked the formation of the Byzantine infantry with their crazy brute force, and intense sounds banging and clashing

could be heard. The front row of the shield row was slightly distorted by the first impact, but the soldiers of 13th Army stubbornly withstood it with their shields and bodies, while the second and third row of the infantry formation pressed forward to support the front row. They used their strong formation to resist again the Odin's fierce impact!

(TL: THIS IS SPARTA! Ehm... I mean, THIS IS BYZANTINE!!!!)

Before the shield wall, layers upon layers of Odin were blocked like a dam interrupting the flow of a river. While stopped there, the Odins madly collided against the wall, but were greeted by the Byzantine soldiers' sharp spears. The spears took advantage of the gap between the oval shields and pierced through every time the officer in the back ordered it. With every cry, nearly an entire line of enemies were killed, and each thrust of the hundreds of spears in the front brought a tragic red carnage. The Odin soldiers who ran ahead were soon all stabbed, and over two hundred people were easily slaughtered like cattle in the front!

At this moment, the archers still carried on with their volleys at the rear of the battlefield. Their spread arrows rained upon the Odin and still harvested the life of those soldiers, like farmers on harvest day.

In an instant, the Odin's howling, their screams, the roaring of the Byzantine infantry and the killing on the battlefield all mixed together.....

With the Odins frenzied charge becoming even fiercer, the front layer of the shield wall was finally suppressed and pushed back a layer. The soldiers did their best, and before the shield wall laid 400 dead Odins. However, even the injured Odin that fell to the ground was trampled into a pile of flesh by their uninterrupted advancing companions from behind!

As the shield wall was gradually broken down, the Odin's ferocity was amplified, driven by their aggressiveness and lack of fear to die. Wave after wave smashed against the defense, leaving behind dead Odin soldiers.. The Odin soldiers didn't seem to have the slightest trace of hesitation, and some even opened their arms to maximise the surface area of their body that would maliciously collide with the Byzantine soldiers' deadly spears! There were also some Odin soldiers who were

pierced by the spears and use their life to desperately pull away the spears from their attackers.....

Shortly after, the shield wall finally broke and showed a gap. Those crazy fanatical Odins immediately used this opportunity to rush in through the gaps. However, the Odins who first got inside were soon greeted by the Byzantine soldiers' swords at the back of the shield wall!

Blood rained everywhere, and flesh was flying in all directions! The dull sound of spears piercing bodies, the squeezing sound of swords that were cutting into armor, the sound of shattering armor – it was everywhere.....

Still sitting on his horse, Adrick looked coldly at the formation in the front, and right now this general's expression was like a rock – indifferent and stern. His eyes were firm and iron clad, with no shaking at all as he coldly stared towards the countless men and enemies dying and screaming on the battlefield.....

Finally, when the shield wall was broken through with seven or eight tries, Adrick firmly waved his arm while wielding the long spear in his hands. After a Byzantine's trumpet sound, the remaining shield soldiers pushed forwards and let the wall collapse. The soldiers voluntarily discarded their shields and raised their longsword, before engaging the Odins in melee combat.

With both enemies interlocked closely with each other side by side, both sides stubbornly fought each other making it an inextricably situation. However, this actually let the elite soldiers of Byzantine displayed their full might! Although the Odins were valorous by nature, they pursued their personal valor and fell in utter confusion during this tangled warfare. The Byzantine infantry, on the other hand, quickly formed groups of three or five people. They either held their round shields to defend, or raised their swords to kill the enemy with only one task in mind. These small battle groups coordinated with each other so well, that they easily massacred the brave Odin warriors inside the shield wall. One after another, those brave Odin warriors fell from the Byzantine soldiers' double-edged swords which became a death sentence for the Odins at the front. With each step they pushed forward, they

started to leave more and more bodies behind!

“They still used the same old way with their chaotic mass charges. These Odins will never learn to fight with their brains.....” An officer with a face full of beard behind Adrick sneered. His broad shoulders almost forced open his armor and his majestic stature was just explosive!

Adrick’s mouth hinted an evil sneer full of killing intent, before turning his head to look at that man: “Alright, Saucier, time for us to join the field!”

Saucier was the centurion of the second legion, which was the most elite unit in the 13th cavalry Army. Giving out an excited cry, he led his personal guards to rush towards the right wing along the formation – where his army the second legion consisting of heavy armored cavalry stood!

While the infantry formation tenaciously blocked the waves of Odins, the most elite unit could punch through their ranks with the other soldiers of the 13th resisting the Odin’s advance. However, because the infantry ranks were too thin, they were getting pressed by the dense and numerous Odins.....

Finally, when the assault horn sounded, Adrick’s majestic and heroic roar could be heard from the left wing of the formation!

“Advance!! Rhodelia!! Advance!!!”

This resonant roar spread over the entire battlefield with the help of the power of battle ki. Immediately all the soldiers of the 13th Army screamed in a similar way!

“Rhodelia! Advance!!”

Like the sound of thunder, the horse’s hoof could be heard from the two wings – and inside a dust cloud, another dust cloud appeared!!

Chapter 75: Do You Want To Learn?

Saucier, who was leading a legion of heavy armoured cavalry on the right wing, charged crazily towards the center creating a wedge-shaped formation, before smashing into the crowd of Odins! Clad in thick layers of steel, the warhorses bolted forward with their armor wearing masters. The horse hooves flew onward, and the powerful impact caused by this mighty current of iron and steel immediately forced the dense crowd of Odins to open a gap after they were smashed into!

The heavy armoured cavalry pushed forward on their momentum like thunder, and the cavalymen at the front easily sent the Odin soldiers standing in front of them flying. Grasping their lances tightly in their hands, they lowered their body, relying purely on the horse's powerful impact to pierce the Odins standing in their way!

After only a slight moment, all of the Odin soldiers in front of them were brought down! It was like a hot knife going through butter!

At the left wing, Adrick personally led a unit of light armored cavalymen equipped with claw hammers, and rushed out. Advancing along the left side of the battlefield, he circled around before breaking into the flank of the Odin's crowded troops!

Although this wasn't a heavy cavalry unit, because of the relatively loose formation of the Odins in their vicinity, these cavalymen could still easily take advantage of the impact and cut into the Odins with waving claw hammers. Using their mighty horsepower, they made the Odins in front of them fly off, and pounded into their heads' from the high positions. The battlefield quickly turned into a carnage!

With the two cavalry flanking the enemy, the Byzantine turned the battlefield into a pincer attack with both sides maliciously clamping down on the Odins, slowly crushing them!

It was easily noticeable that these were not the Odin's elite troops. Although they had the natural aggressive nature of the Odins, they actually lacked calmness under combat of disadvantageousness. Having

both of their wings penetrated, the Odin's formation quickly fell into confusion.

The heavy armored cavalry was maliciously penetrating and destroying their formation, while the light armored cavalry led by Adrick was killing all of the routed soldiers!

After an hour, the Odins finally completely collapsed whilst being totally overwhelmed by the cavalry on both flanks. Just when the first Odin started to retreat, very soon the second followed, then the third the tenth, the hundredth.....

The horse's hooves trampled the Odins into a muddy pile of flesh while body parts and blood were flying everywhere. On the battlefield, the tragic deaths of Odins could be seen everywhere.

Compared to the heavy armored cavalry who was penetrating the enemy's rank, the light armored cavalry following Adrick was much more mobile and flexible. Changing formation with lightning speed, they went back and forth through the layers of Odins who already felt confusion while slowly "peeling" them away. Every place the cavalry crossed, only painful screams were left.

Once the defeat was certain and they started to get routed, it could not be stopped anymore. The Odins behaved like they usually do and fled crazily like a chaotic tide pulling back. General Adrick continued leading the cavalry and ran another two rounds of harvesting on those Odin soldiers' lives like they were vegetables. During their last charge, they rushed just before the valley's entrance and were greeted by arrows that they managed to block from both sides of the mountain.

Watching the remaining of the defeated Odins being forcefully pushed back into the valley, Adrick didn't become greedy and began to stop chasing them down with his cavalry. Leading his men, he arrogantly made a lap around the valley and returned whilst being under the rain of arrows from the enemy.

On the battlefield, the Odin lost at least over 2000 men and around another 3500 was injured.

On a hillside at a distant place, Kekkan stood there in a cloak and observed the battlefield while listening to the shouts and miserable whines. His complexion was indifferent to this disastrous outcome for his army and his eyes stayed cold.

Only when this noble Odin lord saw that Adrick was slowly withdrawing his troops, did he gently sigh in a calm manner.

“Ah...It seems that only cavalry can match cavalry. Yes, perhaps if my father the great emperor would allow me to command an elite army like from that Hasting guy, I could force Byzantine’s iron army to its knees. However, for now...”

Turning around, he stopped watching the battlefield’s horrifying outcome and raised the corner of his mouth instead while his face exposed a gentle yet heart shuddering smile: “Well for now...I am lucky that I don’t have to bring this ragtag army to battle Adrick to the death. Hmpf... The lion of Byzantine? Let’s leave him to Hasting.”



On the battlefield, the Byzantine soldiers finally killed the last Odin and raised their weapons in excitement while forcefully bashing their shields. Each one of them started to burst out in cheers and roars of ecstasy.

Leading back his troops, Adrick didn’t dismount, but turned around and stared at the distant valley for a moment.

“General, these Odins already collapsed after the first blow and couldn’t be compared to Hasting’s men.” Saucier, who was completely covered in blood arrived at Adrick’s side. On his shoulder hung several pieces of flesh, his beard was dyed red, while his mouth was spurting steam, eyes filled with excitement.

Seeing that Adrick wasn’t speaking and firmly staring at that mountain valley, Saucier couldn’t help but speak loudly: “Let us charge in! Compared to us, those Odin’s battle efficiency was simply...”

When Adrick finally pulled back his gaze, he gave Saucier a glance and his dominating look immediately shut him up.

“Line up!..We...will retreat ten miles!!”

“What?!” Saucier was shocked! He immediately shouted in dissatisfaction: “Why? We pushed those Odin bastards back in the valley, but instead of...”

Adrick sneered and pointed at the entrance of the valley: “Don’t you see? Haven’t you noticed that this mountain entrance seems like a big mouth, waiting for us to enter?”

He continued while firmly shaking his head: “We retreat! The terrain of the mountain valley is narrow and disadvantageous to us cavalry! Remember how they got Butler! Today these Odins were obviously sent to their death, as their strongest beast spirit warriors didn’t make an appearance. Otherwise, do you think that we could have won with such ease?!”

“...” Saucier clenched his teeth.

“Retreat ten miles! Let’s see if those guys dare to come out! As long as we are outside this mountain valley, with the spacious and flat terrain, our Rhodelia cavalry doesn’t need to fear any opponent!” While talking, his majestic look swept over Saucier, before saying coldly: “Fulfill your order!”

Those Odins inside the valley will probably not come out... The battle a moment ago was just to boost our morales and let the Odins taste our steel. They should have noticed that we are not that easy to deal with. This was only the first battle to feel each other out, and the next one will be the real confrontation. If the Odin army in front of us is not going to chase us... then... their purpose was...

Adrick’s eyebrows began to twitch and his eyes suddenly flashed with a sharp worry.

“Quick! Order a messenger to come!”

※※※

Several hundred miles away from the battlefield, Shaar still tightly pressed his pitchfork against the crystal in his big tent.

To tell the truth, the hillbilly was somewhat worried in his heart – dragon! This was a dragon!

If this dragon didn't really die.....Thenits hate towards him would be big!!

He had peeled its skin.....Pulled its tendons and bathed in its blood.....

Most importantly, the power that this dragon unleashed back then was something that impressed Shaar profoundly! If this dragon didn't die and wanted revenge, even though Shaar was very self-confident, he wasn't arrogant enough to think that he could defeat a dragon alone.

Grasping his fiery pitchfork, his eyes firmly stared at the stone while making up his mind. No matter how this dragon had ended up hiding inside here, if it dared...This uncle will smash the stone into pieces as fast as possible!

Finally, the cold voice appeared again in his mind with a hint of disdain.

“Hmpf, vile and lowly organism, how can you understand the profound meaning of a higher being?!”

An idea quickly spun in Shaars' mind a few times and he rolled his eyes, before laughing boldly: “Hahaha! Even if you are a dragon, so what? You have already been killed! Right now, I am probably only speaking to your soul! This uncle didn't fear you when you were still alive, do you think I would fear a ghost!?”

Tightly pinching the crystal in his hand, he touched the fiery pitchfork against it and clenched his teeth while saying:”Talk! What malicious intent do you have to pester this uncle? Ah, that's right! Back then you snuck into this stone to hide, didn't you? Hmpf!! Don't think that I will fear you! I heard that although some magic gems can hold a soul temporarily, as long as the gem is destroyed, the soul would be forced to detach and would soon disperse!!”

Being silent for a little while, the voice slowly appeared again in his mind.

“You can kill me... But, don't you want to learn ‘crimson rage ki?’”

These words immediately stunned Shaar and his hand that was holding the fiery pitchfork involuntarily loosened a bit: “You...you know crimson rage ki’?”

“...I don’t.” That voice replied.

The hillbilly instantly got enraged and stared at it with rounded eyes while maliciously spitting: “Fuck! You dare to play me! This uncle hates those who are playing me the most!”

Within a heartbeat, he raised the fiery pitchfork in his hand and planned to smash this stone in half – although destroying this mysterious stone was somewhat a pity, there was a dragon inside that hated his guts! God knows if this dragon could use magic or not and the ability to regain its strength in this stone – rather than risking it, he might as well completely get rid of it first!

However, just then his fiery pitchfork was about to smash it, the cold voice talked to him again.

“Although I don’t know it, I can still teach you...”

Chapter 76: Heavy Burden

“Retreat?”

Ruhr, who was sitting on his horse, held the report in his hand the messenger had brought in from the frontlines.

Hmm... They retreated, although they had won. Adrick felt that something was wrong.

Ruhr started to forcefully rub his cheek, pinching the fatty skin into a large mass. This action didn't solicit a response from the surrounding men, since they had already gotten used to the general's strange habit.

Although Ruhrs' infantry army's marching speed was already fairly slow, since they were also responsible for taking care of the large amount of military equipment and supplies, such as: grain, fodder, and other commodities.

The soldiers of the 6th Army weren't in a hurry to arrive at the frontlines – the so called courage of an army, would be deeply imprinted inside its soldiers according to the commander's actions. Therefore, the 6th Army's style would never be like the 13th Iron Army's one.

In fact, when they set out north this time, the rabbit general Ruhr continued to carry a deep worry in his heart. It was a strange sense that he was born with, and each time he encountered danger, this feeling was especially intense. Ruhr joined the army for many years and fought many battles, and each time a critical situation arose, he managed to escape safely. It could be said that more than 50% of these situations were because of this keen sense. This time when they were marching north, with each additional step, his feeling of danger kept getting more pronounced. It was so strong, that this fatty was sweating coldly in this chilling weather, and completely soaking his cotton-padded gown inside his armor.

Thinking for a moment, Ruhr made a decision: “Concentrate all the horses in our army, as well as the scouts... Yes, let the legion at the back leave behind 1000 men! Arrange a mixed unit and separate it from the

main force to slowly follow us from behind. Remind them that they have to keep a day's distance off the main force. Don't let them get too close nor too far from us!"

After issuing the order, this rabbit general sighed while his face revealed a wry smile: "Let's hope that my premonition is correct as well."

While talking, he touched his fat face and said a voice full of ridicule: "Even Hasting could not kill me. Could it be that the military officer leading the Odins this time is fiercer than Hasting? Hmpf!"



The 13th Army was worthy of being one of the Empire's most elite units. After Adrick gave the order to retreat, although the soldiers had some doubts in their hearts, they still executed the order full of resolve.

After the formation was reorganized, the 13th Army quickly withdrew from the battlefield and evacuated from the flat plains. General Adrick personally led a legion to guard the rear in order to prevent the Odin army's pursuit.

A distance of ten miles was neither near nor far, however it took a meal worth of effort for the cavalry to arrive at the designated assembly point.

Saucier, this valiant centurion who was used to leading his cavalry to charge through his enemies, still held some dissatisfaction. After regrouping, he couldn't bear it and went to Adrick to complain.

"General, I don't understand. Since we have won, even if we don't charge in recklessly and enter the mountain valley, we could at least siege the valley and stubbornly pin those Odins inside, why..."

Adrick sat on his horse eating dinner, which consisted of a piece of hard meatloaf and cold water. Swallowing it down in few bites, he wiped the remaining water from his beard and squinted his eyes to look at the number one warrior under his command, with a hint of disappointment.

Taking a deep breath, Adricks' eyes seemed slightly low-spirited: "Saucier, how many years have you already been following me?"

The full bearded Saucier thought for a moment: "I've had nine years with the 13th army. When you arrived back then, I was still the vice officer of a legion."

Adrick smiled with his looks maintaining the always present dignity, before turning around to look at his cavalry's neat formation. Whether quietly lining up or walking on the way to an assignment, the cavalrymen didn't make any extra noise, only the hoofbeats or occasional jangling of armor could be heard. Except for these noises, a solemn and respectful quietness was prevalent over the camp.

The general's expression became complicated, before he sighed softly. A bitter smile immediately appeared on his face: "Saucier... I probably, can't stay here for much longer."

Saucier's expression immediately changed as he heard the general's worried voice: "I have spent nine years in the 13th Army and according to the imperial military law, do you think there is a commander who can stay this long in the same army? Hmpf...Two years ago, they already wanted to transfer me. You are someone who has lived his whole lifetime in the imperial army, and should understand that it is impossible for a commander to stay a lifetime in one of the main army's. This is in order to prevent the general from gathering too much of the soldiers support, and starting a rebellion. Being able to command the 13th Army for nine years is the limit, and if I guessed right, after this war, in a year or so, I am going to be transferred. Perhaps to serve as vice-minister of the military headquarters in Osgiliath or I can go become a military governor in a region....."

Saucier's expression became even uglier as he stared at Adrick while not being able to utter a single word.

Adrick's thick palm patted Saucier's shoulder, while whispering: "My old friend, we have fought side-by-side for nine years and I think that you are the most suitable man to succeed me. You have fought bravely and I let you command the most elite legion inside 13th Army, made entirely of heavy armored cavalry. In all these years, your prestige has been growing; you have enough understanding and sentiments toward this army, while I

also don't doubt your ability. However..."

The general suddenly pointed at his head: "You still need to use this place more! The 13th Army corps is an iron army. An iron army that marches forward courageously! However, except for courage, a military commander also needs to use his brain! It's not like you don't have the brain, it's just that you are too accustomed to using force to solve a problem. There is no doubting your bravery, but if you are a military commander, just bravery is not enough."

In fact, Adrick had a idea that he had hidden in his heart for many years, but didn't dare to say it. It was extremely sensitive, and if said, he feared that it would hurt the morale of his troops...

(Forward, upon death...This slogan was indeed very passionate; however, the 13th Army had shouldered this slogan for way too long! He felt that this slogan was already putting too much pressure on them! An army that only knew how to constantly charge forward on a battlefield could never truly affect or control the war! The truly invincible army should be able to know when to retreat! However, shouldering the slogan, "Forward, upon death" was a heavy burden that put the whole 13th Army into a frantic mood among all of the ranks! They thought that bravery could solve all problems, and as long as they give their all, they could conquer every one of their enemies. Such an idea...was simply wrong!)

(If it was only a legion, or a small unit, then this unprecedented valiant slogan with an indomitable soul was no doubt helpful. However the 13th Army was a whole army! It was a conventional army made for independent combat! Therefore, in many cases, when put into a battle, they have to know more than just "forward", sometimes, they must learn "retreat" or even "failure"!!)

(It was just that with these words, other people couldn't say them, and Adrick, who was the commander of the 13th Army, could say it even less!)

(This frantic slogan, would certainly boost their morals in most situations no doubt, and also be able to push them into an unprecedented battle efficiency. However, sometimes it could kill the whole army

instead...)



Shaar sat quietly on his bed with closed eyes, with his fire pitchfork laying across his knees, and he was holding the magical crystal in his palm.

“You don’t need to think of a way to “fuse” with this magic crystal, because in fact, when I hid inside it with my soul, I discovered that it had already imprinted your soul deep within in it! Perhaps, you don’t know the circumstances of this yourself, but because your soul was already imprinted inside it, you can always unleash this mysterious strength at the crucial moments. Only because of this reason, could the magic crystal could release such a power.”

Within the depths of his mind, the cold voice of the dragon kept talking to him.

(Hm... I already ‘fused’ with it? When was that?) Shaar frowned, while thinking deeply in his mind. (When did I start to carry this stone with me? Hm... I already forgot the day; it seems as if it was when I was very young. The old man put this thing on my neck. Perhaps, the old man deceived me and did something without me noticing...)

“Although I cannot tell you exactly how to control this kind of magical power, but according to your previous eruptions, using the fluctuation and the internal energy of this magic crystal, I can probably do some analysis. The main source of the crystal is...rage ki! On a battlefield, experiencing the critical moment of life and death and walking at the edge of that line would release rage ki! Your rage ki and the enemies’ rage ki that want you to kill! To be precise, this stone is a special magic crystal that can absorb the rage ki of the surroundings and then transform it into a powerful force, before unleashing it. As this stone’s master, what you need to do is to find out the energy of it. Then afterwards, in a fight, you can use this strength with your own initiative...”

“Carefully think about it. in order to stimulate the eruption of this power, you need to expose yourself to an external pressuring force. When

you are pressed to a certain extent by the external pressuring force, the soul will send out the fluctuation and trigger the soul imprint in the stone, before unleashing its power.”

As a dragon, although I have lost my mortal body, I still retain the majority of my soul’s strength. I can still reluctantly display the dragon race’s unique power. Although it is only a small portion of my original powers, within it includes... ‘Sovereignty of the Dragon’.”

As the voice dropped, Shaar’s whole body immediately tightened! An invisible feeling of oppression enveloped him! This feeling was something that couldn’t be seen nor touched, as if a immense danger suddenly descended and covered all of him! His heart immediately started to race as he felt a shortness of breath, and every hair on his body started to stand up straight – same as if a beast feeling danger, he tightened his whole body while curling together!

“Calm down! Get used to this pressure! It is impossible for my soul power to continue this kind of pressure for too long! Under this kind of precise oppression, your consciousness will start to feel every inch of fluctuation...Damn, I have never met such a stupid human!”

Just as it was about to finish talking, that dragon’s voice in his mind became frantic...

Suddenly opening his eyes, Shaar’s pupils suddenly became crimson red! Jumping up all of a sudden, he seemed to have lost his mind as he started screaming, maliciously waving his fire pitchfork into the surroundings...

Bang!!!

With a loud noise, a mass of crimson light spread out in all directions, shooting into every corner. The military tent suddenly fell apart under this barrage of light and came tumbling down!

All the thick wooden stakes supporting the tent fell, pounding onto Shaar’s body, pushing him onto the bed, collapsing it.

Shaar instantly sobered up and started to pitifully cough dust, choking

until tears came out. Tumbling on the ground to flee from the ruins, he spat a mouthful of mud onto the floor.

Standing up from the failed attempt, Shaar immediately perked up and stared at his fire pitchfork, before suddenly laughing.

“Hahahaha! I felt it! I felt it!!!”

The dragon’s voice in his mind could not endure the power usage and became weaker: “Idiot! What a stupid human! You just felt it once! The road before being able to use it is still far away! What are you so proud of!”

Chapter 77: Lord of War Hasting

The sun had just started to rise in the horizon when an early, chilly morning wind blew over the Primal Wildfire wilderness. A faint twilight revealed itself with the first rays of the sunlight. The cold wind swept over the Imperial Eagle flag fluttering on the flagpole.

The camp, situated just north of Primal Wildfire Town belonged to the Byzantine's 2nd Army which was stationed here.

The 2nd Army, which was one of the Byzantine Empire's regular armies, consisted purely of infantrymen. It was also one of the three armies that were included in the Byzantine emperor's battle plan against the invasion of Odins in Primal Wildfire.

In the morning, this huge military camp was still quiet, with only the night watch patrols wandering around. The soldiers who were still standing at sentry posts, tightly wrapped themselves in their fur-lined robes and huddled their heads together in this cold wind. With somewhat of a listless appearance and bloodshot eyes, it was clear that it was because they had stayed up all night. The only thought they had in mind was to hang on until the shift change came to switch with them so they could go back and have a good sleep.

Damn this Primal Wildfire, the mornings are always so cold.....

The General of the 2nd Army, Pelizzoli, was already awake. Just when he walked out of his big tent, he looked at the Praetorian Guard in front of his entrance, which was acting as a night watchman, holding his spear and dozing off. This now 40-year-old imperial could only casually smile. Walking towards him, he gently kicked his Praetorian Guard and the soldier immediately woke up with a tense look. However, the general only generously smiled back at him and departed with big steps.

General Pelizzoli was 40 years old and although he came from a respected family with a prominent aristocratic status, he could still be considered a humble person of the empire. His style in the military is simple but robust and there was no shortage of courage during battles.

Having been in the army for twenty years, although he hasn't performed anything of prominent merit, he hasn't made any big mistakes either. He was the kind of person who could be classified with "even with no merits, there is a lot of effort".

Pelizzoli didn't pursue the misconduct of his Praetorian Guard falling asleep while on night watch, he simply took in several deep breathes. The freezing cold air faintly stabbed within his lung, making him silently curse. Taking some of his officers with him, he began to patrol the camp with a relaxed face.

In fact, as for now, everyone in the 2nd army was the same as their general and had a very relaxed mentality.

According to the strategy for this war, they had to divide into three groups in order to prevent the Odins from invading. However, the 2nd Army received a very easygoing position; they were positioned in the middle of Primal Wildfire, with two forests' north of their position. The dwarfs' territory was about two days further away, and at the northeast was the Red Wilderness which was occupied by goblins.

Such a geographical position gave them a very safe feeling. Even if these Odins really wanted to attack here, they were unlikely to choose this direction. Having the Dwarfs' and the goblins' territory placed in front of them, if the Odins wanted to come here, they had to cross through both territories and risk conflicts with the natives. Any commander who had a bit of intelligence would most likely not order such a stupid thing, especially since everyone knew of the Dwarfs' strong fighting force. No one would want to waste their military strength on such places; therefore the 2nd Army had the Dwarfs and Goblins as a natural shield.

In fact, the 2nd Army was not known as an elite force in the Byzantine Empire. Their strength was probably in the middle of the second class; therefore they were put in such a relatively safe position.

According to General Pelizzoli speculation, the military headquarters placed his army in this position in order to prevent any smaller Odin

units sneaking through the Dwarf's territory any opportunity to attack his allies. However, the possibility of such a small enemy force sneaking through to attack was rather small.

Nevertheless, Pelizzoli still prepared some arrangements that would, in his opinion, make their position very safe. He set up four sentry posts north of the camp, with each sentry post spacing several miles between each other. The garrison would then take turns every second day, if the Odins really wanted to send a small strike force in a surprise attack, it would certainly not escape his eyes. However Pelizzoli thought that this possibility was very unlikely, but in addition to these four sentry posts, he also sent some other measurements as to prevent the Dwarfs in the north from suddenly going crazy from some unintended provocations.

As for the Odins..... According to their previous behaviours, they should be in the Al Bactre plains in the south, which was guarded by the 13th Army. According to the empire's conventional practice, the most difficult battles were left to this iron army.

In this silent morning, General Pelizzoli led his men around to inspect the camp. It wasn't his custom, but he knew that after this war he would be transferred from this army. After staying in it for four years, Pelizzoli was quite attached to it. Therefore he wanted..... to have a few more good looks at it before leaving it.

After finishing a tour, his body had already started slightly sweating from the activity. He looked at as his soldiers coming out of their tent to line up in formation one after another in preparation from the morning drill. A relaxed smile appeared on Pelizzoli's face while watching this familiar scene.

However, his smile only stayed for a short moment before it deteriorated!!

Since he saw something.....

Beacon-fire!!!

A sentry post north of their position ignited a beacon and the black smoke rose into the sky, the cold wind blew it apart after it reached

dozens of meters high!

Moreover, this sentry post was unexpectedly the closest one from their camp!!

When Pelizzoli saw the beacon-fire his expression stiffened, before he had time to calm his surprised heart, his ears heard a terrifying noise.....

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Roooooaaaarrrr! It was the roaring of wild beasts, continuing for wave after wave. Nobody knew how many there were, perhaps it was a dozens, or maybe even several hundred? These roars, filled with vigour and violence, interweaved with each other and were brought over by the chilling wind, giving people's scalp a tingling feeling!

The silent morning had immediately been destroyed by these dull roars.

Stunned for a moment, Pelizzoli's expression instantly changed as he started to madly rush towards the entrance of the camp. Kicking away the soldiers who were still stunned by the roars, he quickly went up to the lookout and looked towards the north.

Subsequently, this imperial general's face muscles immediately twisted and big beads of sweat started to roll down.....

In the north, the sentry post closest to them had already become engulfed by a raging fire and a dense mass of shadows were approaching them with lightning speed on a stretch of land next to it. In the early morning's dim light, they could see that this dense mass was increasing in numbers and swept over the hills like a dark cloud...

The roars which sent a cold chill into people's heart came from there. Standing on the platform, General Pelizzoli quickly got a better view of these dark clouds.....

One after another, fierce looking black bears assembled hillside, before lining up in rows. More than the eyes could count; the bodies of these black bears were even sturdier than normal bears. With fur darker than the night, these bear were dressed in rough, but heavy black armor. Moreover, their shoulder pads and arm protectors even had sharp spikes

standing up in the air! These fellows stood there in lines, like humans, no one knew how many of them there were behind the ones they could see, they only knew that more and more of them were gathering.....

What was even more frightening was that these bears, wearing thick heavy armor, carried something on their backs which seemed like a saddle. Moreover, these bears were carrying people on their backs! Odins! Those riding on the backs of these bears wore metal armors that were extremely rare for Odins. Even if the armors seemed unsophisticated, they had an extremely threatening appearance. Each of the riders had a military disciplined aura and held a thick axe in one hand, their other hand furiously pounded on their chests. Their bare arms were covered with black hairs and their roars were as terrifying as the bears they rode on.

When Pelizzoli saw the scene in front of his eyes, his heart instantaneously sank to the bottom. He felt as if his vision was darkening and his heart started to pump madly. Feeling somewhat breathless for a moment, he forcefully opened his mouth and fiercely bit his tongue. The severe pain finally temporarily released him from his huge shock.

On the observation platform, the general suddenly turned his head and crazily roared with a twisted expression.

“Enemy raid!!! It is the Odin’s ‘Berserkers ‘!!!”

His shrill voice instantly spread over the camp.....



Without a horn or any battle drum signal, this group of bear riding Odins suddenly roared and frenziedly rushed down the hillside!

The black bears furiously sprinted downhill and several hundred of them swept over it like a torrent. Like dark clouds forming from a strong wind, they closed in on the Byzantine army’s camp with a crazy speed.

Hastily, horn noises sounded and panic could be heard from all four directions in the Byzantine’s barracks. Unprepared military officers started to order around unprepared soldiers as most of the soldiers only

had time to crawl from the tents in full panic, before they were urged to line up in formation by their military officer. Most of the soldiers only had enough time to wear their robes; some didn't even have their weapon in their hands.

Pelizzoli ordered his men to close the camp front entrance with a distorted expression and the general's anxious roars kept sounding in the surrounding.

They were already too close! With their utmost effort, they garrison troops barely got 100 archers onto the wall, and they again only had enough time to shoot a single volley before the black bear soldiers rushed in front of the camp gate!

However, the wooden wall, with the height of a person, was easily crushed in front of the bear's violent charge and the black bear soldiers frenziedly rushed into the camp. The guards from the barracks' which had formed a temporary formation near the wall were instantly crushed, a dozen of them immediately died in the hands of those black bears' large paws. The soldier's' flesh appeared extremely frail and several of them didn't even have the time to scream before their heads were smashed. The second rows of soldiers instantly followed and were ripped to pieces! Several military officers tried to organize enough manpower to counter-attack, but the black bear soldiers who were flooding into the camp instantly threw themselves into the crowd. Just when a military officer wanted to wield his sword, he was sent flying by the black bear and the bones in his chest were crushed in midair. Another officer managed to chop at the black bear, but his longsword was easily broken under the inhumane strength of the black bear's hand. The Odin warrior sitting on the bear's back roared, wielded his axe and sent the officer's head flying.....

Several hundred men stood guard in formation at the entrance, but in the span of a few breaths, those hundreds of Byzantine soldiers were all killed! The camp's wooden gate loudly collapsed and fifty meters of the wooden wall also came crashing down after hundreds of bears broke through it.

More and more black bear soldiers swarmed into the camp from the gaps and mixed with the already chaotic Byzantine army.....

As one would expect, most Byzantine soldiers, having just woken up from their sleeps, most of them didn't even have the time to put on their armor. Some didn't even have a weapon or shields; this left their flesh and blood to be torn to pieces without any resistance under the black bear soldiers' attack.

The centurion of the first legion in the 2nd Army led a counter-attack with a group that had just rotated from their patrol and barely resisted for a moment. This centurion had impressive martial arts skills and used his longsword, covered by battle ki, to cut down a black bear. However, shortly afterwards four black bears immediately jumped him and after a miserable shout, his body was torn to pieces! Both his internal organs and the remnant corpse flew everywhere.....

The impact of the several hundred black bear soldiers was like throwing pebbles into water. It was small splashes at the beginning, but they soon devoured the entire camp.

Overall, the 2nd Army didn't form much of an effective resistance and although the black bear soldiers only numbered several hundred, thanks to their violent impact they easily crushed the temporary defense that had gathered. After that..... it was basically just a slaughter fest!

The 2nd Army's camp became an orgy of bloodshed and miserable roars and screams could be heard everywhere. The soldiers of 2nd Army, which were being slaughtered, didn't have any fighting spirit left and became a flock of headless flies madly scattering in all directions in an attempt to flee. Trampling and colliding with each other, they were easily killed off by the bears pursuing them.

The black bear's sharp claws and the Odin riders' huge axes reaped lives like death gods

The chaotic situation was irresistible.

The assault formed by those several hundred black bear soldiers completely destroyed the courage of the 2nd Army. Soon after the first

wave of surprise attack by the black bear soldiers, a large numbers of caribou riders also came rushing down the hillside. Several thousand of Odin caribou riders rushed into the military camp of 2nd Army from the gap in the wooden wall and dispersed while roaring. From all directions, they slowly defeated the routed troops of the 2nd Army.....



On the hillside, a figure looked at the slaughter fest going on in the distance in silence. His pair of slender eyes looked completely indifferent.

This figure wasn't tall and amongst the normally burly and powerfully built Odins, his appearance seemed particularly thin. This kind of physique would also only be considered average amongst the Byzantines.

However, this thin silhouette standing on the hillside with a black cloak fluttering in the cold wind gave off an imposing and mighty malignant influence. It was as if this figure, who was standing on the hillside with his thin body, dominated the whole mountain under his feet!

Behind this figure's back, several hundred Odin soldiers stood quietly. The soldiers' eyes were filled with a sense of frantic worship.

"Sound the horn."

After watching for a while, this figure turned around. His facial characteristics were extremely mediocre; he had thin lips, a snub-nose. He probably wouldn't be noticed inside a crowd with his mediocre look. His eyes were thin and long, with a slight upward corner, giving him a somewhat soft appearance. This man's eyes looked completely indifferent, without the slightest trace of emotion to be sensed in them as he gave his orders in a low voice.

While talking, he slowly walked towards the subordinates behind him and someone quickly brought a warhorse to him. That warhorse was tall, with the height of two meters, and it could be said that it was an unusual godly steed. On its head there was a scar that cut past the horse's left cheek, ending at its blind left eye.

The horse was wrapped in a light armor. Before climbing onto his

horse, he turned around to receive a triangular spear from his subordinate. He reined his warhorse, and with a long neigh, he dashed forward. With four hooves speeding forwards, he rushed down the hillside with lightning speed as he headed towards the 2nd Army's military camp!

The 2nd Army's military camp had now completely collapsed, with the final force of resistance centralized inside the commander's tent. When the camp's front gate broke down, General Peilizuoli rushed to the rear of the camp, gathering all of his Praetorian guards and lieutenants. In this chaotic battle, he managed to assemble a force of 200, and entrenched themselves inside the commander's tent, with the flagpole at the center of the circular defense formation they formed.

In this chaotic camp, two teams of caribou riders, and more than ten black bear berserkers, tried to rush them three times. However, the remnant forces of the 2nd Army were made of the strongest Praetorian Guards, General Peilizuoli and several military officers, who were all high-ranked warriors.

Right now, everyone knew that this was a fight to the death, and several of the officers filled their blades with battle ki to form a tight defensive circle. They tenaciously resisted the Odin charges, but their circle was constantly shrinking from the attacks. Out of more than 200 soldiers, there now remained less than 50 men.

General Pelizzoli's longsword had already lost pieces of its edge and his armor was torn. A deep scar on his chest that a black bear beserker had caused, exposed even his bones. He had already cut down six black bear berserkers and and more than ten caribou riders. With half of his military officers becoming casualties, the defensive circle shrank a little again, and the ground was filling with the corpses of men, horses, caribous and bears. Fragments of flesh and blood could be seen everywhere. Pelizzoli's face was extremely pale because of excessive loss of blood, while the battle ki on his sword had dimmed down a lot.

Everyone knew that there was no escape today by some lucky event. Right now, the only thing they could do was go all out.

With a pitiful yell, an officer's longsword stabbed into the body of a black bear, but under its violent strength, the sword was firmly stuck in the bone. Continuously pounding at it, the longsword broke and with another strike of its paws, the shoulder of that officer was ripped to pieces. The Odin rider sitting on the bear used this opportunity to wield his axe to chop off the officer's head. Seeing his subordinate in danger, Pelizzoli swung his longsword covered with battle ki, splitting the Odin in two.

Breathing loudly, Pelizzoli's body couldn't even stand firmly anymore. His legs began to go soft, and he could barely support himself with his sword.

Several pitiful screams could be heard next to him, and two gaps suddenly appeared in the defensive circle. With a howling sound, silver light burst out from within his body and his hair suddenly stood up in the air. The battle ki on his sword stormed out violently, suddenly turning into several pieces flying into all directions. With a rumbling sound, his battle ki flew several steps in front of him and completely swallowed their targets. In an instant, a dozen of caribou riders and their mounts collapsed to the ground, and a black bear berserker that was hit by the light flew back several meters. After crashing on the ground, a hole that was spurting out blood could be seen on the black bear's chest. Its internal organs were crushed to pieces and the upper body of its rider had completely vanished!

"Come! Let's see who can come get me, Pelizzoli's head!!" Pelizzoli was staggering, but he still held his body upright by supporting himself with his sword. His eyes were covered by the blood that dropped down from his forehead. On his body hung several fragments of organs, and his feet stood in a pool of blood, with more continuously running down his legs.

Pelizzoli started to laugh wildly, his eyes radiating murderous intent as he stared at the enemies in front of him. It was clear that he could barely stand, but the battle ki covering his body was still shining bright!

He was a commander of an army after all and was also a high-ranked warrior. Now that he was forced to go all out, his power increased like a

cornered tiger. The dozens of caribou riders standing in the distance were so awe-stuck by him, that they hesitated...

At this exact time, hoofbeats could be heard from a distant place! With a neigh, a flying shadow jumped over the heads of those caribou riders with one leap!

A mass of black ki covered the triangular spear and swept over it like a tornado!

When Pelizzoli's pupils saw this black ki, he shouted out and the silver battle ki on his whole body erupted again as he welcomed the shadow with a charge.....

Ping!!

With a dull sound, the black ki instantly sliced Pelizzoli's body in two from the waist! Everything below his waist was already swallowed by that black ki, and couldn't even be seen. Not even a drop of blood appeared and it seemed that it was instantly evaporated by the black ki!

The broken longsword dropped to the ground, and with a breaking sound, fell apart into countless pieces!!

Pelizzoli's remaining upper body fell to the ground and his internal organs flew out from the cut on his waist. Streams of black ki came from out of his mouth, and a pair of disbelieving eyes stared the opponent in front of him holding that black triangular spear.

"Ha... Hast....." Unfortunately, his breath stopped before even having the time to finish saying this name.

Still sitting on his horse, Hasting swept over the dead body of his enemy on the ground with his tall and slender eyes. There was not even the slightest trace of emotional change in them, and his eyes were still as indifferent as before. Gently wielding his spear, he cut off the flagpole next to him. When it fell down, the black ki immediately swallowed it and in just a short moment, both the pole and flag were reduced to ashes by it!

This Lord of War turned his head and gazed at the Odin warriors behind him with a cold look.

“...Relay my orders, the horn will sound thrice, if the enemy camp hasn’t been conquered by the time the horn stops, the entire vanguard will be executed!”



(Forcing through it! Giving my all to force through it! The same feeling that I had when my heart was trembling from fear... ah, that kind of feeling...)

Holding his head and racking his brains, Shaar stood in front of his fire pitchfork and crystal. His eyes were bloodshot and he kept murmuring these words like an idiot in front of it.

Suddenly standing, he picked up his fire pitchfork and moved forward before stabbing twice. Sitting down again, he frowned while absorbed in his thoughts again, before fiercely crying again, jumping up and wielding his pitchfork a second time.

“Idiot, control your heart! Control your will! The crimson rage ki is not there to make you go berserk! The rage ki was intended to stimulate your strength!”

Listening to the voice in his mind, Shaar started to laugh like a madman, before becoming more and more insane, finally jumping up and cursing:

“Control! Control! I will control your ass!!”

He wielded his fire pitchfork like a maniac and started to hack around. Finally exhausting himself, he dropped to the ground gasping for breath.

Resting for a while, the colors of madness gradually faded from his face, before being replaced with a bitter smile: “Damn, still not working...”

“I told you many times, you shouldn’t actually go crazy! You need to control yourself as much as possible, and at the critical point when you are close to going mad, control your consciousness while being calm! If you can achieve this, then it would mean that you are at the initial stage of mastering the power.”

Closing his eyes, Shaar continued distorting his brow. After a while, a violent expression gradually emerged on his face, and his fingers kept shivering. His hand clenched the fire pitchfork so tightly that it turned blue in an attempt to resist the urge to go crazy again. Shaar shivered badly, like he was sick from cold. His face muscles kept shaking and his eyes were jumping around uncontrollably...

Finally after taking a deep breath, he managed to slowly stand up even though his whole body was still shivering.

When he slowly opened his eyes, it was seen that they had turned completely red!!

Shaar's eyes flashed with violence and ferociousness for a while, before it finally stopped. He gradually calmed down, but this seemingly tranquil appearance combined with his red eyes looked especially strange.

Clenching his teeth, his arms still trembled. Gently holding his fire pitchfork, he took a deep breath and slowly swung his weapon...

Five steps in front of him, a thigh thick wooden stake was silently divided into two halves...

Standing on the spot, Shaar's shivering began to gradually calm down and blood started to flow down from the corners of his mouth. It was obvious that when he fiercely endured the madness a moment ago, he clenched his teeth so hard that blood was squeezed out!

The redness in his eyes was quickly disappearing. Shaar looked at the fire pitchfork in his hand, before looking at the broken wooden stake in front of him. Walking closer to take a look, he saw that the cut was extremely smooth!

"..." After swallowing once, Shaar suddenly burst out laughing from happiness: "Hahaha! I did it! I did it! Just like that!!!"

Then, he suddenly frowned: "But... the power seems a bit low. Moreover, just now the crimson fog didn't appear like the previous times..."

The voice in his mind appeared again: "That's the right way. The power was a little small because this is the strength you can control at this

stage. If you constantly let the madness occupy your mind, you might perhaps unleash a more powerful outburst. However, your consciousness will be engulfed in madness and fade away. Unless you are an idiot, you would clearly understand that during a fight, even with an extremely powerful technique, if you encounter a real powerful enemy, you are dead.”

Shaar blinked his eyes: “Yes, that I understand. It’s like a drunkard wielding around a broadsword. Although his power is astonishing and sufficient to deal with an average person, once he ran into a fierce opponent, the other side can find many weaknesses...”

“...Although you are stupid, at least you are not an idiot.”

“...screw you!” Shaar discontentedly spat out a mouthful of blood: “Don’t think that because you are a dragon, you can leisurely scold this uncle! Right now you are only a ghost and if you provoke this uncle, I...”

“You will what?” The cold voice mockingly asked: “You going to kill me? If you want to kill me, you need to break his stone. However, this crimson rage ki can only be initiated with a magical crystal that has your soul imprinted in it! Are you willing to lose it?”

Shaar was unable to reply.

He just knocked on the door of success and tasted the benefit of this crimson rage ki’s powerful strength. If he hadn’t learnt about it, then he wouldn’t care. However, now that he had started to learn it, his mind would absolutely not give up on learning this unique technique by destroying the stone.

When the hillbilly didn’t speak, the voice of that dragon sighed.

“Human, how about we do a trade together?”

“Trade?”

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“What a red dawn...”

On the hillside of a mountain valley, Kekkan casually stretched himself

and let the morning sunlight sprinkle onto his body. Although it was winter, it still brought a faint warm feeling.

“Ah, this place is so good. In Odin, people could freeze to death during this season.” Kekkan casually shook his cloak and looked up to the blood red dawn, a strange light flashing in his eyes: “Such a bloody glow, it seems as if there was a slaughter in the East this morning...” Lowering his head and thinking for a moment, his mouth suddenly revealed a smile: “... Hasting, did you win another battle? Odin’s Lord of War, humph, another success added to his already brilliant record. Alas, such bloody glory, is in the end...”

This elegant Odin smiled: “...Is the end ominous.”

Finishing his sentence, he turned around to walk down the hill, and looked at the trembling attendant beneath it.

“Ah... is there any news concerning the 13th Army?”

“No, nothing... Your highness. They retreated and don’t seem to have the intention to attack once more.”

Kekkan smiled with satisfaction and walked past his attendant, before patting him on the shoulder. The opposite party immediately knelt down, overwhelmed by this praise.

“Alright, don’t be too anxious... Let the soldiers take a rest. At least before tomorrow evening, these Byzantines wouldn’t move out again. You must make the best use of this time to enjoy the last peaceful moment.” Kekkan’s face showed a happy expression, but his eyes seemed ice-cold. Turning back his head, he stared at the red sky again...

“Ah, such a beautiful red dawn. I wish I could listen to some harp...”

Pausing for a moment, He laughed: “Messenger.”

“Your Highness!”

“Ah... Go and find me a harp. I must play one!”

“...” His subordinate was dumbfounded.

He had gotten used to serving this eccentric Lord, however...

However, his Highness really has some orders that could really drive people crazy!



“You obtained my Dragonscales, but you don’t have any dragon magic. In your hands, these Dragonscales are nothing more than a slightly harder armor. However, my residual soul still has some remaining properties of dragon magic and I can inject it into the Dragonscales to improve their magic resistance. Also, with the long life of a dragon, I have accumulated plenty profound knowledge. Do you want to learn the Dragon martial arts? I can even teach you some Dragon spells! As long as I leave behind a part of my soul in your magic crystal that was imprinted along with your soul, then you can use this magic crystal to be used as a transmitter for some small Dragon magic and spells. Although it is quite weak, it is still real a Dragon spell! Furthermore ...I can tell you the profound meaning of your life, which includes how to strengthen your soul! No matter what kind of life form, whether it is a lowly human or a higher being such as us dragons, a soul’s power greatly exceeds the bodily power. Even in the face of death, as long as you have learned this method, you can maintain the soul so that you don’t die. There is always an opportunity to find an appropriate mortal body to resurrect...”

The hillbilly’s face didn’t have a single trace of excitement, but his eyes stayed full of vigilance.

“Fuck! Talking about so many impressive things, what do you want this uncle to do for you? Talk about it first and if it’s something life threatening, you don’t even need to waste your breath. This uncle is currently living very happily.”

Chapter 78: Who Is Playing Who?

“.....I need to return to the Sacred Tomb!”

When she replied, the voice within his mind suddenly became dignified.

“We dragons are higher existences, and our life cycles are completely different compared to you puny humans. When a dragon dies, we seek for a soul burial, and it is only after our souls return to the sacred tomb that we can obtain our true peace. Our soul is the only thing of significance, our mortal body is actually unimportant to us.”

After pondering for a moment, Shaar questioned her, “In other words, you dragons wouldn’t actually care if someone were to peel off your skin and rip out your tendons?”

The dragon’s voice instantly became annoyed, “You bastard brat! If you dare to do such a thing to my noble body, I”

“What are you going to do?” Shaar curled up his lips and said full of disdain, “Are you going to jump out of that stone and bite me?”

“.....” Angered by this unreasonable hillbilly, Dora stayed silent for a minute before slowly saying, “In order to escape Darwin’s treacherous hand, I used a minor spell when I was on the verge of death. Ah, if it happened in the past, that spell would’ve never deceived Darwin. However, since he turned into a human, he lost all of his magic sensitivity. I used most of the power from my soul to cheat Darwin’s eyes, and shrank into a small, concentrated mass in order to escape in your magic crystal. However, my current strength is still very weak, and I can only continue to exist within this magic crystal. Once I leave, my soul would quickly dissipate. Therefore, I am unable to flee from here and return to the Sacred Tomb using my own strength. Otherwise, I will most likely dissipate in an instant, becoming a wandering loose soul with consciousness, unable to have peace ever again.....”

Sacred tomb?

Stroking his chin, Shaar couldn’t help but grow some interest in this

matter.

The Dragons' burial tomb? Wouldn't that mean that in this tomb there would be many dragon.....Corpses?

Shaar, who had already tasted the benefits of a dragon, naturally knew that a dragon's body was chock full of treasures. Ah, if he could find the tomb of the dragons, even if there were only a big pile of Dragon bones, then.....

However, Shaar immediately reminded himself—Since dragons care so much about this Sacred Tomb, then wouldn't it be heavily guarded? Among other things, even if there were only a few dragons guarding it, with his set of skills, his fate would definitely be to be turned into a midnight snack of the dragons if he went there.....

“The tomb that you talk about will surely have a catch. If I really go there, I would probably die without even knowing what happened.” Shaar shook his head repeatedly, “I'm not going to get tricked.”

The voice in his mind continued to bewitch Shaar, “If it was some other fellow who dared to go to the sacred tomb of us dragons, naturally they won't be able to come out alive. The tomb has a powerful and ancient three-headed dragon as its guardian. When it died, it received the blessings of the dragon god, and was able to restore its mortal body. Its flesh won't rot for thousands of years, which is almost equal to having eternal life. Its power is incomparable; however, the Dragon god limited it by forbidding it to ever leave the tomb, even for half a step. Even if the fellow was a human Saint-level master, they wouldn't be a worthy opponent. However, if I lead you and go to the Sacred Tomb, because my soul has the dragon mark imprinted on it, the guard won't attack you. Therefore.....”

Hm? This was actually a good trade.....

“However, why do I feel like you're lying about something?” Shaar gave off a hollow laugh, “So according to you, as long as I bring a dragon, I'd be able to go to the tomb and do whatever I want?”

“Of course not!” The voice in his mind replied, “the Sacred Tomb is the

holy land for us dragons. A living dragon, even if it is the Patriarch of a clan, wouldn't be allowed to enter! Each dragon can enter only once they are dying. Once inside, you can get your own tomb and slowly wait for your death. If a dragon died outside, the soul force of our race is strong enough that it can be separated from our body. Our powerful souls, using its own power, have the capability to return to the tomb by itself....."

"Hm, if you say it like this, then what you say is probably the truth." Shaar thought for a moment and laughed, "I can actually seriously consider this. Once this war is over, maybe I can set aside some time to help you on this trip.....Ah, however these advantages you talked about, you must stick with your end of the bargain."

"Of course." The dragon in his mind replied to Shaar, satisfied, "I can teach you some of the Dragon martial arts right now! Hm, although your mortal body can't be compared to us dragons, it is still much stronger than that of an ordinary human. Strengthened by my Dragonblood, you can barely display some of our fighting techniques. I can teach you a few dragon spells as well, to let you use some low-level dragon magic. You can use this magic to bless the Dragonscale and increase its defensive powers"

(Humph, despicable human. While you can go to the tomb with my soul inside your magic crystal, once you lose my soul protection anymore, the guardian of the tomb will rip you to shreds!)

(Humph, this stupid dragon. Does she really think that this uncle is so easy to trick? Alright, let's see who is playing who in the end.....)

A human and a dragon started to grind their axes.....

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In order to prevent Shaar from doubting her, this dragon immediately handed two Dragon spells to him.

These Dragon spells were, of course, pronounced in the Dragon's language, and the throat of a human was unable to form the syllables necessary to speak the language. Since a dragon was born with a different kind of body structure, their vocal chords were different, and their

pronunciation was complex and strange. Even a small sound, needed a shock to be sent throughout the several corners of their nasal passage and throat. They also had to cause a resonance in the nasal passage – Studying this language was impossible for humans. Even for a human with the highest talent for language would never be able to learn the Dragon tongue.

Therefore since the beginning of time, human magicians were never able to use Dragon spells.

However, apart from this, there was another more important reason.

“If magic only depended on the chanting of incantations, then such an explanation would be barely plausible. However, amongst humans, some magicians have enough power, and upon reaching a master level they would be able to use magic without chanting – you humans call it ‘Silent incantation technique’ and it doesn’t need a chant incantation. It is enough for that person to chant the spell in their mind. Even so, humans are unable to use Dragon spell magic. Because of this, it can be said that Dragon Magic doesn’t have much to do with the Dragon language. Besides not being able to speak the Dragon language, the most important reason is that only the Dragon race is able to use Dragon magic. This rule was created by the gods of creation, and so consequently, the soul imprints of dragons and humans are different. In order to use magic, it must first resonate with the soul first. Therefore, humans are naturally unable to use Dragon magic.”

“I can split up my soul imprint and share a little with you by putting it inside a magic crystal. I can’t give you much, since my own soul force is currently very weak. This little dragon soul imprint should be enough to let you use a little bit of Dragon magic. Although you still wouldn’t be able to use the majority of the Dragon spells, it would be sufficient enough to produce a strong defense that resembles my real body when you wear a Dragonscale. Although you can’t achieve the same power output as my main body, at least you’ll have some resistance against normal magic.”

This was actually a good idea.

Shaar remembered Tataara's explanation as to why the Dragonscale was easily pierced through previously. It was because it had lost the connection to the dragon's body, and therefore the Dragonscale had lost all of its magic resistance.

However, there existed a condition: When the dragon gives Shaar a small portion of her soul, he needed to use a magic crystal as a carrier.

However, where would Shaar actually find a magic crystal? Thinking for a moment, Shaar tapped his head and took big leaps while returning to his ruined tent. Going through the rubble, he dug out the bag from the magician that was incinerated by the dragon, and found several sparkling stones inside.

Following the dragon's instructions, Shaar took a transparent magic quartz from the bag.

A mass of blue light quickly emitted from the pendant, with a small piece separating from it, slowly pouring into the transparent magic quartz. Very soon, the magic quartz turned green, with a hint of black.

Shaar said with an unhappy tone: "So little... You only gave me a tiny bit a moment ago? Can't you give me a bit more?"

The very weak and tired dragon voice replied angrily, "Stupid human! What do you think a dragon soul imprint is? A Dragon's soul's strength is very powerful compared to you humans, and even this small amount nearly filled up your magic quartz! A little more and I am afraid that the crystal would explode!"

Shaar pinched that green quartz very unsatisfactorily, "Alright, I will believe you just this once."

"Now, I can teach you a set of special martial arts technique....."

Shaar somewhat disagreed with this idea, "Ha! What martial arts? What, do you want me to learn to claw with my fingernail, bite with my teeth? Or would you want me to sweep with my tail? This uncle doesn't even have a tail!"

The dragon's voice trembled with fury in her mind, "Idiocy! Sheer

stupidity!! You ignorant bastard, if other humans heard that they could learn our Dragon race's secret techniques; they would go on their knees to beg for it. You bastard

"Alright, alright." Shaar's voice immediately became a lot nicer and laughed a few times, "Tell me about it, are there some other martial arts? The way of fighting between a dragon and human differ a lot, right?"

"....."

After being silent for a while, the dragon's anger gradually subdued and replied, "It differs a lot.....However, there is a powerful combat technique that suits you humansNo, better said, this powerful combat technique originally belonged to you humans. It has just been lost in the world of humans. But for us dragons with our long lives, we still retained the knowledge of this technique."

"Oh?" Shaar was full of curiosity again.

The dragon race unexpectedly retained martial arts for humans?

".....you, have you ever heard of the 'Dragon Knights'?"

Chapter 79: Dragon Knight

Dragon Knight?

In his mind Shaar imagined, a huge ferocious dragon flying in the air with its gigantic wings while breathing majestic flame from its mouth. He was riding on the dragon's back while holding a war axe in his hand, looking like a majestic god descending from heaven....

Shaar started to drool while imagining this image and he forcefully wiped his mouth before asking: "Dragon KnightCan I become a Dragon Knight? Where do I get a dragon.....ah, will you let me ride you?"

His final words violated the taboo of this dragon! Let's not forget that it was a female dragon and hearing the word "ride" out of the mouth from a vulgar guy like Shaar always gave an obscene taste!!! (EN:Bhahahahah and I though Shaar was perverted)

Dora burst out in anger and an infuriated dragon roar was transmitted into the depths of Shaar's mind. Shaar's whole body immediately began to shake and a strong pressure started to come from the Sovereignty of the Dragon and because of the intense pressure Shaar was gasping for breath.

"You lowly human, you dare to insult me!!"

When this dragon unleashed its rage, the pressure was too different. Shaar felt as if his heart would instantaneously shut down and his chest was under immense pressure. Since he couldn't bear the pressure he had to forcefully pound his chest while fiercely gasping for breath and cursing:"What are you getting crazy at! It was you talked about the Dragon Knights! Dragon Knight, Dragon Knight, if you don't give me a dragon to ride, there is no knight! Right now, you are the only dragon in front of me?!"

Only when Dora stayed silent for a little while, Shaar could feel the pressure started to reduce slightly. He could finally loosen his chest as his breathing got easier and the anxiousness finally started to disappear: Although this fellow only has it soul remaining, who would have expected that the Sovereignty of the Dragon would still be so intense when

enraged.....

When Dora's Sovereignty of the Dragon weakened, her voice also sounded slightly tired. It was obvious that releasing such a strong pressure so suddenly was also extremely taxing on her.

".....Alright, I forbid you from talking nonsense again. You better carefully listen to me."

Dora's heart was full of grief. She couldn't believe that a noble being like her, unexpectedly fell into the hands of such a rude and dirty human.....If she still had her mortal body, she would have already clawed him to death!

"You listen up. A Dragon Knight is such a special existence that it is already extinct on the continent. Humph, you humans become so greedy and despicable, how could you be worthy of fighting side-by-side with us dragons!"

"You"

"Shut up! I told you to stop with your nonsense and to listen to what I say! Don't you want to learn a combat technique?"

"....."Shaar kept his mouth shut and thought to himself: Humph, wait until this uncle emptied all the knowledge from your brain and it is still not too late to take care of you.

"The Dragon Knights already disappeared and us dragons also disdain from starting a new cooperation with humans again.....However about 10,000 years ago, the Dragon Knights was virtually the most powerful warriors on the continent. According to an ancient legends, there was a time when the world experienced a massive catastrophe that almost destroyed all the races. That Dark Age had continued for several hundred years, but at that time all races were forced to unite against a powerful enemy – the Necros of the Underworld, which was name of a powerful dark and evil race. The Necros were an undead race with incredible powers and fighting ability. Under the guidance of the Devil Emperor, they broke through the barrier of the Underworld and came to this world.....

In order to resist the powerful Necros 10,000 years ago, a group of warriors who were strongest of their race got chosen. Each one of them had a formidable strength and pure noble soul. Only the truly strong and noble were qualified to obtain the approval of the Dragon race. Some of the members of the Dragon tribes were willing to share their souls with the human warriors and signed a contract. They became the first human warriors to mount dragons and created the powerful Dragon Knights and in order to fight against the Necros on the battlefield.

The Dragon Knights became the world's most powerful warriors and they had three important characteristics.

First of all, during a fight, the strongest warriors among humans fought with a powerful dragon and they coordinated with each other. This went without saying.

Secondly, each warrior and the dragon they rode signed a soul sharing contract. In a fight, they shared each other's vitality, magic, soul and strength! This method let the knights display a power which was as strong as a dragon in combat. Even if a warrior didn't know how to use magic initially, he could unleash the might of Dragon spells! Moreover, when they were attacked, their bodies would also share the Dragon race body's strong defensive power, as well as the magic resistance

A strength, magic and defense equal to that of a dragon.....Would that be a humanoid dragon? Shaar's heart began to pound quickly.

“.....Furthermore, after being injured from an attack, they could also transfer a part of the injury to the dragon through the soul contract..... Since a dragon's vitality is much stronger than humans. Using this kind of method.....it was almost as if the knight's vitality got strengthened several times.....Although it couldn't compare to the Necros, who had immortal bodies, there wasn't too much of a difference.”

Shaar began to swallow his saliva and immediately asked the question that was on his mind: This kind of soul sharing contract, was it still possible to sign it?

However, remembering this dragon's anger outburst a moment ago, he

decided to shut his mouth and hid this thought in his mind.

“..... As for the third point, it is the Dragon Knights’ combat techniques! There is a huge difference while fighting and riding a dragon compare to when someone is on a horse or any other mounts. In order to coordinate their powerful dragon mount and display the greatest might they have as a Dragon Knight, many of the strongest warriors from the continent created a new martial art together. This allowed the warriors with the attributes of dragons to unleash their power to the fullest and these combat techniques were called as ‘%⊙× * ‘ at that time.....”

“What did you say? What was it called?”

Dora’s voice repeated in Shaar’s mind: “%⊙× *.”

They were a number of ancient and long stretched notes.

Getting annoyed, Shaar asked angrily: What the hell are you talking about. Is it in the Dragon tongue? How do you say it in human language?”

“.....I don’t know, since I can’t understand this sentence in dragon tongue either.”Dora’s tone seemed to include a hint of guilt.

“How could it be possible?”Shaar asked furiously: “How could you possibly not understand dragon tongue?”

Dora every unhappily replied: “You are a human, can you understand Odin language? Do you know the language of the Atlantis Empire?”

“.....this, that is true.” Shaar was dumbstruck for a moment.

“This sentence came from the most ancient dragon tongue. The language from over 10,000 years ago has a very big difference compare to now. According to the legend, this language was passed down by the Dragon god to the dragons. Only the patriarch of a clan could understand it a bit.”

Stretching his mouth, Shaar tilted his head to think for a little while: “EhmThat soul sharing contract, can you tell me more about it?”

“Humph! You greedy fellow, forget about your wishful thinking. After the war ended and the Necros completely defeated, the human became

greedier and greedier. The dragons broke every contact with the humans and the current humanity doesn't have the qualifications to make the dragon race acknowledge them to ever become their mighty mount!"

"Ah, c'mon tell me about it....." Shaar scratched his head: "Even if it's just a story, it should be told to the end."

".....I told you, there is absolutely no way for you to become a Dragon Knight. In order to become a Dragon Knight, besides of an incredible power, one must have a pure and noble heart! A greedy fellow with no morals like you, even if you are reborn a hundred times, you will have absolutely no hope of becoming one!"

"Hey! I was just talking about it, there is no need to curse someone."

Dora sighed and finally explained with a sneer: "The most important condition at that time to become A Dragon Knight was, they were the strongest warriors from the human race and people called them 'Heroes'. The beings who signed the soul sharing contract for them were the great and supreme Dragon God! This kind of contract only existed once! Moreover, only the descendants of the blood of the ancient human heroes would have the contract's imprinted to become the future generation of Dragon Knights. The Dragon God made such a rule, because that long war lasted for several hundred years. Although the Dragon Knights were powerful, the lives of humans were very short. Even the strongest warrior could only live for more than 100 years. Furthermore during a battle, the Dragon Knights could also die. If a Dragon Knight died in battle and his dragon mount was still alive, his descendants could inherit the Dragon Knight's position and become the new master of the dragon in order to ride it once again in battle.

According to legend, this contract once existed and it wouldn't happen again. The legend told that during the final battle of that war, almost all of the Dragon Knights died in battle and the bloodline of the ancient heroes of humanity got extinct. ThereforeWithout being the descendant of the ancient heroes, it is impossible to have new candidates to become Dragon Knights again."

The bloodline of the humanities heroes?

Shaar sighed and greatly disappointed in his heart.

“Your humans experienced innumerable chaos caused by war during the 10,000 years afterwards. Your race was naturally filled with the nature of greed and violence born from internal conflicts as you established your civilizations. One destruction after another, until now countless ancient inheritances and traditions were exterminated. The Dragon combat technique is also included in these things and only our Dragon race preserved a part of it. I am from the earth dragon clan and in ancient times our ancestor signed contracts with the Dragon Knights. Therefore, we preserved a part to combat technique and I can teach you’re a bit of it, but

“Again a “but”, what other condition do you also want to negotiate?”

Dora’s voice was somewhat hesitant: “but.....learning it is somewhat troublesome. The ancient heroes of the human had unrivalled formidable strength, especially concerning the use of battle ki they already reached the pinnacle. The essence of this combat technique is to combine the humans strong battle ki with the explosive strength of the dragon. As you can imagine, combining powers will put a heavy burden on your body and once you overstep the limit, your body will not be able to support it and collapseThe ancient Dragon Knights who shared the vitality and injury with the dragon could used this battle technique, since the burden on their body could be transferred to their dragon, but you

Being surprised by the reply, Shaar asked: “Are you concerned about me, do you fear that I will die from the training?”

“Humph, if you die, who can bring me to the Sacred Tomb.”Dora finally sighed: “However, since you haven’t obtained the dragon’s blessing, your strength is not that big yet. I think that with your current body toughness, you should be able to endure some of that burden.”

Chapter 80: Profound Hillbilly

Ever since Shaar destroyed his own tent, he had to move away from his original location. Casually looking for an excuse, he moved to the edge of the camp and set up a tent on a hillside alone.

Ever since the army left, there were not many people left in the camp and, with his status as a Praetorian Guard, other people didn't bother him about it.

However, both Sarbar and Kato realized Shaar's strange behaviour.

For last three days, Shaar disappeared without any trace and only came back at night for dinner. Whenever he returned, his face and body were covered with scars and sometimes his hair was also a mess, while his face seemed to be scratched by something. He was always covered with bloodstains; there were even times when his face was full of dirt as if he just crawled out of some mud hill.

Usually when eating a meal, this fellow had the biggest appetite and he ate even more than Sarbar. However for these past few days, whenever Shaar ate a meal, his hands shook so much that he couldn't even hold the soup spoon. While eating the meal, his face showed an expression full of pain and it seemed to suffer from an enormous pain. While walking, his body would wiggle around as if all the bones in his body was about to fall apart. Once, when Kato accidentally patted Shaar during dinner, this guy issued a scream similar to a pig being slaughtered and he nearly threw his plate on Kato's face.

His two companions were both somewhat worried about this fellow.

"Hey, are you slipping out to look for some women?" Looking at Shaar's bloody scratched face, Kato smiled with his shifty-eyes.

"What I see is that someone is searching for a fight with you, right?! Fuck! Who dares to hit one of us the Praetorian Guards?! I will go together with you and take care of them!" Sarbar was so enraged that he pounded the table.

Shaar's whole body was trembling even tears could be seen in his eyes. He clenched his teeth and replied: "NoI, I wasn't careful and fell....."

(Damn, it really hurts.....)

Shaar was suffering, but he couldn't tell anyone about it. In the past three days, he was learning that cursed Dragon Knight combat technique with female dragon Dora. However, it was pure torture!

The Dragon Knight combat techniques that Dora taught him weren't a lot and there were only three types for the moment. Dora was claiming that she only knew that much – of course, Shaar was suspecting that this sly female dragon was still hiding things.

The ancient Dragon Knights were an extremely strong fighting force and they had already reached the pinnacle of their battle ki. However, where did Shaar learn about battle ki? Nonetheless, Dora actually knew a little about the battle ki of human, but even after learning the method to detect his battle ki from Dora, Shaar still couldn't detect it at all. Dora immediately determined that Shaar didn't have any talent to practice battle ki – in other words, this dragon didn't think that Shaar could become a warrior.

How could this statement not make Shaar extremely unhappy? (After a very long time, Shaar finally understood that he was getting played by this sly female dragon.)

What was there to joke about? This uncle didn't have the talents to practice martial arts? On Primal Wildfire or at the battlefields, there were at least a few dozen warriors who died in my hands! Battle ki? What is so great about battle ki? The enemy who could use battle ki, I have killed a dozen of them!

Exactly at that time, this determined hillbilly suddenly had inspiration from his own unyielding spirit. Battle ki, wasn't battle ki just a type of power?

This uncle couldn't use battle ki, but I could use something else.

Very naturally, the first thing he thought of was the strongest power he

currently possessed: Crimson rage ki.

After his previous training, he already began to grasp how to initiate the crimson rage ki. Simply said, when running at a powerful enemy, he had to cover himself with a powerful battle spirit, killing intent and extreme external pressure from his surroundings. Then these mind stimulating senses would be transferred to the pendant and touch the soul imprint in there.

Whenever it happened, Shaar could feel his whole body being washed over by an awe-inspiring cold feeling – this feeling was like being thrown into an ice-cold lake during a freezing winter and at that moment, his mind would be filled with endless killing intent. A power from some unknown source would suddenly burst out. Even Shaar himself didn't know where this kind of power came from, but right now, he thought too much about it.

The only drawback was, in order to control his conscious and stopping it from going berserk, he had to go all out in order to suppress the urge to kill in his mind. Right now he could keep control of his mind, but the crimson rage ki eruption was much smaller compared to the outburst from before.

At the beginning, Shaar tried the controlled outburst of crimson rage ki a few times and in the end, he discovered that at maximum it could only reach about three steps away. Moreover, within these three steps, it's normal invincible defense ignoring power was also weakened. When he used his fire pitchfork, he could easily cut a hard wooden stake without the slightest noise.

Even against much harder objects, such as a metal shields or armors, he could still cut them without any problem. However, the penetrating power was much slower than before unlike the time when he wielded his fire pitchfork while cutting down everything in his path, no matter how many people stood in front of him!

He tested his current power and learned that he could easily cut three shield in a row, but if there was a forth, his fire pitchfork would get stuck

inside the shield and he couldn't break it with his power.

"This kind of level is the same as entering the medium-ranked battle ki realm for human warriors." This was Dora's evaluation.

Uh.....then it could only be counted as battle ki.

However, Shaar could clearly feel that after each use of crimson rage ki, after extending the duration was getting a bit longer, his body strength would run out when it stopped. It was not only that his bodily strength was exhausted; he would be covered in sweat and he could not even move a finger. Even his mind would start feel very tired as if didn't not slept for three days and three nights. Moreover, his consciousness would start to get fuzzy.

It seemed like the crimson rage ki was not only using physical strength, but mental strength as well.

It was clear that this cost of rage ki right now was much higher than battle ki.....

Shaar was quite upset after remembering how the previous crimson rage ki eruption had such a power that could disregard all defenses. It didn't matter if his enemy was a man or a god; it seemed that it could cut through everything – only that power could fit this uncle's style.

Nevertheless, Dora only needed one word to calm down Shaar's mind.

"When you go berserk, your power is unrivalled. However, your attacks are not self-conscious and everything within your range will be attacked! At the battlefield, there will be some companions around you all the time; will you kill them together with the enemy?"

".....I understand!"

Shaar had no choice but to agree.

The weakened crimson rage ki was not the real issue, the issue was..... when learning those Dragon Knight combat techniques, his real suffering began!

The Dragon Knight combat techniques used a mysterious method

which forced out all the power within the body in an instant! Each time he used it, the power of the whole body would suddenly build up and this power felt about ten times stronger than his crimson rage ki. When Shaar experiences this intense build up coming up, he could clearly feel each muscle, every vein and every nerve would suddenly stretch several times! During that time, the intensive expanding would force his body to shudder uncontrollably and he had no way to suppress it. It was so strong that even his heart would suddenly stop beating!

Simultaneously, it also put him into a state of auditory hallucinations and for him, it seemed as if everything around him would slow down and distorted. The wind, the birds, the soldiers who were drilling in the distance, each sound would be stretched and distorted in his ear. And finally, it was as if the space would deform and stretch so much that only a dot could be seen!

A dot!!

Raising his hand, he stabbed his fire pitchfork towards that dot.....

(Bang!!)

The crack of thunder resounded in Shaar's ears and the sound penetrated his consciousness. This shock instantaneously sobered Shaar as all the illusions vanished and started reversing the swelling on his body. The bloated sensation from before was quickly receding! The shrinking of his body made him feel like his blood was flowing backwards! His heart was beating so crazily fast that it almost burst...

As his fire pitchfork stabbed the spot, a small red light could be seen, quickly transforming into a hair thin strand of red before shooting out.....

All of the power instantaneously accumulated in front of the tines, and gushed out. The power was so intense and extreme, that Shaar was being pulled forwards it involuntarily. Shaar couldn't resist this power anymore, as he was being forcefully pulled by that power!

The suction force was so strong that it had launched him into a big tree with just a few huge steps. The thin red line silently cut into the bark, and even penetrated deeply into the tree trunk! The wood violently exploded

into thin splinters while flying towards Shaar. They grazed his face, leaving behind several bloody lines across his body.

After taking a closer look, a hole the size of his pinky could be seen on the tall tree. Further beyond, a tree that was standing several steps behind was also pierced, and also the one behind that one.....

All of the objects standing in 30 meter line were pierced! Six big trees, two table sized rocks, all of those all had holes the sizes of a pinky through them!!

After quickly inspecting the effect of this power, Shaar became extremely shocked after seeing the result!!

However, before he had a chance to recover from his shock, Shaar suddenly started shrieked in agony, and dropped to the ground while shouting, "This pain!!!!"

From the numerous pores on his body, beads of blood oozed out all of a sudden! In broad daylight, countless tiny cuts suddenly appeared on Shaar's biceps as his skin opened and blood was trickled down like a stream flowing down a mountain. Furthermore, the bones on his body began to make creaking sounds – At that moment, an extreme anxiety flashed in Shaar's mind as he feared that all the bones in his body were going to break!

This pain continued for about a half hour, before he forcefully crawled up from the ground. Nonetheless, his whole body ached, and even the gentlest touch felt like he getting pierced by countless sharp needles! Even when he was walking slowly, the soles of his feet were in so much pain that he could barely stand.

After practicing it for the first time, it took him about two hours before he was able to restore a bit of strength. However, the first thing he did after recovering a little was to burst out, in wild laughter mixed with cries of pain. This discovery casted some questions in his heart.

"Hey Dora, I heard that a high-ranked human warrior could use his battle ki to wound someone from afar. However, even they couldn't probably reach 30 meters right?"

“Humph! As if The Dragon Knight combat techniques could be compared to the battle ki that you humans are currently using! Yes, battle ki can be sent out to injure someone from a distance; however, the condensation technique of that power is simplified. With this Dragon Knight combat technique, you can focus all of your power at one little point to avoid wasting your energy endlessly! It concentrates all of your power to the strongest point!! Therefore, this skill is calledDragon Thorn!”

Dragon Thorn!!

Fuck! This skill was too fucking strong!

Butbut it also hurt like crazy to activate it!!!

“Well actually, with your current strength, you can display the Dragon Thorn without exhausting all your power. You should have enough power to use it for 2-3 more times; howeverYour body can’t take the side-effects of this strong force at the moment. According to my judgment, if you dare to use it twice, I am afraid your body will receive severe injuries. If you use it three times, your body will collapse, and you might die.”

“.....”

Shaar rested his chin on his chest, deep in thought. When he raised it again, his face usual playful expression was replaced with a grave one.

“In other words, both of my techniques Crimson rage ki and ‘Dragon Thorn’ are unique skills which should only be used when my life’s in danger. After using ‘Dragon Thorn ‘ once, my whole body will be paralyzed for half an hour before I can start moving again and under normal circumstances I can only be used once. On a battlefield, although I can kill the enemy with Dragon Thorn after using it, I am also as good as dead. As for the crimson rage ki, as long as I can control my consciousness and suppress it from going berserk, I should be able to sustain the crimson rage ki for aboutAlmost half an hourFrom this point of view, it can only be use during a short fight. However my biggest problem now is that.....I still don’t have any techniques that I can use under normal circumstances.”

After Dora heard Shaar's declaration, she sneered and replied: "Humans are insatiable; there is really no limit to your greed! With your current strength and my Dragonblood strengthening your body, you already surpassed human standard in strength and speed. Under normal circumstances, you are equal to a regular low-ranked warrior. Once you display your crimson rage ki together with your 'Thousand Men Army Slaughter', you are comparable to a medium-ranked warrior; moreover it is even more lethal during a group battle. Furthermore, when you unleash the 'Dragon Thorn ', your lethality would instantaneous reach the same level as a high-ranked warrior! Do you know that an ordinary human has to train at least 20 years to climb from a lower-ranked warrior into a high-ranked warrior and this is only if they have an outstanding rare talent! You already progressed so much in one day and it is still insufficient for you?!"

Once hearing this, Shaar couldn't help but scratch his head while smiling awkwardly. Only after listening Dora's preaching, his mind could finally ease. He had obtained a power which had the same level as a high-ranked warrior in one day. Although it was a lethal weapon with a short duration time, normally in order to enhance one's strength one would have to pay a heavy price. Obtaining such an opportunistic power could be considered extremely rare.

Even though Dora's words were full of mockery, they were still telling the true.

"Alright!" Shaar waved his hand to stop Dora's preaching and revealed an extremely tenaciously expression on his face: "Let's continue practicing!!"



In a flash, Shaar practiced for three days while secretly going to the forest on the hillside in order to train his crimson rage ki and 'Dragon Thorn'. He continued to suffer the torture and every single day. Whenever he returned to his tent, he would fall on his bed and immediately fall asleep.

After getting out of his bed, the bed sheet would be stained with blood every day.....

This discovery gave Tatara a somewhat malicious fantasy.

“Huhthere is blood on the bed sheet? Can it be that this vulgar hillbilly is like a woman and during each month, there are several days where.....”

Three days later, Shaar left the military camp and started to wander around the surrounding wooded mountain for half a day. He collected a large bundle of various types of herbal medicines and personally mixed a barrel of medicine juice to soak his body in.

He used get bathe in this since his childhood and the formula was something which the old man left behind. However, the two most important raw materials for this medicine bath were already depleted several years ago. These two types of raw materials couldn't be found in the mountains of Primal Wildfire anymore. The other raw materials for the medicine could be found in any mountain, but according to the old man, the effectiveness would decrease a lot without the other two herbs.

The main reason for Shaar's superhuman strength and body was because he was soaked in a smelly medicine every day when he was young. Practising the Dragon Thorn for past few days forced his body to take such a serious damaged that he had no other choice but to start soaking himself in those smelly herbs again.

Now, every time Tatara was washing the bed sheet, he couldn't help but get even stranger ideas.

“Fuck! After finished bleeding now the bed sheet started smelling Could it be that the master still has the habit of wetting his bed with such an age?”

While furiously scrubbing the bed sheet, the magician angrily complained in his mind.....

※※※

Shaar continued this kind of masochistic training regime for six days

and in the morning of the seventh day, just when he was leaving the camp to go to the mountain, something happened. When he arrived at the entrance of the camp, he suddenly saw a soldier on the observation platform blowing the warning horn!

After a loud humming sound, all the soldiers who were on patrol in the camp immediately rushed towards the door of the camp and lined up! The 13th Army was indeed a well-trained bunch and after only a brief moment, a fully equipped battalion officer led a team of soldiers to rush towards the door, before closing it. Immediately afterwards, a large number of soldiers rushed to the stockade wall and prepared their bows while anxiously staring at the outside.

One group of soldiers after another were quickly gathering at the front gate after the early warning and their captains were roaring to push them to hasten the formation.

Exactly at this time, an officer who was staring at the distance on observation post yelled out: "Look! It's our men!! ! It's, it'sIt's a defeated army!!"

Chapter 81: Shaar's Resolution

On the distant main road, a group of shadows, one after another, appeared and walked down the path in pairs or in small groups. The road went straight through the middle of the wilderness, but it seemed as if there were at least a thousand of them.

From the uniform point of view, these people wore Byzantine styled armor, but most of them were badly-damaged. There were some guys that weren't even wearing shoes, armor, or even a robe, and walked half naked just had a pair of underwear to cover them. These feeble people walked toward them absentmindedly and depressedly, like stray dogs. Most of the men were wounded, and their clothes were covered with bloodstains. Many of them were either supporting each other or limping, and had a miserable appearance!

After a while, some warhorses finally appeared in the distance, but only the two at the front were mounted. All the horses behind them had no riders, and even the knights that were riding them looked extremely weak. One of the knights was already lying on his horse, and it couldn't be determined from afar whether he was still alive or not.

The rider very soon passed the defeated troops, and arrived first in front of the camp entrance. The guarding officers however didn't open the door, but stood at the observation platform while staring sternly down below. The archers on both sides were also still holding their bows and arrows, ready to shoot them at any moment while aiming below.

"Who are you?! Report your status! Otherwise, we will shoot to kill!!"

The knight on the left who was riding on a horse wore a broken light armor, his whole face was covered in blood, and had an arrow still sticking out the back of his left shoulder! With a hoarse voice that could barely speak, he said with a weeping voice: "I am the 9th Army scout battalion Sergeant! This is our battalion officer, Captain Ross. He was seriously injured!! The 9th Army was almost completely annihilated! The Odins launched a surprise again on our camp! Our general led the

Praetorian Guards and all of our men of the scout cavalry in camp, to cover the back in order to allow the remnants to evacuate. The general died in battle! Only the two of us managed to come out!”

After finished this sentence, he exhausted his strength at last and fell down from his horse. After landing on the ground, he took out a badge with trembling hands, but was unable to utter another word.

The garrison officer was an experienced veteran soldier, and didn't immediately order his men to open the door. Continuing to stare at the two people below, he whispered: “Don't open the gate and remain vigilant!”

After giving the orders, he jumped down from the observation platform and landed outside the wall. Keeping a hand on his sword hilt, he went towards the man on the ground and took a look at the badge. Only when he took a look at the other dying officer on the horse by raising his messy hair, did his expression finally change greatly!

“Battalion Captain Ross? I know you! We drank together! You, you

That dying officer who was lying on the horse finally reluctantly opened his eyes and swept over the person in front of him. His lips shivered a bit and tears started to flow down from the corner of his eyes.

“DeadEveryone is dead9thThe 9th Army is dead.....2nd, the 2nd Army is alsoAlso deadit's, it's Ha, Hasting. Odins, outflankedoutflanked ussurprise attack

When he finished the last sentence, blood gushed out of his mouth and he stopped breathing!

The garrison officer's expression immediately distorted as he turned around and shouted: “Open the gate! Quickly open the gate!! Medical officer!! Call a medical officer! Immediately!!!”

When the camp gate opened, these defeated soldiers who were stricken with panic finally obtained a glimmer of hope in this desperate situation and started to madly flood towards the gate.

With a solemn face, the garrison officer clenched his teeth and grabbed

a subordinate next to him: “You will immediately lead a team and search the vicinity! Bring back the routed troop.....but simultaneously stay alert! If you run into the enemy, don’t make contact, and immediately return and report it!!”

The officer then immediately gave several other orders, before fiercely rushing towards the main tent.

The news of defeat was like a dark cloud, and spread throughout the entire camp in just a few moments!

The 2nd Army who was positioned in the middle and the 9th Army who was placed in the east were both defeated! The Odin Empire’s most renowned general, and the Byzantine Army’s biggest nightmare, the Lord of War Hasting outflanked them and launched a surprise-attack with his forces. In just a few days, he broke through the 2nd and the 9th Army, and chased them down for 200 miles, while beheading innumerable men. Right now, his whereabouts were unknown!!



Although the special envoy was sent by the military in order to observe the war, many people were well aware of the fact that this Sir Bonfret came to the frontline to play a bit and get an easy achievement out of it. When the main force set out north for battle, this respected knight remained in a camp several hundred miles away at the rear. What sort of “observer” would that be?

Now that the army went north, they only left behind a few soldiers to guard the camp – some auxiliary soldiers and staff responsible for the logistics. Right now, the highest military officer in the camp was the garrison officer. According to the ranking, Sir Bonfret, who had the title of special envoy observer, became the highest commanding officer in the camp.

Just when the garrison officer was dashing towards the main tent, the respected Sir Bonfret was just getting out of his bed. When the garrison officer arrived, he forcefully kicked the attendants who were guarding the door away, and rushed into the tent. The respected knight was still

wearing his white silk sleeping robe, and sat there while a blond young and handsome squire was holding a mirror for him. At that moment this Knight, Sir Bonfret, was cautiously smearing a cream made of milk and honey on his extraordinarily beautiful face. It was said that this was one of the most popular skincare products in the aristocratic circle of the Royal Capital. This consisted of goat milk, honey, and several special spices transported from across the sea.

When the garrison officer burst into the big tent, the respected Sir Knight's face was covered with a layer of white cream. Seeing this officer rushing in without warning, the Sir Knight immediately screamed with a shrill voice: "Scoundrel! Who allowed you to come in?!"

"Lord Observer.....there is an important matter that I need to report." The garrison officer hurriedly told him the things that happened outside with a stern face.

Bang!

The gold box in Bonfret's hand fell on ground, while spilling the mixture of milk and honey on the wool blanket. This knight's body immediately started to tremble uncontrollably.

"You, you, what, what did you say? De, de, defeatedHa, Hast Hastingaaa, aatt, attacked....."

The esteemed knight looked as if he would faint any moment. The garrison officer shouted: "Lord! Now you are the highest commanding officer in this camp. Please immediately give us your orders!"

"Agh! Oh, uh....." Only after hearing the officer's shout, did Bofret recovered from his shock and suddenly jumped up like a rabbit: "Order! What, what order!!"

The garrison officer expression turned ashen and continued to shout loud and clearly: "Of course, it's giving military orders!! You are the highest military officer and we need you to order us what to do!"

"What, what to do...." Bonfret shivered and suddenly called out half mad: "Of course we run!! Damn! Damn! The damn 2nd Army! Damn the

9th Army!! They were actually defeated!! Hasting is coming! Would we have any way to survive? Who could win against Hasting?! Quick, let's run! Run for our lives!!”

Like mad, he rushed toward the back of his tent while running barefoot and screamed pitifully: “Men! Pack my stuff! Damn! My coat! My helmet and armor!! Idiot, go quickly fetch me a horse!!!”

The garrison officer's face started to twitch and dashed in front of him to stop him: “Lord! At time like this, you cannot run! You are the commanding officer here and once you run, the morale of the troops will be inevitably in chaos, we

“Bastard! What did you say!” Bonfret maliciously shoved away this military officer and screamed with shivering voice: “Aren't you the strongest! Aren't you the 13th Army! You will resist Hasting until the bitter end! Damn! You should know who I am! What my status is!! If I received an injury, you, you are all going to.....”

Giving up on shouting and cursing, he rushed inside the tent and brought several attendants to start collecting his things.

This military officer seemed as if he would spit blood soon. Both of his eyes were red, and his teeth were making a clattering sound.

Exactly at that moment, shouts could be heard from outside the tent, “You aren't allowed to go in!” Followed by two punching sounds and some other painful noises, the curtain of the big tent was suddenly torn open. Walking in with big steps, Shaar looked at the garrison officer and gave him a nod while saying in a low voice: “You go out first and take care of things. I will deal with this guy.”

The garrison officer naturally recognized Shaar who was one of General Adrick's Praetorian Guards and constantly at his side. His status was much higher than ordinary soldier, and moreover he heard that Shaar achieved great merits while getting wounded this time. It was said that he would soon get a promotion. His reputation was quite well-known by officers of the rear camp. Although this garrison officer had a higher military rank than Shaar, he was still usually polite towards him. Seeing

Shaar coming in, he thought that it was best for him to let Shaar talk to Bonfret since a Praetorian Guard should have more success than a garrison officer. Returning a nod towards Shaar, he went outside anxiously.

Ignoring everyone, Shaar directly went inside while punching and kicking all the attendants who wanted to stop him. When he got inside the inner tent, he saw the knight whose face was still covered with white sheep's milk and noticed that he was still putting on his robe in panic. Once inside, Shaar immediately grabbed the scruff of the queer knight and lifted him up, before throwing him outside.

This fall nearly broke Bonfret's waist and he continued lying on the ground for a while and cursed: "You bastard! How dare you act rude towards me! Don't you know who I am"

"I know, I know." Shaar impatiently waved his hand and curled his lips while replying: "Aren't you that pretty boy from the Royal Capital who sold his ass?"

"....." Bonfret was so shocked that he stared at Shaar dumbstruck. Although his face was smudged with a thick layer of white milk and the colors couldn't been clearly seen, his face started twitching full of anger after listening to Shaar. Opening his mouth, he suddenly screamed: "You – You bastard! What did you say just now?!"

Getting annoyed, Shaar backhanded Bonfret's face and half of it immediately began to get swollen. When Bonfret screamed in pain, Shaar pulled out the dagger that general Adrick gave him out of his boots with lightning speed and pressed the sharp blade against his throat while grinning evilly: "Honored knight, this uncle doesn't care if you sell your ass or sell something else. If you dare to scream again, I will stab you in the throat with this dagger. I'll let you be the judge of whether or not I'll do it?"

Although Bonfret didn't believe in his heart that the other party would kill him, with a dagger pressed against his throat, he didn't dare to gamble against the guts of this fellow with his precious life – this guy's

face was too ferocious and looked up to no good. With his body which was worth more than a million gold pieces, he could not lower himself to the same level as this lunatic.....

Chapter 82: Promoting To An Officer On The Frontline!

Seeing the pretty boy finally close his mouth, Shaar smiled satisfactorily and pulled the dagger a few inches back. Noticing the magnificent set of armor on the wall, he went closer and took it down – the armor seemed extremely beautiful and the craftsmanship was complex. However, when he held it in his hand, the weight was incredible light and gave Shaar a small surprise. Throwing the armor in front of Bonfret, Shaar commanded: “Put on the armor! Sir! Humph, from now on, I will personally ‘protect’ you! I would like to ask the honored Sir Knight to immediately put on the armor. We need you to go out and strengthen the morale of the troops!”

Moments later, Shaar came out of the tent with Bonfret and casually cleaned the milk from his face. Nonetheless, there were still places that weren’t cleaned properly and were still white. Bonfret put on his armor, but didn’t have any time to wear a robe inside and his white skin was exposed. Shaar followed closely behind him with fierce looking eyes, and pushed with out of the tent while shouting: “Lord Observer has arrived!!”

Outside of the tent, all of the attendants that Bonfret had brought with him were lying on the ground knocked out. Sarbar, who was holding a clawed hammer, and Kato, were standing at the entrance waiting.

Seeing all his attendants lying unconscious on the ground, desperation could be clearly seen on Bonfret’s face. When he gave Shaar a hateful look, Shaar returned a fierce stare, and the pretty boy nearly peed his pants before immediately averting his eyes.

“You see, I told you this kid has guts! Hahahaha!” Sarbar patted the recently healed Kato who had only a dagger in his hand. Kato, whose shoulder was slapped so strong that it dropped, smiled with squinted eyes: “Not bad, this kid really has the courage to do things others wouldn’t dare to. Hehe.....Don’t you think his spirit slightly resembles Sylvia.....”

Once he mentioned that name “Sylvia”, Sarbar’s body immediately gave of a small wave with his arm, and lowered his voice while saying: “Ah, stop mentioning that name. You know that the general, he

“What are you so scared of, the general can’t hear us now. Humph, if Sylvia was still here, the situation wouldn’t be such a mess.....”

When Shaar saw Sarbar and Kato, he froze a moment before the three of them looked at each other while nodding. Together, they “escorted” Bonfret, and walked towards the camp entrance.

When they arrived in front of the camp entrance, the garrison officer had already assembled all of the officers inside of the camp. The officers of the logistic troops and of the auxiliary soldiers had all received the message and had gathered here.

Before his eyes, the routed troops who managed to survived were filling the surroundings. Seeing the miserable appearance of the formally defeated soldiers, Bonfret’s legs began to go soft. Noticing his hesitation, Shaar gently kicked him from behind. Although he hid his movement, the force was quite strong and it immediately pushed Bonfret several steps forwards.

Using this opportunity, Shaar shouted with a loud voice: “Attention, the Lord Observer will give his orders now!!”

If it was according to Bonfret’s desire, right now he would immediately order a retreat without further delay, and take the fastest horse to flee toward the Empire at the maximum speed. However, he was not a fool. Being able to receive the love of the crown prince in the Royal Capital couldn’t be achieved without a well thought out plan. He knew that if he dared to give such an order right now, the thug standing next to him who was radiating murderous intent would probably stab him with that knife.....

Coughing for a moment, Bonfret said with a trembling voice: “Ehm, yes, ehmOrder, I give the order....”

Taking a glance at Shaar, Bonfret immediately cleared his throat when he saw Shaar giving him a cold laugh: “Pass to order! The army, the army

will.....will be on high alert! Also.....Also send search teams and scout for the enemy's trail in all directions and find routed soldiers! Do a headcount, furthermore...furthermore.....”

In fact, when he was donning his armor a few minutes ago, Shaar told him what to say. However, from all the panic, he had actually forgotten most of it. However, Bonfret wasn't stupid and when he noticed that the expression of that fellow beside him getting uglier and uglier as he continued stuttering, he suddenly got an idea. Pointing at Shaar, he proclaimed loudly: “With my authority as military special adviser I appoint him as my replacement for giving orders! And.....his words will be seen as my words from now on.....”

Finishing his order, Bonfret trembled in the cold wind and looked at Shaar with pitiful eyes.

Shaar didn't know whether to laugh or cry, however all the officers were looking at him from below. Bracing himself, he gave off a shout while putting on an authoritative air.

In any case, the main force had already marched north. Right now, there was mostly just auxiliary and logistics troops from the 13th Army remaining in the camp, forming a jumbled army. Shaar, who was a Praetorian Guard of the general, didn't have a low status in their eyes. Moreover, this time he rendered a meritorious service while being wounded in action. For these past days, Kato spread his tale throughout the whole camp and everybody had already recognized that he would soon be a rising star. Because of this, there weren't a lot of unexpected reactions from the crowd.

Seeing that there were no complaints, Shaar sighed in his heart and talked with a loud voice while exuding a calm demeanor on the surface: “Alright! The honorable Sir Knight is still ill, and I will act as a temporary replacement for the military adviser.....”

Pointing at the garrison officer, Shaar said with a loud voice: “Eh.....Slate? Yes, your name was Slate, right?”

The garrison officer smiled and nod.

“Very well! Slate, my friend, you are responsible for all of the wounded soldiers! Organize all soldiers in auxiliary barracks, as well as the logistic troops. Take at least a thousand men, and prepare them for the battle. Provide them with equipment for the fight, and increase their combat effectiveness as much as possible. Sarbar!”

Sarbar immediately straightened his back: “Here!”

“Sarbar, you are responsible for choosing a hundred men that can ride horses! If I remember correctly, there are more than hundred horses in the logistic camp, right?”

“Ah, if add the horses responsible for pulling the carts, there should be enough to scrape together two hundred of them.”

“Alright! Then you can add a bit more.....You are responsible for selecting two hundred men! No matter if it’s for patrols or as combat strength during the attack, the cavalry is essential and we need as many as possible. Also, Kato! I know that you are injured, but I need you to temporarily take over control of the logistic battalion and the supplies for now! Your work will be burdensome, but I need you to settle all the wounded soldiersAlso, organize the manpower to reinforce the fortification! See if the quartermaster has anything we can use, and take everything!”

Subsequently, Shaar immediately gave another five orders. Although it was his first time giving commands, and he was a bit nervous in his mind, he simply steeled his heart in the end. In any case, all these things were written in the books of the old man, and even his aura while giving these orders was extremely majestic.

Although the men here were not the combat troops, they were still all from the 13th Army and were highly disciplined. After receiving their orders, no one refuted them and immediately started to follow them.

Shaar grabbed Kato and whispered: “I will let you take care of this ass selling knight. Watch over him with care and don’t let him run away We can’t allow him to run right now. Once he runs away, perhaps our brothers of the 13th Army won’t be affected, but these routed troops will

immediately fall into panic.....”

Kato nodded and stared fiercely at Bonfret: “Relax, I will watch over Sir Knight tightly – like a kidnapper.”

The 13th Army was indeed worthy of being the iron army of the empire. Once they started to get into action, they immediately displayed their powerful efficiency.

In less than two hours, the statistical work was already completed.

From the soldiers that were left behind to protect the camp, to all those that were reassigned to various places, there were a total of 1500 combat soldiers, which included more than 200 archers. When Sarbar gathered all the horses from the logistics camp, he had collected about 300 horses. However, only one-third was genuine warhorses. Fighting cavalymen were actually not that difficult, since the 13th Army was a cavalry unit. Even if they were auxiliary soldiers, their horse-riding skill was quite proficient, and Sarbar quickly collected more than 200 cavalymen.

Kato took over the control of the military supplies and took all the reserve commodities from the warehouse. He unexpectedly found more than 300 sets of heavily armored infantry equipment, and 60 sets of heavily armored cavalry equipment. Without the slightest hesitations, Shaar ordered them to strip the armor off the heavy cavalry equipment, and use it as heavy infantry armor. With this, they reluctantly assembled 400 heavily armored infantrymen.

This approach gave Sarbar some doubts, since this sturdy fellow actually hoped to command a heavy armored cavalry unit, even if it was a trivial 60 riders. However, Shaar’s explanation immediately made Sarbar accept his decision.

“Although a heavy armored cavalry unit is powerful, if we can’t assemble a sufficient number, and only have a dozens of riders, we will be unable to create an impact force during the charge. Therefore, we might as well not create one at all! It would be better for the infantry to wear heavy armors. After all, we only have a small amount of cavalymen, and they will mainly be used to coordinate the search, and for harassment

Wearing heavy armor will affect their mobility instead.”

After listened to the explanation, Sarbar immediately nodded in approval and simultaneously patted Kato while talking loudly with a smile: “You see, like I said! This kid really resembles Sylvia!”

“Shut up, you stupid giant! Did you forget the general’s order?!”

Shaar was suddenly stunned and looked at his two companions: “Hmit’s the second time I’ve heard this name Sylvia. The first time, I heard it when I was at the general’s side.....Is that person also one who’s in the 13th Army? How come I haven’t seen that person yet?”

Both Sarbar and Kato looked at each other and immediately closed Shaar’s mouth at the same time as looking suspiciously around with their heads.

After waiting for a while, Kato turned his head and smiled bitterly while whispering: “This...it’s better that you don’t ask. Sylvia, this name, among us Praetorian Guards, it’s a taboo to mention it.....The general doesn’t allow us to mention this name. Every time it’s mentioned, the general’s rage is brutal.”

Chapter 83: Kill the Odins!

When afternoon arrived, all the routed soldiers finally gathered and after a headcount, their numbers reached 1500. Initially, Shaar wanted to incorporate these men and use them for the upcoming battle, but most of these men received heavy injuries. Although some of them were not that heavily injured, they travelled a long distance to escape so they were exhausted. Moreover, after seeing their brothers and superiors getting slaughtered by the Odins, they lost all their fighting spirits. Terror was written all over their faces and they would be paralyzed if they enter another battle with their current morale battle.

Shaar believed that he didn't have the skills to immediately awaken the fighting spirits of these men – he wasn't a legendary hero from the legends, who radiated the aura of the kings when giving a speech. Transforming these escaped rabbits into brave warriors glowing with fighting spirit – this kind of tales only existed in the legends and it was fundamentally impossible in reality.

Therefore he simply organized them into the rear service under supervision of Kato, while reassigning two hundred soldiers from the logistic battalion to the front.

However, one bad news after another started arriving that afternoon!

Shaar divided two hundred cavalymen into six teams and ordered them to search the surroundings in six different directions. When the six teams came back at the noon, two of them retreated a bit too late when they ran into a small Odin force. After a fierce battle, they were able to retreat but they lost half of their troops during the battle.

The teams that search the six directions, every one of them encountered a small Odin unit during their journey!

In other words, they were surrounded by Odins!

“It is very obvious that these Odins wants to cut us off from contacting outside.” Full of troubles, Shaar scratched his head: “It is most likely the General who is at the frontline still doesn't know about the misfortune at

the rear! No, perhaps they know, but they also ran into some trouble. In addition there is another thing, I am afraid.....that the Odins probably marched behind us and already occupied Primal Wildfire town! There were not many garrison troops in Primal Wildfire Town and once the Odins occupies it, they could treat it as a stronghold. This way they can block our road towards south and at the same time preventing the empire's reinforcements going north.”

Thinking about their predicament, Shaar sighed. The garrison officer Slate, Sarbar, Kato and three other ranking military officers of the camp were assembled in the big tent.

Shaar took down the map from the wall.

“Our situation is not looking very good at the momentThe strategy this time was to position three armies at the north of Primal Wildfire to resist the Odin's invasion of the Primal Wildfire Town at the south to keep a reserve regiment. “

“According to the current information, now that both the 2nd and the 9th Armies got annihilated, Hasting already arrived at our back and if they occupied the Primal Wildfire Town.....No, it is not an if anymore! They have certainly occupied Primal Wildfire Town! As the matter stands now, even if the support troops at the south are able come to our aid, they will be unable to cross Primal Wildfire Town to go north – Furthermore, I am worried that Hasting who ordered so many small units around us to patrol around because he wants to cut off our messengers. Perhaps once the southern support army receives the news from north, all of us will be corpses!”

In the big tent, only Slate who was a battalion officer who had a bit fighting and army experiences. He nodded and gave Shaar a glance: “That guy Hasting has a big appetite! He defeated the 2nd and 9th Armies and now positioned himself at our rear. He plans to keep us the 13th and 6th Armies in the north, before swallowing usHumph! Wanting to destroy four Byzantine Armies in one war, the Lord of War from Odin is too greedy!”

Both Kato and Sarbar were Praetorian Guards and didn't lead their own soldiers before. They couldn't join the conversation and could only listen to it, before Sarbar shouted with a voice full of anxiety: "We need to somehow make contact with the general in the north! LetLet me lead a cavalry unit and break through towards north!"

Shaar looked at him then replied in a serious tone: "Not possible! It is not that I don't want to contact the general, but we don't have the means to do so at the moment! Everything we can think of, don't you think that Odin's most famous general can't? For my guess, no matter if it's towards south or north, they already planted a net made from small units around us to trap us. Even if you are willing to risk your life to try, I am afraid that it will be vain and waste the little cavalry we have."

Kato was smarter and he also had some confidence in Shaar: "What do you think?"

"We stay!" Shaar sighed: "We mostly consist of infantry and if we leave the fortification of the camp, no matter if we try to break through the north or flee to the south, it will be a dead end! We are too few in numbers and we need to bring important goods from the logistics battalion. Moreover, we have more than a thousand wounded soldiers and on two legs, how fast can we run? Hasting can outflank us and most of his soldiers are probably cavalry. Even if we just encounter the caribou riders in the wilderness, 800 of them will be enough to annihilate us! Furthermore, I am sure that Hasting has prepared some troops in the vicinity with orders of intercepting us and only waiting for us to leave our camp. ThereforeOnly by staying here and relying on the fortification, we have a slim chance of survival."

Pausing for a moment, Shaar took a deep breath and his eyes were full of determination while saying in a serious tone: "My brothers, I don't fear death! I also know that my brothers of our 13th Army don't feared death either! However right now, we have a more important duty to complete compare to death!"

"What duty?"

Shaar forcefully squeezed his chin and clenched his teeth while saying: "Defend this camp! Hold this stronghold!!"

He then explained: "With our military strength which is mostly made of infantry, even if we march north, we can't aid the general. Even if our troops die in battle, it won't have any value. According to my guesses, once the general in the north discover the situation and notice that he is getting flanked from both sides by Hasting and the Odin army in the valley, he will turn around and try to breaking through!

If we lose this foothold and the general slaughter through the blockade with the main army, if they don't even make a refuge, where will they find shelter? With no stronghold to rest, they will be without supplies and surrounded by the enemy in the wild. In just a few days, enemy can to starve them or squeeze them to death! At that time, not even the gods can save them from that desperate situation!

The road towards south is already blocked by the Odins who occupied Primal Wildfire Town! We can only stay here and wait for the general to break through their way back. There are large amounts of army rations and weapon supplies here, and everyone can make use of the aid station to fortify our defenses and defend while we wait for reinforcements from the south... This is the only way out! Not just for us, but also for our general in the north!"

Shaar's words immediately affected the people who were present. Everyone in this tent was only low-level officers and no one had thought that a Praetorian guard would have so much insight.

"The third reason" Shaar lowered his voice a bit and said: "Hasting will try to conquer this camp as soon as possible! The longer we defend here; we can attract more military strength from Hasting! This way we can alleviate some pressure from the general at the north and help him breakthrough....."

"This is probably the situation! If we defend here, then the 13th Army has a slim chance of survival! If we lose here.....Will we force the cavalry of 13th Army to smash their heads against the city wall of Primal Wildfire

Town?”Slate the garrison officer added these words full of vigour.

All the military officers of 13th Army didn't show the slightest fear and roared excitedly again and again, started to gearing up for battle. Just when Kato who was about to leave last, he suddenly stopped and asked Shaar in a low voice: “Hey, are you sure the general will slaughter his way through to come back? The enemy is Hasting! Are you certain that we don't need to go and aid him?”

Shaar sighed before whispering: “First, our military strength is too small and with only infantries, there is simply no strength to aid them. Secondly.....Believe in the ability of our general! The power of 13th Army is not a lie right? Even a rookie like me has confidence in them don't tell me an old bird like you is wavering?”

Pausing for a moment, Shaar smiled and squinted his eyes while putting on a somewhat weird smile: “Do not forget, the general still has the master of escaping Ruhr at his side! He is Byzantine Empire's sliest rabbit.”



Tension and hectic activities were spreading through the camp. Large quantities of weapons were getting distributed; even the cart drivers of the logistics battalion and craftsmen were given equipments. Kato that guy unexpectedly pulled out several good things from the armory.

Three ballista wagons were made for medium to long-range range attacks. Their huge bolts had a terrifying pierced power and the ballistas were placed on a two wheeled carts. With one load, it could launch a dozen of bolts. When Shaar tried its power, their shooting range was about 800 meters wide and within 100 meters; the bolt could even penetrate a two layered shield. Once ten bolts were fired, the coverage was quite big. When facing against the enemy's frontal charge, this weapon could definitely become the trump card on the battlefield!

(<https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Polybolos>)

The only flaw was that this ballistas didn't have many bolt reserves and once they shot them away, it took some time to install new bolts.

According to the firing range and the infantry charge speed, they could be fired just 3 times.

The second amazing find was a small trebuchet with an even longer firing range. It could throw a stone over a thousand meters, but to finding a big stone was difficult. Shaar mobilized all the logistic soldiers to go and collect big stones and Kato also prepared some jars filled with oil. Nonetheless, this type of weapon didn't have an accurate aim but it could hit everywhere within the range of the attack.....If one wanted a precise attack, one could only rely on luck.

That was why in the Byzantine army this type of trebuchets was named as the: Ungrateful artillery.

There were four of these trebuchets since the 13th Army was a cavalry unit and they didn't prepared this kind of heavy siege weapon.

Shaar's premonition was accurate.

On the busy morning of the second day, the Odin's assault army arrived! As he suspected, it was very obvious that in order to prevent the 13th Army from breaking through towards north, Hasting wanted to conquer this camps as fast as possible. He wanted to block the 13th Army from returning south!

When the morning arrived, the soldiers on observation post sent out a nervous shouts and Shaar immediately rushed to the platform and looked in the distance towards north.....

There was dust all over the sky was the only thing he could see!!!

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A dense mass of Odins appeared from the north, covering the hills and the main road. They were like a swarm of ants sweeping over the horizon. The front rows were filled with one Odin soldier after another and most of them weren't wearing anything on their upper bodies – being born in northern Empire Odin, they were all used to the snow and cold weather. They didn't feared the little cold winter wind in this place.

With their war axes in their hands, those Odins howled in the cold air

while spouting hot air in form of large white steaming mist that would float above their heads.

Seeing the dense crowd in front of him, Shaar's heart started to beat like crazy. The Odin's Army seemed boundless as his eyes couldn't see the end of it. This dense crowd really made people's scalp tingle!

One war cry after another was spreading throughout the camp. Under the shouts of the officers, a large number of soldiers started carrying weapons and shields welled over. Archers were quickly lining up in formation and the tension could be seen on each one of their faces.

Shaar tested his new axe in his hand. This long axe was taken out from the armory and it was normally used on horseback. After shortening the handle, Shaar raised it in his hand while feeling it's now perfect weight.

When the morning sunlight shone on the Odin formation, their axes reflected the light, creating a landscape of white cold brightness!

"Damnso many....."

Shaar mumbled to himself.

Standing beside him was the garrison officer Slate. After giving Shaar a glance, he patted his shoulder while whispering: "Don't be nervous, the other side has about 10,000 men."

Turning his head, Shaar looked at that fellow and asked: "How do you know?"

Slate was busy helping the organization for a day already and he understood the Shaar's way of thinking a bit. He replied in a low voice: "You still lack experience after all. After spending several years in the army, you can see how many enemies there are. When looking at the formation and from its thickness, one could guess the number of men."

Fuck! 10,000 men.....10,000 men were too many! Although he was able to assemble 2000 men here, many were taken from the logistics battalion and craftsmen who had taken arms.

Shaar fiercely spat on the ground.

Fear infested his heart.

Fear was spreading everywhere.

This wasn't a joke. Except for dim-witted people, after their birth everyone feared death. Seeing all those Odins in front of him made his scalp tingle and Shaar was suddenly out of breath. His mouth and throat got so dry that he couldn't even spit and his heart started to beat wildly!

At this moment, his mind couldn't help but ask one question:

I, can I really stop these Odins' assault? Damn it! Their numbers are way too many! Can I stop them?

Or, is it possible for me to survive?!

Those who fear death are not real men? Stop joking! Even real men fear death!

Grabbing his axe tightly, he touched his chest and felt the hardness. Shaar hid Dragonscales both in front of his chest and at his back – He didn't bring a lot of Dragonscales and except for him, he secretly gave both Sarbar two pieces. As for other peopleHe didn't had any more with him.

Whether he lives or dies, it all depended on this battle!

The hillbilly maliciously gripped the handle of his axe tightly!

He didn't have any sense of belonging towards the Byzantine Empire.

To be bluntly honest, his sense of belonging towards the 13th Army was not so deep that he would willingly sacrifice his life for them. Up until now, he only felt the friendship towards his Praetorian Guard brothers.

In such a dangerous situation, he already considered to be a coward and flee when battle started. He could find a hideout in Primal Wildfire and wait until the battle was over. Who cared whether Byzantine or Odin won the war, he could still return to Primal Wildfire Town and continue his life as a hillbilly hunter.

But.....No!

This hillbilly had the dignity of a hillbilly! His only friends were here and discarding them to escape wasn't something a hillbilly could do!

There was also another important reason.

This hillbilly also had his own ideals!

Initially when he left the mountains in order to go to the outside world, the reason was because he didn't want to live in a humiliating nest in the mountain for the rest of his life! He wanted to be a mercenary and venture this world as a warrior!

Who said that hillbillies didn't have any ambitions? He had ambitions! Although so far, this hillbilly didn't think things such as obtaining power, influence and wealth, but he had a little of his own ambition in his mind.

At leastget some "achievements"! As for kind of achievements, the concept was still a bit fuzzy in his heart right now.

He didn't thought about it too much.

This battle, if he died then everything would be over! If he could survive it.....That was an "achievement" in this hillbilly's heart!!

(This uncle won't die! Will not die here! Uncle is still a virgin! This uncle didn't enjoy a woman yet! There are still so many cold coins at home that need to be spent! This uncle still needs to buy a land and a big house! This uncle still needs enjoy his life!

Therefore, this uncle will not die here! Absolutely cannot die!!)

The Odins howling unified as they continued to howl. It was as if the howls were coming from wild beasts, slowly intimidating the hearts of the Byzantine soldiers one after another.

However, exactly at this time, a tall and brave figure suddenly stepped forward. Facing forwards at the distance against this dense mass, he was roaring continuously. After taking a deep breath, he roared once again!!

His roared was ferocious, enthusiastic and unyielding!

If he was a wild beastThen, he would certainly be a majestic one!!

“Come! Odins!! This uncle will not die!! I will never die here!!”

Shaar’s face muscles twisted as he turned his head, his ferocious expression was something that resembled a cornered beast. Shaar’s expression even stunned Slate who was standing beside him.

The hillbilly raised his axe and roared madly towards the surrounding soldiers! These words would later become a slogan of his legend!

.....

“Kills the Odins!! Kills the Odins!! Kill them all!!!”

His voice resonated like thunder!

Chapter 84: Battle To The Death!

Not seeing the need for any skirmishes, the Odin army immediately launched an all out attack with their first wave!

With a loud horn sound, one wave after another, each wave filled with Odin warriors holding axes, broadswords and shields of different colors, started to sweep towards them while roaring vigorously. ~~~ seeing this dense and boundless mass of soldiers surging up like a tsunami sent shivers down the spines of the Byzantine Soldiers!

While tightly gripping his axe, Shaar could hear his heart's heavy beating very clearly, even in this noisy chaos. Right now, the garrison officer Slate who was standing next to him started to shout various commands with a loud and vigorous voice.

“Prepare! Archers take aims! Men take up your arms! Don't panic! Stay firm! Maintain the formation!!”

Shaar who didn't have any experience in commanding could only leave this matter to Slate. This ordinary garrison officer did amazingly well and, although his face was red from the anxiousness, his voice was strong while maintaining his calm state of mind!

The feet of countless men started trampling the earth and created a huge dust cloud then the dense crowd quickly got into the firing range.....

“Fire!!!!!!”

With a mighty roar, Slate ordered the three ballistas to unleash a dozen death bringing bolts! Each metal bolt had the thickness of an adult's arm and was howling through the wind, cutting across the sky. Very soon, dozens of bolts created a parabolic umbrella that suddenly covered the Odins' heads.

Sounds of flesh and bones being penetrated as well as horrible screams could be heard everywhere around the battlefield, as death rained upon them. Crimson colours were splashing all around as shouts of agony from wounded soldiers were echoing throughout the battlefield. The bolts shot

out from these ballistas were ten times stronger than ordinary arrows. If a single bolt hit its target, it would easily penetrate the human body as if it was made of paper! Some bolts even penetrated three or five people in a row without a hint of stopping!!

The archers standing at the wall also received their orders as several hundred arrows took advantage of the strong wind and decimated the group of Odins who were running at the front of their first volley!

However, even among the screams and pitiful whining of their brethrens, the Odins didn't slow their pace at all and continued to shout viciously as they fanatically stormed onwards!

Very soon, the first wave of the Odin army arrived under the stronghold's wall and used their bodies to smash against it. Although the stronghold wall was reinforced by the stones that the logistic battalion went to pick up, and it was also supported with the wood planks from disassembled horse-carriages and the first impact still fiercely shook the stronghold's wall. Despite standing behind the wall, the Byzantine soldiers' hearts started to jump fiercely as they saw the only protection they had between them and the maddening Odins was shaking. Immediately, under officers' commands, a row of spears shot out from the slits between the walls, piercing the Odins like meat skewers. With a stream of simple thrusts, hundred Odin soldiers were stabbed to death! However, as more Odin soldiers died, their brothers got even more aggressive. Grabbing the spears which had pierced their bodies, the wounded Odins forcefully pulled away the spears from the grips of those behind the wall!

During the chaos, several hundred sturdy Odin soldiers formed ten teams and started to run through the middle of the formation. In order to increase their running speed as much as possible, they weren't wearing any metal armor or carrying any weapons and they simply rushed forwards with their bare upper bodies. Each team had over a dozen men and each man was carrying a wooden ladder made from trees that they cut during their journey. With a terrifying roar, they frantically rushed towards the stockade wall! Hidden within the crowd of Odin soldiers, who

were risking their lives to cover them with their shields, the majority of them managed to arrive underneath the wall. One after another, the ladders were quickly being set up next to each other as the Odins beneath the wall increased the intensity of their frantic screaming. After just a few moments, more and more ladders appeared against the wall.

Spears were repeatedly shooting out from the inner side of the wall, stabbing the Odins who were holding the ladders, forcing them down. As if they were touched by insanity, the Odins started to use their bodies to shield the ladders, welcoming the spears while their brethrens re-erected the ladders. They continued their offensive without any care for their lives.

Crimson!

The whole battlefield turned crimson! Before the stronghold's wall there were layers upon layers of corpses laid, their blood turning the whole ground into a dirty crimson mud. The Byzantine soldiers standing on the wall maliciously continued to thrust and chop down without any break, but they still couldn't resist the Odin soldiers' suicidal attacks. There were some Odin soldiers who would climb the walls to simply stretch out their arms and jump into the Byzantine soldiers' swords. Using their body, they would be able to buy more time for their companions to get a foothold on the wall.

There were even some Odin soldiers who would give up on the ladder and lean against the wall in order to create a human ladder. They would let their companions step on their shoulders, despite getting stabbed through their chest from the gaps on the wall! Some Odin soldiers would get close to the wall and maliciously stab through gaps and were trading, a life for life.....

The wall was too fragile and its height was just 2 meters long because of that it was very difficult for it to play a real defensive role during this battle.

The archers already began to spread out from the front as they stood behind the wall, killing the Odins at will. With a pair of crimson eyes,

Shaar held an axe in his hand as he led a dozen of the strongest soldiers in running back and forth near the wall. Whenever the Odins broke through, he would be the first one to rush there and throw himself into the fray. Reflecting the cold brightness of his war axe with every swing, he was cutting all the enemies into pieces!

Exactly at that time, the real danger arrived at the camp entrance!

The camp entrance was the Odin's main offensive spot, but there were two rows of sharpened stakes which were densely arranged together to defend it. They were installed deeply into the ground and pointed towards the sky..... The Odin side sacrificed at least two hundred men to the arrows and spears coming out from the gate in order to cut off those sharp stakes one by one, to create an open area!

From behind, a dozen Odin soldiers were holding a thick chopped off tree as they started to crazily rush towards the camp gate and repeatedly rammed against it.

With each collision, the gate started to squeeze louder and louder while sending clouds of dust to air with every shake. The soldiers who were standing behind it raised their swords and maliciously stabbed through the holes which were created from the impact. During this exchange, some unlucky fellows' weapons were grabbed by the Odins, and with a pitiful scream they were pulled outside, before getting ripped to pieces.

A group of Odin soldiers at the camp gate started grabbing some of the sharp wooden spears which they temporarily made from trees. Holding these spears which had the length of three to four meters, they started to stab and kill the Byzantine defenders behind the gate, causing damage to the defense. Even garrison officer Slate's shoulder got hit by a wooden spear as half of his body was suddenly covered in blood after his shoulder pad got smashed to pieces!

The ten meter wide camp gate started cracking under the fierce and repeated offense of the Odins. Each cracking sound was warning a sign of wall slowly breaking and with each sound, fear was sent throughout the Byzantine soldiers' hearts. Under the fierce roars of the Odin soldiers,

every collision seemed felt like they were smashing their hearts.....

With a roar full of madness, Shaar rushed towards the entrance. The axe which he had earlier was already lost, but he had picked up a claw hammer instead. Seeing a Byzantine soldier who was standing on a platform getting stabbed by a spear and as his fresh blood started spraying through the air, Shaar's eyes instantly turned an even darker shade of crimson red. With a ferocious roar, he suddenly leapt into the air!

With his powerful legs, he jumped three meters into the air and managed to cross the gate with just a single leap!

After landing in front of the gate, he immediately started to reap lives of Odin soldiers, which made him look like he was the physical embodiment of the grim reaper. Using the hammer to protect his face, Shaar simply opened his chest and welcomed all the spears and axes from the Odin soldiers. Among a burst of cracking and shattering noises countless spears and axes were continuously getting destroyed by him. Struggling inside a crowd of enemies, Shaar fell on the ground and started to sway maliciously back and forth while wielding his hammer like a whirlwind. After smashing the thighs and breaking the legs of the Odins' within his immediate surroundings, Shaar finally leaped into the air before pulling out his fire pitchfork from his waist!

All the Odin soldiers appeared extremely fragile in front of this hillbilly: While using his fire pitchfork to cut apart the weapons of Odin soldiers, he continuously pounded the bodies of his victims with the hammer in his other hand. Whether it was the head, shoulder or chest, with every blow immediately the sound of bones breaking followed!

After only a few breaths, there were no more standing Odin soldiers near Shaar's surrounding. Grabbing an Odin soldier who was on his knees, he fiercely kicked him and then started stepping on his chest then he ripped out the arms of the Odin soldier as he madly roared!

With a terrifying splitting noise, he ripped off the body of that Odin soldier body in half!! Warm fresh blood was spraying all over Shaar's face

while he maliciously threw away the torn out corpse. Turning around, he started to fight against the new wave of incoming Odin soldiers with his claw hammer.... Exactly at that moment, his eyes turned the darkest shade of crimson as he unleashed the crimson rage ki!

Bang!! Boom!!

While pounding the crowd of Odins with his claw hammer, his mighty aura of crimson rage ki immediately shattered all the bones of three Odin soldiers who were unlucky enough to be in front of him! A mountain of broken bone fragments started flying everywhere under the strong impact of his strength as seven to eight Odin soldiers were sent flying by this crazy force, before they breathed their last breath while they were still in the air.....

When the crimson eyed Shaar saw that more Odin soldiers were rushing towards him, he uttered a crazy manical laugh. Picking up an axe which was dropped by a dead Odin, he threw it with his inhuman strength, killing another two Odin soldiers who were running towards him , before leaping back over the camp gate.....

Shaar's inhumane and valiant strength immediately stirred up the courage of Byzantine soldiers and crazy roars could be heard everywhere throughout the camp while they continued to resist their attackers by risking their lives. They continuously chopped one Odin after another while pushing down the ladders. Some of them were even imitated Shaar as they jumped down the wall to face the enemy blades with their bodies. However, before dying each one of them would fiercely pierce the enemy with their weapons!

From the distance, Hasting who was clad in complete black armor was watching the battle of the camp gate. With his long and slender eyes, he saw how Shaar jumped out like a mad wild beast and started to slaughter countless Odin soldiers. He saw how Shaar's hammer pounded then sent numerous Odin flying limp as a dead bodies. Furthermore, he watched as Shaar jumped back over the camp gate and noticed the Byzantine soldiers' moral and courage into frenzy.....

Odin's Lord of War suddenly raised a corner of his mouth and turned around to pick up a spear. Taking back two steps, he maliciously hurled it towards the camp.....

Shaar suddenly heard a loud whistling sound coming from the sky! The sound was just like a muffled thunder and when he looked up, he saw a ray of light falling from the sky. That light seemed like it was to even cutting sky apart as it flashed like lightning!!

He noticed that the target of the ray of light was the camp gate!

With a sudden roar, his eyes instantly were ignited crimson again as crimson ki erupted from his whole body. With a shout, he grabbed a shield and jumped into the air like a madman to greet the incoming strike!!

Chapter 85: Hasting! Do you dare to fight me?

With a bang, the shield in Shaar's hand exploded into countless pieces. The iron fragments scattered everywhere and even decapitated two Byzantine soldiers who were standing near Shaar!

Flying a few feet into the air after the impact, Shaar crashed fiercely into the ground, as his arms were broken in several places. His injuries were so major, that when Shaar jumped up from the ground, he immediately spat a mouthful blood, fiercely shaking his head. Suddenly, a ruthless aura could be seen in his eyes. Pushing Slate to the side with his arm, he grabbed a spear, and jumped up on the platform as he looked out in the distance.....

As if it was fate, he saw a small silhouette standing in the back of the dense Odin formation. This lonesome figure was standing there, with the surrounding Odin soldiers all keeping their distance.....

Shaar's eyes turned crimson as he took several steps back, preparing to sprint. Using the momentum from his sprint, he roared and hurled the spear into the sky.....

While standing there, Hasting saw a gray shadow shooting out from the camp. As he watched it pierced through the sky, he stood there motionless.....

Bang About ten meters away from Hasting, two Odin soldiers lifted their shields to block the incoming gray shadow, but they immediately got pierced by it. When then the spear fell to the ground and exploded into a dozen pieces!

Hasting gently wiped of a drop of blood which splashed on his face.

“Good powerhumph, accuracy still missing a bit.”

Hasting's gentle eyes had a small trace of warmth while saying: “He is a strong one. Strong hahaha

There was a clear smile on Odin's Lord of War, but his eyes remained ice-cold. However, it was that small trace of warmth in his cold gaze which made the guards around him felt fear in their heart.

Taking a breath, Hasting picked up another spear and started to prepare for another shoot

However, when he looked up, he heard some weird noise....

After hearing a few trebuchet slinging sounds, several huge stones were catapulted out then they fell near Hasting's vicinity.....

With several rumbling noises, bursts of pitiful cries could be heard where the stones landed. A dozen Odin soldiers were immediately smashed to pulp. Moreover, the falling stones were bouncing around, sweeping away another dozens of Odin soldiers.....

Standing in the camp, Shaar looked at the distant place while breathing heavily: "FuckDo you really think that this uncle was trying to compare shooting accuracy with you? I was pointing the target for the trebuchets....."

The first wave of Odin's offensive eventually ended one hour later. At the wall before the camp there were so many corpses that they formed slopes at several places. As one could imagine, the Odin soldiers didn't even need to take ladders for their next offensive and could just step on the corpses to climb the stronghold walls.

"Wewill probably have some difficulties while defending against the second wave." Slate smiled bitterly.

After the first wave, the Odin side left behind more than 1000 corpses before finally being repelled. However, both Shaar and Slate's hearts were filled with worries.

Their loss wasn't small either since at least 500 of their soldiers died. Also dozens there were severely wounded soldiers who lost their strength to fight on and needed to be carried to the rear. Since their already weak battle power which had the initial strength of 2000 man who could fight, their battle power was almost reduced by one-third!

The more important problem was, their casualties who died in the first wave were all real soldiers! From the remaining men, 50% were auxiliary soldiers that took up their weapons the first time. They were logistic soldiers, craftsmen, horse caretakers, the cart driver, even the cook.....

Seeing the wry smile on Slate's face, Shaar kept his silence and lowered his head to think.

Exactly at that time, a horn sounded again from the direction of the Odin army.

Slate's eyes widened: "It's their formation horn! Once the horn stops, their formation will be finished.....Then, the second offensive wave will begin!"

Shaar took some deep breaths. Both of his arms were wrapped in a plain white cloth, but it was already soaked red with blood. He started grinning and as he endured the pain, he took a deep breath of cold air, before his eyes flashed decisively: "PerhapsI have a way to win a little time. "

He looked at the distance and suddenly smiled: "Do you still remember the rabbit general Ruhr?"

Standing up, he put his hand on Slate's shoulder: "No matter what, each second is precious right now! Perhaps in the next momentThe general kills his way back here."

Picking up a spear, he started walking slowly towards the platform.....

His eyes suddenly flashed with crimson and with a loud roar, he shot his spear into the sky. With a loud whistling sound, it landed on the middle of the battlefield!

His roar which sounded like a thunder suddenly got the attention of all the Byzantine soldiers in the camp and Odin soldiers who were preparing for the formation.

When the spear landed on the ground, it broke into several pieces and with a loud voice, it stirred up a cloud of dust!

A loud and majestic voice spread over the entire battlefield:

“Hasting!! Do you dare to fight me!!”

This clear challenge immediately shook all the audience!!

The Byzantine inside the wall all turned their heads and saw that Shaar and Slate were standing at the camp’s entrance.

Slate’s eyes widened into a circle and he stared at Shaar full of surprise, before pulling him.

“Are you mad

Shaar gently pulled away Slate’s hand and waved his hand.

While biting on his lips, Slate warned: “You are courting death! I know that you want buy us some time by challenging Hasting to a duel, but that guy is the Hasting! He’s Odin’s Lord of War! It could be said that he is the strongest man in Odin’s army, youare courting death!”

Shaar grunted and continued to walk towards the camp’s entrance. Facing the distant Odin Army, he raised his voice and roared:

“Hasting!! Do you dare to fight me in a fair duel?! Or are you a coward! Do you dare to accept my challenge!!”

The Odin’s formation immediately quietened down and finally a hoarse voice responded.

Although this voice was not as loud and sonorous, it still spread through the entire battlefield, letting everyone hear it clearly.

“A duel on the battlefield?”

Hasting’s Byzantine tongue was very fluent and his tone indifferent: “I accept your challenge, Byzantine.”

Bursting out in laughter, Shaar roared loudly: “Good! I want to see how strong Odin’s Lord of War really is! Now, I will get a good meal to eat..... and get readyUm! I will wait until the afternoon! At the afternoon, I will wait for you on the battlefield! This uncle will come alone! If you are a coward, you can bring some subordinates!”

Slate who was standing next to him sighed while hearing this: Who said that this fellow was a rube, he could even use provoking tactics.

Sure enough, the voice made a sneering sound as it replied: “Rest assured, we will have a fair battle. I also want to see what kind of guy in the Byzantine army dared to challenge me!”

Listening to his, Slate sighed in his heart: He is brave, but it was too reckless.....Even General Adrick wouldn't challenge Hasting.....

“State your name Byzantine warrior!” In Hasting's voice there was a trace of arrogance.

Smiling, Shaar straightened his back and took a deep breath. With a majestic and passionate voice he shouted out!

“I! I am not afraid to tell you! I am Byzantine Empire's first-rank knight, Bonfret!! I personally take your head on the battlefield Hasting!!”

Slate's first reaction after hearing these words was suddenly seeing black!!

His second response was: My god! This kid is too evil and shameless!!

Jumping from the platform, Shaar sat down next to Slate who was staring at him with opened mouth and eyes so big that they almost popped out. His lips were moving, but he was unable to utter a word in front such a shameless kid.

Only after Shaar sat down to take some gulp of water from the leather bag, Slate finally didn't know whether to laugh or cry: “YouYouah, you are really”

Staring at him, Shaar declared loudly full of righteousness: “What? That guy is Odin's Lord of War and the strongest warrior in their army! Me single battling with him? Wouldn't that be brain damaged and asking to die in vain? I am not tired of living yet!”

“ButBut you already issued the challenge, When noon arrives and Hasting will come over to accept your challenge, you, what are you going to do?”

Smiling, Shaar touched his chin and grinned: "Isn't that simple? We will pull Sir. Pretty boy from his tent and when the time comes, kick him out of the camp gate! Even if he gets killed by Hasting, it won't be my problem.....after all, he is the Lord Observer! He is our commander-in-chief here! Didn't he issue the challenge for a single combat? If it is a duel with Hasting and we went according to the hierarchical rank, wouldn't even you come before me, a small foot soldier?"

While talking, Shaar lied down and stretched his body to rest while recovering his energy: "No matter what, didn't I already buy a half-day time for us? Hasting that guy must show his strong men's attitude, and before noon, he won't attack us....."

"What about you?" Slate couldn't bear and asked: "Don't you have a strong man's attitude?"

Pointing at his nose, Shaar asked: "Me? Take a good look at me from head to toe, where do I look like a strong person? I am now only a foot soldier! Even if I want to become a strong person in the future, at least I will have to live through the current predicament! Otherwise, before I become strong, I will turn into a ghost."

Staring at him, Slate was gasping for breath and finally said with a weird smile: "I suddenly noticedthat you are too shameless!"

Lying there, Shaar patted Slate: "Good! I see these words as praise."

Finishing his sentence, he shut his eyes.

Slate looked at this hillbilly and suddenly thought that he was having troubles to completely understand this fellow.

Yet, he heard Shaar whispering to himself with a somewhat nervous tone:

"This uncle won't die, will absolutely not die. Even if I must dieit is not here, not now!"

Chapter 86: Nation Bonfret's tragedy

Part 1

Sir Bonfret felt that his current situation really was a tragedy.

He was of noble birth, and his dynasty was ancient as well as pure-blooded. His family lineage had such a long history that it could be traced back a thousand years. If one put power and influence aside, a long noble lineage as his – in history of Byzantine, it was at least top ten even among the rich and powerful families in Royal Capital Osgiliath.

Although he wasn't the eldest son, he received respect and flattery from all the people in his surroundings since birth. Even if he couldn't inherit the family title, it wasn't a big deal. The gods had granted him a pretty face, and if when considering appearances, there were people who would say that he was Royal Capital Osgiliath's most handsome man – the number one!

Ever since he was 15 years old, he been the apple in women's eyes – of course, it was still true. Even if everyone knew that he was his Royal Highness the Crown Prince's exclusive lover, there were still some beautiful aristocratic ladies ogling him. He could drink the best wine, wear the most magnificent and expensive clothing, ride the finest steed, and even had a piece of green gem on his finger that was worth more than a small aristocrat's annual income.

Even though he knew that there were some people in Royal capital that looked down upon him, it didn't hinder his elegance. These people only dared to say malicious remarks behind his back, but in front of him they all behaved respectfully like dogs.

Every word that he spoke would be regarded as an absolute command and couldn't be rejected. No matter what he wanted, he never needed to get it himself. Just by indicating a small hint or giving it a small glance, there would be someone promptly handling it for him appropriately before presenting to him whatever he desired.

NowHis situation was both a tragedy and a nightmare!!

Most importantlythe pitiful Sir Knight still didn't know that his noble name was being fraudulently used by a hillbilly! Moreover, it was being used in a shameless way. A challenge was issued in his name against the continent's famous powerhouse, who was also the Odin Empire's strongest warrior.

Luckily, he was kept in the armory, which had very thick walls, and he wrapped a blanket around his head. Therefore, he didn't hear when Shaar issued the challenge on the battlefield.

However, when the warehouse door opened in the morning and the nasty guy called "Kato" came in with some Praetorian Guard to deliver food, why did he look at me so weirdly?

Kato had a faint smile on his face, and after he gently slide the plate in front of the noble Sir Knight, his eyes gradually filled with pity.

With Kato's wisdom and his understanding of Shaar – Ah, the smuggler of this army, would never believe that Shaar the hillbilly, who was honest on the surface but full dirty trick inside, would himself fight against Hasting.

The hillbilly was probably 80% determined that he would kick out this pretty boy to act as cannon fodder.

Looking at Bonfret, Kato sighed very sympathetically and squatted down to look at his face: "Ah, being spotted by that hillbilly, you are really unfortunate."

"Eh? What?" Bonfret's mind immediately gave birth to traces of restlessness in his heart: "What do you mean?"

"No, nothing."

Kato who had mixed feelings about this sighed and improved his attitude a lot. He gently patted Bonfret's shoulder and said: "Eat up while you still can.....ah, do you want something to drink? I can get you something....."

Such unexpected graciousness towards him, gave Bonfret's heart an extreme chill for a moment, as if something felt somewhat fishy.....

Kato continued to carefully look at him: "Come eat, eat. Don't think too much.....Ah, this pitiful guy..."

This bizarre behavior made Bonfret ponder over it for a whole morning. He felt as if he met some dangerous situation, thenAt noon, he finally saw Shaar.

Bonfret was carried out of the armory by several soldiers and was brought directly in front of the entrance. He saw the remaining bloodstains near the camp gate and smelled the thick smell of blood in the air. This scene immediately let Bonfret, who liked cleanliness, faint at the spot. After waking up, he saw there were flesh and remnant corpses hanging from the stakes. The bloody image made Bonfret's complexion immediately turn pale as paper. Both his legs became weak and if it weren't for the nearby soldiers, he would probably have fallen to the ground.

In the morning, when he knew that the Odin had attacked, he covered his head with a blanket and prayed that the almighty gods would bless him and grant him the 13th Army victory in this battle...Because it was his only way of survival.

Ah, wasn't the 13th Army really powerful?

Seeing that the camp gate was still stubbornly defended, Bonfret relaxed in his heart – it seems like we held this place. Did they win? Can they go home now?

That damned hillbilly appeared in front of Bonfret again, and there was a strange smile on Shaar's face. He grinned and stared at Bonfret as if he were livestock before uttering a pitifully tsk-tsk.

"Youwhat do you want?" Bonfret trembled a bit and his legs were shaking: "I, I am the Observer....."

"Of course, you are the Lord observer." Shaar nodded unexpectedly. His arm was still wrapped up in a bandage and he put on a serious

expression: “We are currently fighting a bloody battle to guard your safety.”

Pausing for a moment, he said in a very sincere tone: “The soldiers were sacrificed, their blood dripping as they fought bravely! We have repelled the Odin’s ferocious offensive. However, now it is the time for you, the commander, to do something!”

“.....Me, me?” Bonfret’s expression immediately seemed as he wanted to cry.

How would he know anything about martial arts? Although he had some fencing lessons, that was with long and thin aristocratic swords. Fencing was more of a dance than actual martial arts.

Going to battle and killing people? Stop joking! Ever since infancy until now, the honoured knight hadn’t seen a person’s blood except the fallen flowers o a virgin!

(TL: “fallen flowers of a virgin” refers to the small amount of blood that is released when a girl’s hymen is torn...yeah)

“Rest assured, we would never make you fight with those lowly Odin soldiers. “ Shaar put on a very sincere expression: “With your noble status, how could we let your noble hands be dirtied by those vile Odins!”

Bonfret finally breathed out – It seemed no matter how, he was still his superior. With his official position, this hillbilly shouldn’t dare to do anything to him.....

However, Shaar’s next move immediately made Bonfret collapse!

“.....Therefore, we chose an opponent for you to fight that had the same noble status as you... The Odin army’s commander, the Lord of War Hasting! In a bit, he will wait for you on the battlefield and fight a fair duel with you – what do you think?”

When these words sounded into the ears of Bonfret, his soul fled out!

“Men! Help our noble Lord put on his armor and bring his warhorse!” Shaar continued to ignore Lord Observer’s unstoppable trembling.

Clearing his throat, he faced towards the camp gate and roar loudly: "Hasting! Are you ready! I am coming out now to take your head!! Our duel must be fair and not disgrace the honor of warriors! I will bring a squire with me! If I die in battle, he will take back my corpse!"

Listening to the words of this hillbilly, Slate, who was standing nearby, could only feel ashamed and resentful!

This hillbilly scoundrel! Shameless! Too shameless!! He unexpectedly still had the gall to yell about honor of warriors.....

After a while, a cold voice replied from the opposite direction: "Do what you like!"

On the other side of the battlefield, Odin's strongest warrior gently threw away a handkerchief that he used to wipe before and now turned red. Holding his black, shining, triangular spear, his face appeared respectful and full of enthusiasm.

"The honor of warriors.....Humph, since when did a new powerhouse called Bonfret appeared in Byzantine?!" Holding his spear, Hasting mounted his horse wearing an expression full of zeal. Looking at his subordinate next to him, he warned with a hard tone yet full of passion: "The honor of strong warriors isn't allowed to be tarnish! You are not allowed to intervene in the duel!"

Gently kicking his steed, Hasting led his horse forward while grabbing his spear to fearlessly ride into the fray! The Odin soldiers all watched at their Lord of War with frantic worship.

Part 2

Bonfret hurriedly put on his armor. Dressed in this unique, marvelous vest, his whole stature immediately became somewhat powerful and majestic. This magnificent paladin armor design was currently the most popular trend among the aristocrats of the Byzantine Empire. Shaar took a careful look at this magnificent armor, and thought that it was enough to trick someone... However...

After racking his brain, he suddenly used his sword to maim Bonfret's

shoulders, arms and chest while cutting some holes in the beautiful Paladin armor. He then walked to the camp entrance and grabbed a piece of flesh from an Odin soldier pierced by a stake. Dripping the fresh blood on Bonfret's body armor, he then wiped it around, making it look bloody and dirty.

"Ah, this looks more like it." Shaar smiled full of satisfaction. Bonfret was actually so frightened that he almost... Ah... not almost, he already peed his pants.

(Editor Note: Hydro-lol)

Bonfret was tied up onto the horse's back with cow tendons, secured so that he wouldn't fall off. A piece of iron was put behind his waist inside the armor so that kept his back straight.

After putting a full helmet on him, Shaar pulled down the visor to only reveal a pair of eyes. He then patted on Bonfret's shoulder while whispering near his ear: "Listen well; I won't let you go out there and die! I tied up your legs and body, so you only need to perform a show with me! Your stature is similar to mine, and we have a 50% chance to trick that guy! You can only move your right hand. I will give you a wooden lance that we prepared. We painted it to be like iron, and it really looks like a knight's lance! You can't speak when you arrive! It's fine as long as you make some small gestures to get his attention!"

Pausing for a moment, Shaar snorted and his eyes reflected a ominous light: "Don't even think of escaping or destroying my plan! If you dare to shout out even half a word, not only would Hasting want your life. I am right behind you and can stab you to death anytime! Can you guess if I actually have the guts to kill you?"

"He does! He is a lunatic! This hillbilly! This bastard! He surely does!" Bonfret started to shout madly in his heart! "This bastard dared to treat me like this, what doesn't he dare to do?!"

"... But" Shaar thought for a moment before he said: "I still can't trust a pretty boy like you..."

Opening Bonfret's visor, Shaar forcefully put a piece of cloth inside his

mouth: “This way, you won’t be able to make a noise! As long as you’re obedient later, I will protect you! Otherwise, humph!”

Slate pulled Shaar and asked: “Hey! What do you plan to do! A moment ago, you said something about taking a squire with you... what is the meaning of that?!”

“Meaning?” Shaar started to forcefully rub his face. He continued to rub and only stopped when it became bright red. Squinting his eyes, he gave of a hint of madness.

“I want to find an opportunity... to assassinate Hasting!”

Slate’s expression immediately became ashen while staring at Shaar: “You! You are insane!”

Shaar grunted: “Even if I can’t kill him, I could at least give him a severe injury... Humph, as long as He is injured, the Odin army will be in chaos! This way, their next attack will at least be delayed!”

Anxiety was written all over Slate’s face: “You! You are going to die! How could you injure someone at Hasting’s level? You are just going to die! Die in vain!”

Shaar took a breath and maliciously gritted his teeth until they made a grinding sound, before fiercely pounding Slate’s chest with his fist: “Rest assured! This uncle won’t die so easily! This is the only opportunity I can bet my life on! If I win, everyone would have a way out of this! I won’t die! Rest assured! I cherish my own life more than you!”

The hillbilly touched both his chest and back that were covered with Dragonscales – moreover, it was two layers!

A leather armor was covering the Dragonscales and above it, he wore the thickest cavalry armor available! This set of steel armor was taken down from the Sarbar’s body and it was a whole lap bigger than Shaar’s. He feared that Hasting would see the scales hidden within. Therefore, he could only intentionally put on a larger size armor.

Two layers of Dragonscales, leather armor beneath the heavy steel armor... Even if he was to be defeated, he could at least save his life by

running away. Shouldn't be too much of an issue right?

As long as he could approach Hasting when he is not paying attention and use "Dragon Thorn"!

There was a high potential to wound this guy!

Furthermore, Shaar had another thing he could rely on! His offensive pattern was completely different compared to the one of the continent!

All the warriors on the continent used battle ki! In order to unleash the battle ki, the light would have to burst out first. If someone wanted to sneak attack, the bright battle ki would already warn the opponent before he would have the time to launch the attack. However, he had already practiced his crimson rage ki until the point where it didn't release light anymore. Furthermore, with his "Dragon Thorn" this could concentrate his power several folds onto one single point...

"If we don't gamble, there is only death! If I win this gamble, then we still have a way out!" Shaar sat on the horse and looked at Slate with humble eyes.

Looking at Shaar, Slate couldn't help but feel excited and also an indescribable respect. Giving Shaar a deep bow, he made an effort to beat his chest even with his injuries. It was the highest courtesy of Byzantium soldiers.

Shaar's expression suddenly became pale and cursed: "No! My god! It looks like a farewell! This uncle can't die yet! I won't die! Uncle will certainly come back alive! Bah! Don't jinx me!"

With a loud bang, the camp gate slowly opened. With Bonfret at the front and Shaar behind him, they slowly rode out of the camp.

On the battlefield, there was a lone black warhorse completely covered in a body vest and wearing a half moon head cover. A man wrapped in a black robe and carrying a triangular spear sat on this horse. This was of course Hasting!

The horses slowly moved closer, and Bonfret's horse only stopped after they were next to each other. Shaar sat on a horse next to him and even

helped Bonfret pull the reins, playing his role as squire very well.

Hasting stared at this Sir Knight and asked: “You are Bonfret?!”

His eyes were as sharp as blades!

Wearing a Paladin armor cover with blood and some holes, Bonfret’s stature looked imposing. Adding that extraordinary superior steed and a black handled lance hanging on the saddle... Sitting upright like that, he really had the aura of a master!

Although Bonfret was shivering like a leaf in the wind, it wasn’t that obvious inside the body armor and one could barely see it.

Even his eyes that were full of fear and evasiveness, transformed in Hasting’s eyes while being mistaken taken as “Sharp as lightning”!

All in all, Hasting was actually very satisfied with this opponent.

Better said, a real powerhouse like Hasting who saw Shaar’s astonishing strength on the battlefield a few hours ago, already received a lasting first impression in his heart. Thinking in his heart that a strong powerhouse like him should have a noble heart like himself...

“That being so... Then, let’s fight!”

Hasting slowly raised his triangular spear and pointed the lance at Bonfret. The spear point immediately burst out a stream of black flame!

Bonfret’s body started trembling stronger. Under the threat of Shaar, he could only reluctantly lift his spear, and although the wooden spear wasn’t heavy, Bonfret’s arms were already numb at this moment. After lifting the spear, his body started shaking more and more obviously. His armor also started to make a trembling noise from the collisions.

Huh?

Hasting was somewhat curious.

This respectable opponent, why was he shaking so much?

Ah... Was this some kind of brilliant martial arts? Was it the berserker fighting style? Or Bloodlust battle ki? The Power of Bull? Or was it like us

Odins, going mad to unleash the secret technique?

Hasting felt his long lasting cold heart boiling once again! His mind was filled with excitement and he couldn't help but want to scream! Sweeping his spear and covering it with black flames, his horse galloped towards Bonfret!!

When Hasting approached with a rapid speed, Bonfret suddenly shut his eyes, before – collapsing! Pee started to flow down from his crotch and his lance felt out of his hand. However, because his body was tied up and his back straightened by an iron plate, he still sat chest out on the horse... Tall and majestic! Just like a peerless master that was facing the enemy without the slightest fear!

(Editor Note: Hydro-I say again... lel)

Running towards him, Hasting gave of a clear and loud cry. His black spear drew a beautiful arc across the air and readied itself!

“Now!” Shaar’s eyes instantaneously lit up!

“Save me! Help! Someone save me!! Bonfret’s heart was sobbing...”

Chapter 87: The Pride Of A Hillbilly

Part 1

Hasting was exceptionally excited at the moment. He had witnessed Shaar's overwhelming power on the battlefield today. He had seen this brave warrior jump over the camp gate and crash into a crowd of enemies while on a killing spree. His actions were bold, almost as if he had no regard for his own safety, and he issued an unyielding roar that sounded like a shockwave, a roar that radiated a powerful aura....

How many years had it been since he had last met such an opponent?

When thinking about it, Hasting felt his entire body tremble and shudder with excitement. It was as if his body's strength was about to burst out irrepressibly!

Kill him! Kill him! Behead such a powerhouse with his own spear!! Only that would bring his heart the biggest excitement!!

Therefore, he would have never imagined that a warrior, who dared to jump out of his own camp alone into a crowd of enemies and fight to with his life on the line, would play a clever trick on him.

Shaar, who had stayed back in the sidelines, watched Hasting's movements and his eyes flashed with a bright light. Just as Hasting rode out, Shaar's hands quickly pulled out the fire pitchfork, his eyes instantly turning crimson! The muscles underneath his armor swelled up severalfold!

In that moment, he felt everything in front of him slowing down! Everything in this world disappeared from his eyes!

Only his target remained in front of him!

Hasting!!

Right now with his eyes, he could no longer distinguish between men or object. All he saw now was a black figure riding a horse with a spear in

hand.

In this distorted and slow vision, the peripheral sounds were slowed down. Even the reflection of the sunlight.....However, the only exception was that fellow Hasting!

In Shaar's eyes, it was as if Hasting wasn't the least bit slower. Shaar still managed to form a burning black flame! That bursting flame was intensely bright and shone with a dazzling and beautiful light. This black flame was.....incredibly fast and violent!!

So fast!!

With the surroundings in "slow" motion and Hasting in a "fast" motion, a was strange, bizarre distortion in Shaar's vision, and he felt as if his chest would explode in this atmosphere. He grew dizzy as he tried to closely follow this guy with his eyes, but he still couldn't follow the opposite party's movements! In that instant, a piercing pain shot through his head

At this moment, Shar hadn't yet realized that the piercing pain had made his blood flow out from his ears and nose, as if the strong force seemed to be sucking away all of his energy.

He exhaled a mouthful hot air! This hot air was terrifyingly scalding!

No matter whatit was all or nothing! This moment was Shaar's sole opportunity!!

Shaar quickly lifting his hand. The fire pitchfork was already manifesting a dark crimson thread....

Dragon Thorn!!

Hasting's triangular spear was already releasing a black flame that seemed to instantly burn the air. Black spots had even appeared in the air!

Exactly at this moment, Hasting, had been filled with excitement, suddenly felt a malicious intent inside his heart! A strange sense of imminent danger immediately spread throughout his whole body!

Killing intent!

Such strong killing intent!! The killing intent was so strong that his thoughts seemed to cease for an instant. It was the type of intense feeling of danger a beast had the moment it fell into a trap! There wasn't even a need for him to look over and see where the strange feeling was coming from; he could already feel the direction of its source!!

The triangular spear covered with the black flames suddenly changed its trajectory mid air and swept over Bonfret's head, turning the beautiful long feather on his helmet into ashes! The flame left a strip of light in the air that resembled death itself!

This was a pure, instinctive move of a powerhouse whenever danger approached! However this response wasn't anticipated by the hillbilly!

Seeing that crimson threat flying towards Hasting, Shaar was barely unable to keep himself from shouting out crazily.

(I did it!!!!)

The speed of that light was as fast as a meteor, and it instantly punctured the side of Hasting's body! He watched the face of Odin's Lord of War as he was pierced by his Dragon Thorn. However, at that moment, Hasting's lightning-fast response seemed as if it had broken the law of time!

Fast! So fast that it gave people despair!

His movements didn't seem swift or violent, but when his spear was thrust and pulled in the mid air, each motion and every inch of its trajectory was extremely clear and precise! This obviously clear and slow movement already seemed to be in a different space and time as Shaar!

His speedhad already gone beyond the limit of time?!

The crimson thread was blocked by that triangular spear covered with black flame! When the crimson threat hit the tip of the spear, the black flame seemed to surge instantly. It was like hot oil poured onto cold water....

Bang!!

Suddenly, the crimson threat and black flame mixed together, creating waves of strange light patterns in the air. Shaar watched helplessly as his Dragon Thorn pierced the layers of waves, but with each layer that was broken, the red light seemed to weaken somewhat....

Finally, when the crimson light hit the tip of the spear.....

A strange sound of something being split open instantly spread throughout the entire battlefield. Although it wasn't very loud, it was clearly heard by thousands of men on the battlefield!!

Visible to the naked eye, the fabric of space and time seemed to be momentarily thrown into disarray. Hasting's spearhead, which was made of an unknown metal, slowly fractured, and a small amount of debris floated up in an extraordinarily slow motion. When the red light pierced through the spearhead, it finally landed on Hasting's body...

With a buzz inside Shaar's brain, his strength, vitality and spirit all seemed to completely vanish in an instant. Shaar continued to stubbornly stare at Hasting with his crimson eyes.....

When the crimson red light hit Hasting's body, the Lord of War's face revealed a surprised look. When he opened his mouth, the armor covering his chest and abdomen was punctured layer after layer by a light the size of a little finger. Finally, his chest burst open and blood spurted out!

Finally.....

Shaar's visual enhancement was lifted with a loud bang! The time distortion finally disappeared! Both the "slow" motion of the surrounding and Hasting's "quick" motion vanished!

Hasting's body was immediately sent flying from his horse, and he was pushed more than 10 meters away from his saddle! As he flew through the air, a clear trail of blood spilt onto the ground!

In this moment, a strange and absurdly inappropriate thought suddenly appeared in Shaar's mind.

(Odin's Lord of War's blood is red, just like any other person's!)

Hasting stretched out both of his arms in midair, his figure like that of a large bird. . He didn't look like he had been sent flying, but rather, gliding steadily through the air before stably landing on the ground a dozen meters back.

Clang!

Hasting stabbed the triangular spear into the ground where he stood, and his slender, gentle eyes finally locked onto Shaar. Blood was flowing out of his ruptured armor, but because of his black robe and black armor, it wasn't too conspicuous.

This Odin champion lifted his hand and gently touched his chest. The bright red blood on his fingertips made the corners of his mouth tilt upwards into a hint of a strange expression that could be tentatively called a smile. This smile contained astonishment, but unexpectedly a....trace of delighted surprised as well?! – His smile conveyed a trace of unexpected surprise.

When he raised his eyes, he looked at the fire pitchfork in Shaar's hand with a soft expression.

"It's you."

Part 2

Hasting's voice was so calm that it was scary! That calm voice did show any anger towards Shaar's surprise attack, but he could definitely feel that, under this voice, a surging rage hid!!!

Right now, the numbness on Shaar's body finally disappeared after firing the Dragon Thorn, but waves of intense pain washed over him and his arms immediately started to split open. Blood started to flow down in streams, even completely soaking his underwear. His body started to shiver uncontrollably as he noticed that Hasting was staring at him closely. That feminine stare made Shaar feel an indescribable powerful pressure, like a small weak frog being stared at by a snake.....

No! Not a snake! It was like being stared at by a dragon!

Right, it was exactly the same feeling!

It was as if just by merely being stared at by the opposite party, this normally fearless hillbilly, unexpectedly gave birth to fear in his heart?!

He even.....

Damn! He didn't even "dare" to tremble!! Not even daring to shiver! Because he seemed to have a strange feeling: As long as he shivered, if he showed the tiniest bit of weakness, the opposite party would immediately rush over and trample him to death!

Just merely the imposing manner of a person could actually be this powerful?!

"It's you." Hess slowly said in a low voice: "The guy on the battlefield today, and the one who shot the spear was you, therefore..... You are Bonfret."

Hasting's eyes were changing little by little, as if his feminine eyes suddenly lit up and became two massive flames!

"You are a nice match, since you unexpectedly..... Unexpectedly injured me." Even with that crazy look, his voice stayed calm, making Shaar's entire body feel stiff.

".....injured me....." Hess slowly smiling: "However, you shouldn't have made a sneak attack on me..... A powerhouse like you unexpectedly does not have the heart of a powerhouse! Pathetic ant..... ant!"

Raising his battle spear, he pointed it at Shaar!

Right now, Shaar felt that he would surely die!

His body was in so much pain that it felt like it was falling apart after unleashing the Dragon Thorn's power. His vision even started to become dark and whole body felt liked being drained, so much that he couldn't even move a single finger right now!

At this moment, as long as Hasting moved a single step forward and gently thrust out his spear, he could easily stab Shaar to death!

(I am going to die! This time I am surely dead! Hasting is so strong that he doesn't even seem human! Damn! He is not human!! This uncle was really insane! I unexpectedly thought that I could assassinate this abnormal person!!)

Shaar closed his eyes to resign, roaring within his mind, full of anger and grief, while waiting for his death.

However, after a while, Hasting's battle spear slowly dropped down.

The flames in his eyes vanished. Looking at Shaar, a hint of loneliness could be seen.

"You..... are not worthy to die under my spear."

Turning away, that black figure stood on the bloody battlefield with a dense mass of Odin soldiers in formation in front of him. In this moment, as he stood there, his figure, which wasn't tall, landed in Shaar's eyes and gave him a strange feeling.

This guy..... was as if, he stood above.....

Between heaven and earth!!

"You are not worthy."

After talking with a cold voice of solitude, Hasting slowly walked towards the Odin formation. His dark horse slowly moved its hoofs and followed behind him.

After Hasting moved more than twenty steps away, Shaar gradually felt the ubiquitous pressure start vanishing! The pressure on his chest disappeared and fresh air suddenly streamed into his lungs, giving him a burning sensation!

Subsequently, the hillbilly also felt an indescribable humiliation in his heart!

Yes, it was humiliation!!

(Hasting, he unexpectedly... he unexpectedly spared my life!!

He unexpectedly "spared" me!!

Spared!!

Was Spared!! It was a “spared” full of humiliation!!

He couldn't even bother to kill me?! I wasn't worthy to be his opponent. I didn't even have the qualifications to die by his hands?!)

Hastings words were very vague, but Shaar could actually understand the meaning of his enemy's words.

(You do not deserve to be a powerhouse. You do not deserve to obtain a glorious warrior duel.

Therefore, you do not deserve to die by my hands. At least, in the current situation, you are unworthy of it!)

“I shall kill you.” Hasting's gentle voice transmitted from the distant: “But not now, not under these circumstances, since I won't grant you the honor such as ‘death in a fair duel with Hasting’.

You don't deserve the honorable death obtained from a fair duel.”

Shaar forcefully ground his teeth so hard that blood started to flow out. At this moment, he wasn't able to distinguish if it was because of the drawbacks of the technique, or his particular mood. While he stubbornly clenched his teeth, he didn't spit it out, but simply let the blood flow down from the corners of his mouth.

When Hasting returned to the Odin formation, Shaar finally reluctantly kicked the horse's belly and held Bonfret's reins while returning.

The moment he entered the camp's gate, he didn't even wait for it close before immediately crashing down from his horse and fall to the ground. Both Slate and Sarbar ran towards the hillbilly to grab him.

After taking of the hillbilly's armor, they saw that his entire body was covered with blood beads the size of grains. Watching them flow out from his pores was such a terrifying appearance that it shocked everyone.

Clenching his teeth, Shaar's body finally started to shiver, the fierce pain making him unable to stop. He stubbornly stared towards the sky and, unexpectedly, didn't faint.

Full of excitement, Slate yelled: “You are alive!! Shaar, you are still alive!! You unexpectedly wounded Hasting! You injured him!!”

However, Shaar barely squeezed a few words from between the slit of his teeth.

“I..... Lost!”

Puff!

A mouthful of blood finally spurted out and dyed Shaar’s chest in red as he immediately closed his eyes.

During the 18 years of his life, this hillbilly had never felt this kind of emotion fill his heart.

That powerhouse, that black figure with the spear that could easily have finished him off, and his words – you are not worthy!

I obviously injured him in front of thousands of people..... Why do I have the feeling that he severely trampled me under his sole?

He was strong! So strong that Shaar had never encountered anyone like him before!! Crimson rage ki? Useless! Dragon Thorn? Useless! These were unable match him, not even the tiniest bit!! From all the powerful people that Shaar had ever encountered, even that dragon, none had ever given Shaar a shock more intense than this!!

He..... is strong! Very strong!!

So strong that he made Shaar tremble with his stare alone! So strong that during an instance, in a way he couldn’t explain himself, Shaar couldn’t help and started to worship this “strength”!?

This kind of man, which made Shaar give birth to envy of such a powerful existence, told him: You don’t deserve to be my opponent and you are not even worthy of being killed by me!

For 18 years, the hillbilly had never felt this kind of emotion filling his heart – that emotion, was “humiliation”.

A pride tearing humiliation!

Chapter 88: Hasting's Precaution

Part 1

Shaar was unconscious for about a half hour and when he woke up, he found himself lying in a tent. Both his armor and coat had been removed, and his disloyal squire, the magician Tatara, was using a wet towel to wipe off the blood from his body.

Now that Shaar was awake, the resentful expression on the magician's face quickly turned into a respectful and submissive one. With an obedient smile, he said: "Master, do you want to eat something or drink some water?"

Shaar barely managed to stand up; he felt as if his whole body was broken by an iron hammer. His bones were about to shatter, while every muscle on his body spasmed with pain. Snorting twice, he managed to sit up with a bit of struggle.

There was a rare reflective look on his face the as he gently breathed. Suddenly, he abruptly asked, "Tataratell me, how does one become stronger?"

"Uh....." There was a humble and respectful expression on Tatara's face, but in his heart he actually cursed (If I told you know, I'd be bullied nonstop by a hillbilly like yourself.....)

"AhThen, after someone becomes strong, what will happen? Will he become a source of pride to a strong powerhouse?"

This was Shaar's second issue.

(After becoming strong? If I, Lord Tatara, become strong, the first thing I will do is fiercely trample a hillbilly like you under my foot.)

Fortunately, Shaar wasn't really focused on getting an answer from the magician. Staying silent for a while, he made Tatara use an arm to support him and walked out of the tent.

Shaar's heavy body made Tatara's pair of small and thin legs shake heavily under the strain.

After being helped into the big military tent, Shaar saw that Slate and a group of officers were locked in a heated argument.

Seeing Shaar entering the tent, everyone immediately fell into silence. Unknowingly, Shaar had established a little prestige here, although it was only amongst these second-tier junior officers of the auxiliary force.

Today, Shaar displayed an incredible bravery while fighting against the first wave of the Odin assault. In addition, he unexpectedly challenged Hasting, who made the Byzantines suffer for many years, to a duel on the battlefield. Ah, although his method was shameless, he managed to use magic to injure Hasting!!

This was simply a miracle!!

Hasting, Odin's Lord of War! How many years had it been since he was injured in a duel or a battlefield?

Therefore, these junior officers would naturally look at Shaar with a great respect.

With a kind and welcoming face, Slate greeted Shaar and personally escorted him within the tent. Seizing this opportunity, Tatara quickly ran away.

"How are you?" Slate frowned and looked at Shaar.

"I won't die." Shaar smiled bitterly and looked at the people inside tent. "What are you arguing about?"

"Counter-assault." Slate's reply gave Shaar a surprise.

"Counter-assault?"

Slate looked at people inside the tent and nodded; "We still have 200 cavalry soldiers. A few of had the idea to use the cavalry during the next Odin offensive to fight back.....ah, in any case we are all dead. If we have to die anyway, might as well maliciously rip off a big piece of the Odin's meat!"

The 13th Army was really worth its name; even its second-line auxiliary camp had Rhodelia's valiance and bravery.

"We can't." Shaar heavily swayed his head, but this quick movement soon gave him a headache.

".....Why?" Slate's face turned gloomy: "In any case, we cannot defend ourselves here, and for the final fightwe need to reduce their numbers as much as possible."

"No means no." Shaar raised his head and his face revealed a forced smile. "I think that we made a mistake."

"Mistake?"

"Mistake!" Shaar heavily nodded before saying: "Damn, this uncle was mistaken before, we all made a mistake. We all turned Hasting into a terrifying figure in our heads! We all thought that we cannot defend against him, but in reality, we ignored Hasting's soft underbelly and weakness at that moment!"

"Weakness?" The officers inside the tent were all surprised.

"Weakness!" Shaar nodded in affirmation. "Hasting.....He has a shortage of troops! It is not enough to capture our camp!"

When this sentence came out, the various people inside tent showed an expression full of disbelief.

A shortage of troops?

A joke! Right outside this stronghold wall, Hasting had over ten thousand troops! The 13th Army only had a bit more than 1000 remaining!!

Smiling and somewhat exhausted, Shaar still managed to grin "Let us think about it in another perspective.....In order for Hasting to outflank and attack the 2nd and 9th Army, what did he rely on?"

"Speed." This answer wasn't difficult to think off. The biggest surprise attack naturally took advantage of speed.

"ThatWhat represents speed? Cavalry!" Shaar breathed out, feeling

a bit discomfort and pain in his lungs while talking.

Slate, an old military veteran with plenty of experience, immediately understood a portion of Shaar's thoughts.

"In order to launch a fast surprise attack and outflank us using maneuvers, he could only bring cavalry soldiers." Shaar reluctantly continued: "To compete with speed, he had to divert some his forces to the south and attack Primal Wildfire Town, thinning his military strength. Therefore, the troops that arrived here was only about 10,000 men. These should be his current military strength.....All of his forces consist of cavalry, and he lacks infantry!! ! During today's first wave, he used cavalry to attack the walls! Dismounted cavalry!! Hasting is absolutely reluctant to spend his military strength like this."

Letting the expensive cavalry dismount and using them as infantry.

Creating a line of defense was common military tactics.

"The second problem..." Shaar forcefully rubbed his chest while trying to make breathing easier. "According to the information we have, the Odin army that General Adrick and Ruhr's armies fought in the north was not that strong. At least, not as strong as Hasting's elite troops. So I ask everyone, with such a power balance, would our generals possibly lose?"

Of course not! Everyone inside the 13th Army trusted Aderick and nearly worshipped him! Moreover, they frantic believed in the combat prowess of the 13th Army! As long as they didn't run into Hasting, the 13th Army was confident that they could counter any Odin army!

Moreoverthere was also Ruhr's army of infantry units!

"Therefore, our general will certainly come back from the north, but they are being delayed by the Odin army in the mountain valley right now. However, that Odin support army is not enough to threaten our general. Once the general slaughters his way back, Hasting would never be willing to let his valuable cavalry be wasted by attacking a wall.

"Therefore, Hasting has a shortage of troops! He must keep enough

cavalry to cope with our main cavalry! No, is not even that simpleI have a feeling... it is only a feeling and I don't even have some proof, but I feel as if Hasting was preserving his strength. He didn't really intend to break through our defensive lines to occupy this stretch of land!"

Those words made people startle in disbelief.

Hasting didn't want to break through here? During today's first wave, they almost couldn't stop them!

"I have no way to explain why I feel this way." Shaar scratched his head and seemed unable to find any appropriate words to explain this subtle feeling. "Look,if he wanted to he launch a second wave of attack, he would be able to break us right nowbut they still haven't moved."

Only his last sentence had some persuasive power. Many officers' faces were somewhat strange. Shaar's words were somewhat absurd – Hasting would actually go easy on them? This kind of event was absolutely impossible, but they couldn't ignore the fact that Hasting indeed hasn't launched another attack. How could it possibly be that a famous general such as Hasting could not estimate the remaining strength in this stronghold!

"It seems like he does not want to capture this camp. The strength of today's first attack, although it gave us a hard time, was actually the exact limit that we could withstand! Although this sounds inconceivable, but I think if I was Hasting, I could achieve such a feat and it wouldn't be to anyone's surprise."

The one who spoke was Slate, the garrison officer that currently had the highest military rank and the only one who commanded soldiers in a battle before.

Part 2

"But, why would he let us barely survive?" A logistics officer of the camp couldn't help but ask loudly, "If he had taken us down, he would have cut off the general's rear guard, and then be able to exhaust the enemy while only needing to wait. He would have been able to swallow

our 13th Army corps and general Ruhr's 6th Army. Why wouldn't he attempt something like that?"

Shaar thought a bit and spread his hands in defeat, "How the f*ck should I know? If we were to be able to guess it correctly, then we would be at Hasting's level. However, what I could say for certain is that he has a reason, and that this reason was more important than swallowing our 13th Army and the 6th Army.....At least it was more important for Hasting."

The military officers inside the tent started debating again, and used their wisdom to diligently Hasting's motive.

Could it be that he was planning to besiege a stronghold in order to strike at the reinforcements? Therefore, had Hasting encircled them without finishing them off?

What a joke! As long as he conquered this place, the main force would directly fall into a hopeless situation. What use would a "besieging a stronghold in order to strike at the reinforcements" tactic have?

"Therefore, don't issue the command of the counter-assault for the 200 cavalry and send them to their deaths. I have the feeling that the time for truly using them has not yet come. These 200 cavalry could come in handy at the right time," said Shaar as he smiled bitterly.

This was only his intuition, and it was similar to the one that would appear during a dangerous moment in the mountain forest. Words, logic, or reason really couldn't explain it.

However, there was still something that was more important; in fact, Shaar actually had a guess in his mind that also made him a bit confused, and so he hadn't mentioned it.

Hastinghe, it seemed as ifhe was guarding against something?

Shaar's thinking wasn't complicated; on the contrary, his thinking was very simple and straightforward, due to growing up in the mountains.

Hasting was saving his strength, this was very clear.

If he was saving his strength, then what was he saving it for? Shaar came up with two reasons. First, it was in order to deal with the enemy. However, he could have obviously swallowed the main force by conquering this camp and he actually chose not to do it!! Obviously, his goal wasn't to deal with the enemy!

Thus, it could only be the second reason. Usually, if someone saved his strength, and it was not to deal with the enemy, then he could only guard against someone else!

Hasting, he was guarding against something!!

“Hasting that guy, would certainly be guarding against me.”

Kikkan sat on the bone throne that stood on a huge square platform. Twenty strong Odin were working together to carry it and Kikkan sat on the throne steadily as a rock. Supporting himself with an arm on the armthrone, his other hand was actually holding a harp while his fingers randomly swept over the string and sending out some gentle notes.

In his surrounding, the Odin army was slowly marching forwards, and all four sides were a huge number of burly, proud Odin soldiers. The long lines of formations created a mixed of marching noise and weapon collision on the main road.....

“Ah.....The sound of the harp sounds beautiful.” Kikkan smiled, and slowly stretched out a hand to take a golden goblet of wine from a kneeling servant next to the throne.

Taking a small sip from the red wine, he suddenly knocked on his forehead, “Ah.....Hasting, that fellow, will certainly be guarding against me, and therefore be unwilling to contribute to capture the camp of the 13th Army. He has only 10,000 cavalrymen, and if he really invaded Byzantine camp, and if I deliberately let Adrick go back, then he will be the one that gets besieged instead.....what an interesting thought. Let's see, if the pride of us Odin, the strongest champion, Hasting, his fate actually lies in my handsAh, not possible, Hasting will certainly not let something like this happen. Alas, what a headache.”

Listening to his noble highness talking unscrupulously about plotting against Hasting, the servant knelt next to the throne trembled as he started to become pale.

This was simply torture! This highness's words were full of treachery and heresy, could he at least keep them for himself! Once we hear these words, there was always the danger to be killed silently at anytime for knowing too much....

The previous time he talked about how his majesty had too many sons therefore died a few didn't matter. Now, he unexpectedly plotted against Hasting.....

Was he still planning to let me live in peace!

Kikkan gently smiled as if he didn't notice the fear on the paled faced servant.

"Oh, you pitiful guys, you don't need to be scared." Kikkan shook his head and deeply sighed, "These words, even if you spread them it doesn't matter. Whether it was me, Hasting, or my great supreme father the Emperor, everybody understood quite clearly the matter of things." Jumping down the throne, he unexpectedly grabbed the trembling servant who was kneeled on the ground and said with an excited smile: "Don't you understand? Come, come! I will explain to you.....The war this time is just a foreshadow of our game of the thrones! Hasting that guy is a close friend to our big royal Highness.

(TL: When you play the game of thrones, you win or you die.)

And IIf I wanted to plot against my dear eldest brother, I have to cut of Hasting first. Furthermore, my poor little brother actually died on the battlefield. I acknowledged that stirring him up to join dangerous blockade was my ideaAh, our father, the Emperor's heart is really ruthless. He obviously knew all this and actually didn't prevent it. Could it be for us Odins, the emperor of each generation had to step on his brothers and sisters' corpse and blood?"

The servant finally collapsed!

A humble person like him could really understand what suddenly turned this highness insane to actually say these kinds of absurd words to him. Normally, for those who hear these words would end up dead! This of secret, how could a person with his status hear it? Even if he heard a word, his fate would be to being immediately silenced.

Shivering like mad, he wept and wailed loudly: “Your highness! Your highness, beg for mercy! Beg for mercy! I, I didn’t hear anything! Not heard anything!!”

Kikkan’s face flashed a temperateness expression as he looked at this servant. Sitting back into his throne again after standing up, he waved his hand like a unloved child full of dull expression and said: “Go, I won’t kill you.”

Waiting for that servant to crawl away, Kikkan’s finger pressed the strings while issuing a long sigh.

“So lonelyno even having someone to talk.”

Loneliness covered this elegant Odin’s face.

A group of caribou riders suddenly riding towards him from the front, before bowing down below the platform, “Your highness, our brave warriors clashed with the Byzantine’s rear! Our brave warriors can’t break through, please order.....”

“What order?” Kikkan yawned full of boredom as he lifted his finger while casually saying, “Are you all so desperate to battle with the Byzantine’s elite? Ah, even if you really wanted to die, you don’t have to be so impatient about this small delay.”

This caribou rider froze at the spot and his mouth dropped open.

“Well, well, order our brave warriors to come back. We don’t need to worry about pursuing them to fight.....Let the men at the front line up and say farewell to the Byzantine as they ride away. Ah, right, that’s it, line up to say farewell, but don’t forget to sound the trumpets, haha! See them off as they ride far away.”

Did his highness go mad?!

Seeing the rider with a dumb expression on his face, Kikkan's expression sank and his eyes flashed a strange light. Then, as if nothing had happened, he immediately revealed a faint smile, "Alright, we will leave the 13th Army to the pride of Odin, Lord Hasting to deal with. Our mission was to drive away this flock of Byzantines into the butcher knife of the great Lord Hasting and for him to slaughter them."

But, but" This rider officer was obviously unable to understand this order.

Line up in formation, watch their farewell and sound the trumpets?!

"There is no but, follow your order." On Kikkan's face was a hint of impatience, and this rider officer finally walked away, full of confusion and distress.

Kikkan sat there and lazily leaned against his throne, while playing with his fingers out of boredom.

AhHasting, you certainly must be depressed right now. You knew that I would plot against you, and you still went deeper into the trap. Blame yourself for being the "Odin's Lord of War"! With such a reputation, you could only storm forwards furiously like a whipped horse.

Therefore, it's better to let Hasting chew on the 13th Army. As for my military exploitI already swallowed a legion of 13th Army. It should probably be enough to satisfy my great father the Emperor.

Ah.....Never perform above what they expect of you. Passing is enough.....

This Odin noble gently struck on the string and yawned.

Chapter 89: The Fleeing Rabbit General

Heavily breathing, Kevin's bald head was covered with sweat, and his helmet was bent crookedly. He was already so tired that his arms were numb and aching, and he could barely lift up his claw hammer.

Next to his side were the Praetorian Guards and fourth legion; these two cavalry units were responsible for covering the rear. After successfully blocking the Odins' pursuit twice, Kevin was so tired that he couldn't even keep his back straight, especially after the second attack.

Seeing the Odins retreating like the tide, they watched the ground covered with corpse that they left behind.

Did these Odins stop their pursuit? The bald man frowned.

However very soon, he didn't ponder over it anymore. The general's order was to cover the rear and since these Odins had stopped their pursuit, it could be considered that he had completed the order.

At his side there were more than one hundred cavalry right now. After experiencing two attacks, they had ended up losing about two hundred brothers. Although the soldiers were tired and the horses worn-out, Kevin still cautiously assembled the remaining troops. Lining up in formation, they slowly separated from the battlefield, and tried to catch up to the main force in the south.

Just as Kevin took his group away, trumpets could suddenly be heard behind the pursuing Odin troops...

Did the Odins go mad? The bald man was at a loss in his mind.

General Adrick who was at the Northern frontline received the news that the rear camp was flanked by Hasting three days ago.

The credit for discovering this news so early must actually go to the rabbit general Ruhr. Before marching north, the chubby person prepared a mixed unit on the ground that stayed one day's distance behind the main force. When he made that decision, it was purely because that chubby person had an inborn sixth sense to escape danger when it

approached.

And this time, his premonition was a big help once more.

The chubby man's army was infantry and walked very slowly, therefore the unit following at the back was even slower.

Very soon, the mixed unit discovered some Odin caribou raiders coming, and searching for signs from the south!

This discovery immediately gave the rabbit general a severe shock!

From the south?!

The Odins are unexpectedly behind us?!

This news was immediately transferred to Adrick's force with the fastest horse.

Afterwards, Adrick didn't delay and made the decision: March toward the south!

The battle harden Adrick understood very clear, if the rear camp was outflanked by Odins, then the only general who would dare to do something this big was their old rival who they could never beat – Hasting!

Moreover, if a terrifying enemy such as Hasting went to rear and besieged the camp, Adrick didn't even want to think about it!

It is not too late; the 13th Army immediately turned and headed south!

Once the speed of the cavalry adopted their quick pace, Adrick's first idea was to catch up to the chubby Ruhr who was further in the south. According to their distances, they should be able to catch to that chubby guy in a day time.

But in fact, the 13th Army only managed to reach Ruhr's army on the night of the second day.

What really left Adrick in admiration was that General Ruhr, who was worthy of his famous escaping skills, had discarded a large number of commodities on the road while running! Spare weapons, armor, food and

large military baggage carts, even special Ballistas as well as catapults were all destroyed before thrown onto the roadside!

When Ruhr started to run, he simply fell in hysteria! This chubby fellow unexpectedly ordered the army to only carry three days worth of dry rations and basic equipment, while completely discarding all of the other things!

Using that chubby fellow's words: In any case, if we don't hurry back to the camp within three days, then we are all doing to die! As of the other things, throw it all away. Even clinging on to it would be worthless; therefore, there is no need for it.

When the 13th Army caught up with Ruhr, he made a request: Let the cavalry of 13th Army take the unused horses of the cavalry and give them to his men.

The 13th Army was pure cavalry, and each cavalymen had at least two warhorses. Under Ruhr's intense begging, Adrick reluctantly gave out 2000 horses.

Afterwards, Ruhr started his magic, and the series of actions that followed immediately proved that his nickname, "Running Rabbit", was absolutely deserved!

Still remembering the mixed unit that was following behind his main unit, they turned around and marched toward south, becoming the vanguard for the main unit! They marched at the forefront!

After Ruhr and Adrick joined forces, their speeds happened to catch up to that unit, and reassigned it to their ranks.

Moreover, that unit who was originally following behind still carried large quantities of military transports and grain carts!

Under Ruhr's order, the soldiers of the 6th Army divided the horses from the 13th Army with astonishing speed, and assigned each to a cart. They then changed the grain carts with planks into big horse-drawn carts, and lined up two hundred into a line!

The entire process took less than two hours, and it was as if the soldiers

of 6th Army were used to this kind of work.

With more than 200 big horse-drawn carts available now, the 6th Army, which was an infantry unit, improved their marching speed greatly! Several thousand infantries jumped up on the horse-drawn carts, and with the rolling wheels, they unexpectedly managed to reluctantly keep up with the cavalry's speed!

The two hundred huge horse-drawn vehicles used 800 warhorses to pull the carts, and they could load about 3000 men on them. The remaining 1200 warhorses carried two riders each and covered another 2000 men. With everything considered, it was equal to giving over 5000 infantry units wheels and horses!

They only pity was that the horses would probably dying of exhaustion while they rushed towards their destination.

5000 men were able to ride horses or sat in a horse-drawn cart, but the remaining 5000 men of the 6th Army could only use their legs.

However, subsequently, the soldiers of the 6th Army demonstrated their outstanding qualities: The ability to run!

It was simply crazy! These infantries ran on the main road and rotated with the men on the wagon once every hour. At the end, they unexpectedly didn't fall too far behind the 13th Army.

This chubby fellow, I am afraid he only pondered on how to escape. Adrick thought to himself full of evil suspicion.

After three days!

When the two Armies joined forces, they force marched for three days and discarded all commodities as much as possible. In only in three days time, they killed their way through Al Bactre plain and the cavalry vanguard killed off two small units of Hasting's army. In the evening of third day, the vanguard arrived at a place ten miles away from the camp.

The chubby fellow used Adrick's warhorse until total exhaustion. In order to pursue speed, this chubby fellow didn't spare on horsepower – in his own words, if we die, what use do horses have? As long as we can

make it back alive, we can buy new warhorses, but human can't be reborn.

Adrick discovered that the calculating power of this chubby fellow was quite outstanding!

His army discarded a large number of commodities on the road and at the end, many soldiers even threw away their armor, shield and weapons!

However, it was not panicked discarding, but an ordered one where he had everything under control.

This chubby yellow would calculate every step of the roads, and according to the speed as well as the physical strength of soldiers left after the marching, he then calculated how many commodities to discard to endure the journey. Discarding while walking, he took into account the maximum strength, battle efficiency as well as balancing the marching speed.

After arriving at their destination, only three soldiers shared on average one set of armor and weapon. This means that the battle efficiency of this army had only one-third of its original strength remaining! However, because of that chubby fellow's rotation method which allowed his men to rest on the horse-drawn cart, the one-third of the soldiers who would have equipment still maintained their minimum standard of physical strength to battle!

An army that was on a forced march for three days straight, and yet still managed to maintain one-third of its battle efficiency, it would be regarded as a difficult feat even for an elite army.

In this regard, Adrick could not help but admire this feat. At least he knew very well that if they changed places and it was him who led a pure infantry army, it would be absolutely impossible for him to achieve the same result as this chubby fellow.

Regarding this, the chubby fellow gave an explanation: "You know what the 6th Army usually drills under normal circumstances? I will tell you – full equipment long-distance cross-country training! In order to get into my 6th Army, the first requirement is not being able to strike, but being

able to run.”

Kevin and his subordinates soon caught up with the main army. The 600 cavalry accompanying this bald man were obviously utterly exhausted; however, from the look on everyone's faces, their eyes were still shining brightly. Sitting on horseback, they still kept their backs straight.

The news that Kevin brought however wasn't really good.

After accepting to cover the rear and intercepting the pursuing troops, Kevin maliciously fought twice with the Odins. Afterwards, the Odins suddenly inexplicably retreated. They lined up in the distance and gave them a farewell, while even also sounding the trumpets... On the battlefield, who would fight to death one moment, and then later see off the enemy while waving them farewell?

Although the Odin's at their heel no longer tried to kill them, it wasn't as if they did nothing at all.

The irregular Odin troops behind them gathered all of their cavalry, and assembled more than 3000 caribou riders to continuously push Kevin and his group forward – these damn Odins wouldn't attack them, but once they reach a certain distance they would intentionally slow their tempo, shouting in the distance while brandishing their weapons to create a huge ruckus. They were like a flock of sheepdogs, driving Kevin's group south as much as possible.

On several occasions, their anger reached their limit and they started to turn around to fight it out with these Odins – the brave warriors of 13th Army were courageous and didn't fear death! However, once they turned around, these Odin unexpectedly panicked and turned around to flee!

In short, during these three days, everyone was chasing around each other and it only ended up in roaring or threatening each other from a distance. Their weapons didn't even touch each other once!

Although Kevin turned around several times, but with his low manpower, he didn't really dare to pursue them too far. Frightening the opposite side was enough for them. However, the Odin riders stuck to

them like flies to dung and were unable to be shaken off. They continuously chose to stop, chase and make a ruckus...

“They are not far behind us and after seeing our main force, they immediately retreated. I think that they didn’t run away and are probably hanging two or three miles behind our backs.” Kevin gasped for breath.

General Adrick spat on the floor: “F*ck, what do these Odins actually want?!”

The nearby general Ruhr who had already untied the tendon on his armor, let out his chubby belly as he satisfiedly gasped for breath. Hearing this, he grunted: “What else can they do? They are driving us away! Like sheep into the mouth of Hasting, that wolf.”

Thinking for a moment, Adrick’s face flashed with a killing intent: “Rest fifteen minutes! Then get ready for battle! Is the camp still in our hands? It seems like the boys inside the camp did well. As long as we can slaughter our way back to the camp, then this war can still be turned around!”

General Ruhr standing next to him frowned and patted his belly gently. This was one of his habits and every time he did this his mind had something that couldn’t be resolved. He then would subconsciously do it out of habit.

Only after making loud noises while patting his round belly did the chubby fellow open his mouth. His expression was somewhat strange and it seemed as if something was confusing him.

“I actually think... slaughtering our way back to the camp will perhaps not be that difficult. Hasting wouldn’t fight us to the death! However, he will probably fiercely take a big chunk of meat from us.”

Adrick immediately looked at Ruhr with a serious look.

After several days of forced march, and since Adrick wasn’t a fool, he naturally saw through that chubby fellow who was well-known for his escaping skill, wasn’t actually the idiot everyone said he was!

“What do you mean General Ruhr?”

This chubby fellow patted his belly and said: “Ah, the Odins behind us didn’t really chase us. According to my original calculations, if they really pursued us, our speed to return would at least be slowed by over one day under their harassing, probably more. What does this mean? It means that they didn’t try! What about in front of us? The camp is unexpectedly still in our hands! Aren’t you surprised? Although the boys in camps are a good bunch of young fellows, but we all know their strengths. They only had one battalion of garrison troops and some other mixed people. Ah... I don’t believe in the existence of miracles. If it was a different Odin general leading the troops, then they might be able to hold the camp with a miracle! However... Who was the general that is currently in front of the camp soldiers? It is Hasting! Do you think Odin’s number one general, leading a ten thousand man army of the most elite soldiers, was unable to capture a small fortress that had less than a thousand soldiers? Would it be possible? Come on, he is Hasting!!”

The more this chubby fellow talked, the more excited he got and bead of sweat ended up rolling down his forehead.

Adrick also took a deep breath while thinking: “This indeed didn’t make sense... The pursuing army wasn’t going all out and Hasting was also going easy on us? What are they planning? Properly speaking, the pursuing troops should harass us, stall us, and win as much time as possible for Hasting to conquer our camp, but now ...”

The chubby guy looked at Adrick and suddenly lowered his voice while saying: “General Adrick, this has always been your weakness. You always look at wars too one-sided! You must know, when I followed the grand duke Minas in the past, I heard him say a few words: War is just the continuation of politics, and these words don’t apply only between us and the enemy, but it also applies to the people of the same side!”

“...” Adrick frowned. The grand duke of Minas was the highest military commander of the older generation, and naturally his words held great value.

Ruhr smiled and squinted his eyes: “Still not clear? The troops pursuing behind us, and Hasting in front of us... These two Odin armies, their –

mind, is, not, one!”

This chubby fellow was really good!

(Editor Note: Hydro-Hey guys, I’m really tired and it is entirely possible I missed some edits in this chapter x) Really hope you guys enjoyed it!)

Chapter 90: Hasting's "Answer"

Part 1

"Let's gamble on it!"

"Let's gamble..... That Hasting won't fight us to the death!"

Adrick and that fat fellow, Ruhr, made their decision!

During the middle of the night, the soldiers who had only gotten a bit of rest were all readied for battle!

The cavalry tightened their saddles, polished their lances until they shone brightly and took down the feed bags attached to their heads. They then gently patted their beloved warhorses, before turning around to mount them.

In the middle of the night, the cavalymen arranged themselves neatly in formation under the dignified and urging voice of their officers. Holding up their heads, they slowly advanced while moving in their assigned positions.

A wedge-formation assault was formed in the wilderness. At the front was the heavily armored cavalry centurion Saucier, their mission was to break through the besieging Odin army from the front. They must completely "pierce through" the enemy's formation! Ruhr's 6th Army was placed in the middle and the infantry had already lost most of their equipments. Only the outer layer of the infantry was equipped with weapons, armors and shields, the men in the middle were left with only a uniform and didn't need to fight. The only thing they needed to do was run! Run as fast as they could! When the heavy cavalry broke through and opened up the Odin's formation, they had to brave the risk of death while running across the entire frontline of the Odin army.

The rear was protected by the fourth legion of the 13th Cavalry Army! The fourth legion's centurion was the 37 year old Fenatra, who was a typical Byzantine. He was born in a normal aristocratic family and joined

the army in his youth. The medium ranked, level-six warrior only had three fingers left. Five years ago, he lost two of his fingers in the North-eastern Frontline of the empire during a war due to frostbite. The 37 year old Fenatra was given an important mission: Cover the rear!

Not only did he have to defend against the Odin army that would give them a farewell send off at their tails, he was also responsible for covering the main army when it attacked Hasting's army and had to successfully protect the headquarter if the enemy decided to fight to the death!

When Adrick gave Fenatra the order, he had a serious expression on his face while he, in a low voice, said: "You will probably die."

However, after listening to him, the 37 year Fenatra's face remained calm and his resolution didn't change in the slightest. He did not utter a single word and merely straightened his body in front of his general and saluted him, before turning around to walk away.

The attack will happened during the period before dawn and it was the time of day where people would be most tired as well as weak.

The assault army slowly marched through the wilderness towards their target: The besieged camp in front of them.

When the vanguard was less than three miles away from Hasting's besieging army, a clear noise sounded that initiated the charge!!

The charging sound ripped through the silence of the dark night! Within the spirited sound of a trumpet, the cavalry furiously roared and maliciously kicked their horses, urging them forward in craze!

The daybreak was the darkest moment before dawn and the gods seemed to stand on the Byzantine's side as they had cast clouds over the sky, covering the starlight!

Within the trumpet sound, a dense mass of cavalry galloped through the wilderness, leaving behind a dark cloud!!

Hasting's army, who was besieging the camp, formed a half moon formation around it and the charging cavalry picked the spot in the

middle to breakthrough!

Just when the Byzantine's trumpet resounded, countless burst of noises immediately appeared within Hasting's camp. Men started shouting and horses started neighing, while torches disorderly scattered all over the place.

Saucier's heavy armored cavalry was galloping at the front. Their horses were equipped with heavy armor while their riders looked like moving fortresses, carrying spears as they whirled through the wilderness. Through the dark night a big, dark, surging cloud could be seen, continuously rushing forward until it smashed into the besieged Odin camp and forcefully penetrating the middle of their formation!

The rear formation didn't have a lot of fortifications to defend against horses, and the simple camp wall was all but tramped down by the heavy cavalry. Chaos could be seen everywhere as Odin soldiers ran around, calling out in panic. Under the thundering horse's hooves, the scattered soldiers couldn't form an effective resistance to intercept and was instantly crushed under the cruel oppression! The warhorses trampled from one tent to another while the riders dropped burning torches, creating a sea of flames. The entire battlefield was consumed by battle cries and horse hooves, it was as if the earth itself trembled in the dark!

Saucier's heavy armored cavalry barely encountered any resistance as they instantly pushed deep into the besieging army. Against the momentum of the cavalry and the powerful impact of the heavy armored cavalry, it was not something that any Odin could compete against with their bare bodies. Only after they penetrated deep into the enemy's camp did the Odin's resistance gradually start to show some power and gathered a larger force to fight against them. Small groups of caribou riders began to entangle in combat with the cavalry and the heavy cavalry's speed started to slow down.

Exactly at this time, the infantry of the 6th Army, who was following the heavy cavalry, also rushed into the big Odin camp. The chubby Ruhr went in together with his army and this fat rabbit was wearing heavy cavalry body armor. Fortunately, his warhorse was one of the finest steed

in his army, his weight plus his heavy armor would have pressured any other normal horse.

This fat fellow rode on his horse with a long axe in his hand and was surrounded by his Praetorian Guards. While riding, he simultaneously continuously roared orders to his men. The 6th Army listed over ten special squads that followed the heavy cavalry as they penetrated the big Odin camp. These groups spread towards both sides and simultaneously started to set on fire along the way to tents, rations, wooden fences..... Anything that could be instantly ignited was lit up with several torches. It was obvious that it wasn't the first time these squads did this. As they turned the camp into a sea of flames, they continuously shouted confusing messages in Odin tongue.

General Adrick led the Praetorian Guards and the remaining troops in the third wave and burst into the Odin camp with a ferocious battle cry. The heavy cavalry vanguard was struggling hard to open up a path in the middle, while the subordinates of the chubby fellow were busy setting everything on fire.

Taking a look at the Odin camp, one could see a dense mass of horses and men rushing through a path while a sea of fire was raging on and shadows ran around shouting.

(It is too easy! Too easy!) Adrick's mind stayed on full alert and shouted to his troops to furiously increase their speed!

The fourth legion, which was responsible for covering the rear, stood in formation. It consisted mainly of light armor cavalry and a team of Praetorian Guards that was placed at the back.

As the main force penetrated, the rear troops cautiously followed them from behind! Fenatra had a solemn look on his face as he rode side by side with Kevin. They already heard voices from afar shouting "take chase" as the Odins slowly started to take action. Countless Odin voices could be heard mixed with the chaotic rumble of horse hooves. It was clear that these guys would not let this amazing opportunity pass as they could ruthlessly rip apart their forces!

During the dark night, Hasting's big camp had already completely plunged into chaos. The heavy armored cavalry at the front had almost completed the mission which they never thought to be possible: breaking through Hasting's camp! However at this moment, they actually achieved it, and the tip of the vanguard had already come out of the camp. Further away, as so long as they could cross the battlefield, they would reach the stronghold wall of their own camp!!

However, exactly at this time, whether it was Saucier who was leading to charge, Ruhr or Adrick who were charging with the main army, they all felt something strong suppressing their hearts.

They continuously asked themselves, (Hasting! What will he do?)

Part 2

Just like an invisible hand that was holding together all the strings! Just as several high-ranking Byzantine officers started pounding over that question, Hasting finally made his move!

An intense, but short bullhorn sound resounded!

From both sides suddenly came surging a loud noises! Odins' crazy roaring, warhorses' neighing, black bears' growling and caribou's howling...

Surprise attack from both sides: Two mighty black currents that were lurking in the shadow finally found their enemy's weakness and started to dash out madly!!

Like a pair of pincer! From both sides, they were ruthlessly pincer-attacking the strike force!

Hasting, finally revealed his hand! The timing he chose and his intention was very clear!

And his target was the troops at the rear!!

He indeed had no interest in a fight to the death! HoweverIn order to break through his defensive, the Byzantine had to pay a price!

This was Hasting's answer.

The vanguards and main force had already successfully broke through and the strike force comprised of heavy cavalry units at the front killed so many that they were completely covered in blood while sweat was streaming down from their bodies like rivers. Even if the fat fellow's infantry to still continued their advance, they were already gasping for breath.

Although Hasting gave up blocking his enemy at the front, he had already evacuated most of his troops from the camp. His real aim was to catch the enemy by his tail.

When Adrick heard the Odins on both sides started shouting "kill", he noticed that it was not directed at him, but at his back! At this moment, Adrick was faced with a certainly big difficult problem!

Turn around to kill!

Or.....Continue forward!

As the commander of 13th Army, Adrick clenched his teeth while finally roaring: "Forward!! We continue forward!!"

The two mighty black currents fiercely clashed the line of the army and fiercely bashed against them. Running at the forefront were the elites of the Odin Army: The Berserkers!

This type of fully armored black bears merged in a formation at the rear as dozens black bear berserkers quickly formed a wall, preventing the enemy at the rear from advancing!

The third legion's cavalry didn't show any sign of fear and they roared madly before raising their lances as they rushed towards their enemies. The cavalymen at the forefront quickly collided with a black bear and were swept away. The cavalry following behind pushed toward while wielding their spear to greet these black colossi.

The group was quickly pulled apart and completely separated!

More and more Odins continued flood towards them and the dozens of

black bear berserkers were blocking their way a moment ago, their route was already cut off! The cavalry paid a heavy price to finally finish off those dozens of colossi in front of them then a giant horn sounded from behind. The ground which was covered with dead bodies of men, horses and bears in front of them while caribou riders started to rush toward them from behind!

There was no path left in front! Only the sharp axes of Odin's!

The Odin's caribou riders encircled them layer by layer, like a cotton candy slowly wrapping around the third legion. Layer by layer, dense and numerous enemies were swarming over. Furthermore, Kekkan's troops who were chasing them also rushed over, while changing their attitudes from before. The caribou riders, roared cheerfully as they caught up...

Afterwards, the tangled melee began!

The rear armies all escape routes were cut off and they were maliciously sandwiched by Odins. They soon got cut up into three pieces and like being sprinkled on a black earth, a dark cloud filled with more Odins immediately flooded them.

The sound of a blades chopping on armors, lances stabbing the flesh, the pitiful yells of injured soldiers falling off, the final cries before death.....

Metal and blood were already blending together, as if they were becoming something inseparable.....

The doors of the camp were already opened and the heavy armored which that formed the vanguard swarmed in. Saucer, who was tired couldn't help but gasp for breath and although Hasting had gone easy on them, heavy cavalry were still responsible for the most important mission which was to create a path. They still lost about 20% of their military strength and the armors of each cavalryman were no longer black, but pitiful red.

Soon afterwards, the infantry of that fat fellow came running and immediately after 6th Army rushed past the camp gates, the soldiers fluttered to the ground while opening their mouth to breath madly. Those

were the men who scattered all directions and were responsible for setting everything on fire. Half of them were still stuck in the chaos.

When Adrick brought in the remnants troops and passed through the gate, unexpectedly there were no Odins chasing after them! Past the empty battlefield, from the distant place, war cries were getting more and more concentrated while countless torches lit up around the surrounding! It was so bright that it was just like daytime!

Hasting's answer was very clear: My appetite is not big. Eating your rear army is sufficient!

Adrick was bleeding in his heart. Although he knew that his legion was trapped, there was nothing he could do!

All the cavalry had been pushed to their limits! The heavy armored cavalry were incapable of fighting again, and Ruhr's menThey were all infantries! You couldn't count on a group of infantries who were forced to march for three days and three nights. Moreover, they had already discarded the majority of their weapons and going in battlefield bare handed would be asking for death!

Damn! I only need a new force! Even if it had 1000No! 500! Even if it had only 500 men, they could go out and perhaps assist their brothers!!

Exactly at this moment, Adrick heard a vigorous roar!

"Make way! Get off the road!!!"

The roar was full of vigor, and a powerful sound of hoofs of sprinting horses could be heard from the camp! With Adrick's experience, he immediately heard that these hoofbeats were full of energy! It was obvious that they were well rested horses!

A team of cavalry charged past and although from Adrick's point of view, this group of soldiers could not be called an elite force.....only half of the horses were qualified as warhorses, but most of them seemed a little inferior and even had someMules?!

However, the rider on the horseback had his back straight and fully demonstrating his abundant physical strength and strong energy!!

That fellow at the front was the rookie he just recruited as Praetorian Guard. Carrying a war axe, he rushed ahead while brandishing his weapon in the air as he issued a loud order, shocking his surrounding!

“Follow me! Aid our brothers!!”

Among the thundering horses' hooves, cavalrymen roared fiercely as they followed after Shaar. Lined up in a formation, they rushed past Adrick like a hurricane and charged out of the camp which opened its gates!!

At this moment, the charging cavalry of two hundred rode on such a momentum that they transformed into a mighty force!

Chapter 91: Destroying the invincible defense

These 200 riders seemed like a force of hastily organized soldiers, each wearing a different kind of armor. Even the ground troops with the best equipment only wore light infantry armor, pieced together with a thick chest plate and strengthened in the front with nails.

The horses galloped while their hooves battered the soil. The 200 cavalymen arranged themselves into a wedge formation as they rode in the distance!

Hasting's big camp was still empty of combat-ready soldiers, as the Odin soldiers were still not fully recovered, when all of a sudden, the Byzantine cavalry crashed into them with a strong momentum. Wielding a long axe, Shaar instantly cut an Odin soldier that was blocking their way into two pieces, and his horse continued its rampage while sending anybody that stood in its way flying into the air!

The two hundred brave warriors followed close behind Shaar, and before the Odins had the time to regain their composure and get into formation, they were already swarmed. Cutting through the Odin's large camp, they slaughtered everyone that stood in their way!

The Byzantine rear army was already divided into three parts, and the area soon became a tangled warzone and a pitiful slaughter fest. As Shaar's cavalry of 200 broke through the Odin's virtually empty camp, Hasting's elite troops had already begun their counterattack, but they were still some distance away from Shaar's troops. A team of hundred Odins rapidly turned around and prepared to welcome Shaar's formation! This cavalry force was made of majestic caribou that lifted their heads to raise their gigantic horns. The Odin riders carried by those caribous roared madly while waving their war axes.

However, the most powerful being inside the Hasting's formation were the two bear-riding Odin Berserkers!

Shaar continued leading at the forefront and didn't wear any heavy armor in order to maximize his horse's momentum. Riding with bare arms, he wore two Dragonscales between his leather chest armor. As a black bear Berserker rushed towards him and a bear's paws smashed towards him, Shaar immediately smelled a stench coming closer. As he wielded his long axe, both of his eyes turned crimson, and he immediately displayed his inhuman power!

With a loud cracking sound, his axe, which radiated a thin crimson, flashed through the body of the black bear. The metal armor and the arm of black bear were cut simultaneously as blood and flesh sprayed everywhere. Before long, its head was cut off as well! Pulling up his horse to jump, Shaar steered it over the bear corpse of that had just dropped onto the ground. With a turn of his axe, he smashed the Odin riding the bear to death as he bashed in his skull!

Riding at the tip of the wedge formation, the cavalry behind Shaar suddenly crashed with the Odins blocking their path! On both sides, the soldiers at the front row immediately fell down from their horses after the impact. Some instantly received major injuries and started bleeding, and some were even trampled to death. Others immediately crawl up from the ground, raised their weapon and roared before jumping on their closest enemy!

Shaar, who was at the tip of this wedge formation, was hit the hardest! His axe was sent flying in the air, and everything turned crimson in the surrounding. The axe's shadow became a faint trace before transforming into a raging storm. The Thousand Men Army Slaughter was already practiced to the extreme! Although the axe sweep didn't radiate as much battle ki, the hidden crimson could actually destroy even the hardest defense ki. Regardless of the enemy blocking in front of him or what kind of armor he was wearing, under Shaar's sharp axe, everything became fragile as paper!

Under the sharp, radiant axe, Shaar faced a beast with bared fangs in front of him and tore it to pieces! In front of him, one blood fountain after another sprayed in the air, and skulls continued to fly into the air. A rain

of hot blood splattered on his body, giving his armor an ice-cold red color.

Although there were only 200 cavalrymen, they had Shaar as their trailblazer. An astonishingly high amount of courage and killing intent erupted from these 200 cavalrymen! Shaar roared as he slaughtered his way forward, and his knights courageously charged behind him. While following behind SHaar, they crushed the enemies in front of them to pieces!

Facing the onslaught, the force of one hundred men couldn't block the attack even for a moment. Before long, they were loudly crushed to pieces!

Shaar's formation immediately charged into the encirclement!

As Shaar continued howling, the Odin soldiers chopped at him with their axes, long swords, and claw hammers. Only the heavens knew how many scratches they left on his armor. Under the strengthening of the Dragonblood, common attacks were unable to cause him any injures. At this moment, it seemed as if Shaar had turned into this battlefield's strongest Deathgod. His blood red eyes radiated fearlessly and revealed not even the slightest trace of pain! Right now, his eyes were filled with only endless rage and slaughter!!

His continuous roar, full of madness, pierced the cavalry's body and made their blood boil.. Their eyes turned red as well, and at this moment they seemed not only brave... but nearlyInsane!!

Even when facing the axe of the Odins, they fearlessly rushed towards them to welcome their opponent! Piercing their enemies' bodies with their lance, they simultaneously let their own blood spray on the ground. If any of the cavalry fell, as long as they didn't die directly and they still had one last breath, they would pull their dagger and maliciously stab into the nearest Odin! Stabbing them with swords, attacking them with their bodies, biting them with their teeth!!

The originally thick, dense encirclement was unexpectedly broken through by Shaar's 200 men!!

As Shaar pushed forward, the long axe radiating crimson light, and his never-ending beastly roar became the beacon of direction for the cavalry

behind him. It was as if they forgotten everything and only had one thought in them: Crimson! Follow the direction of the crimson light!!!

The rear army that was encirclement was already divided into clumps, and Shaar's crazy rampage slowly gathered the besieged Byzantine soldiers one after another. Like streams flowing into the ocean, although the death count behind him was high, he still managed to increase the number of corpses even more than before!

It wasn't as if the soldiers didn't know what being afraid meant, nor did they not understand fear! Instead, this hillbilly had actually become the source of everyone's courage, no matter what came in front of them! Whether it was the tremendous dangers and difficulties while facing against the Odins, the Odin's huge axes, the Odin's countless sharp forest of spears, that Berserker riding the black bear, or even the mass of caribou riders.....This hillbilly always maliciously roared and was the first one to rush towards the enemy! With forms of combat that were nearly inhuman, he always chose the hardest and densest enemy formation before forcefully knocking open a path!!

There was even a moment when the cavalry following behind Shaar felt a false notion: It seems as if we are invincible!!

As they maliciously alternated back and forth on the battlefield, Shaar gathered over 600 cavalry at his side, and more and more of the rear army soldiers gathered next to him! The Odins already noticed the threat that Shaar posed and sent one elite team after another towards them. Quickly, they felt the pressure that this man imparted!

As more and more Odins surrounded them, although Shaar was acting as a vanguard, cutting through, one individual's strength could not win a battle on the battlefield. Moreover, the hillbilly was far from invincible.

Finally, he received an injury as two Odins stubbornly grabbed unto him and an opponent's axe, covered battle ki, cut open his armor. He was immediately knocked from his horse by that powerful force, and his axe's handle was cut off another Odin soldier. Using the broken handle, Shaar maliciously stabbed it into his opponent's chest. However, his shoulder

suffered a heavy blow from a hammer, and under the blow of the battle ki, the shoulder pads of his light armor were immediately crushed. The hillbilly's throat enlarged before spurting blood onto his horse. Pulling out his fire pitchfork with his hand, he cut off a caribou head with one slash. Taking the opportunity presented by the falling caribou, he beheaded the caribou's rider with a surprise attack!

As Shaar was trying to catch his breath, he felt that more than half of his strength was consumed. He could only maintain the Crimson rage ki for a couple dozens of minutes. A lot of time had already passed, and he feared that his ability to destroy even the hardest defense couldn't be maintained for much longer. Taking a look in all directions, he noticed that the surrounding crowd had swarmed them like ants. After taking another look at the cavalrymen behind him, Shaar understood that they had already reached their limit!

Being able to rescue these men was already the limit. If they continued to rush forward, he feared that everyone would die here!

Exactly at this time, a sudden roar could be heard. Within a dozen Odin soldiers at his left, there was a familiar bald fellow roaring, full of anger. As a fountain of blood exploded, Shaar's eyes immediately turned crimson again, and he charged towards the enemy with a scream!

Kevin was already severely wounded, and his right shoulder pad had been smashed to pieces. Mixed in with the broken pieces were fragments of his shoulder bones. At this moment, he was reluctantly holding a longsword with his left hand and resisting his enemies. With just one hand, he was unable to effectively use a heavy weapon such as a claw hammer against multiple enemies. In addition, his horse had already died. Standing on the ground, his left leg throbbing with pain, which was so intense that it made him feel weak while his heart felt heavy. However, he didn't have the time to check his injuries as waves of sharp weapons continuously stabbed towards him. Kevin could only furiously swing his longsword, but he soon received two cuts on his back, tearing apart his armor. Actually, he couldn't even feel the pain, since his body was already numb

Kevin's eyes were covered by blood, and he couldn't even see his surroundings with any clarity. Everything he saw turned into blood red. In the midst of battle, he heard a familiar roar, and a horse immediately rushed towards him while smashing the two Odins in front of him into the air. When crimson light swept around him, all of the Odins' weapons of were shattered, and the heads of the soldiers flew into the sky!

Shaar grabbed Kevin's back and pulled him on his horse. As they rode on the horse, Kevin grabbed Shaar's waist and clenched his teeth, panting for breath while saying: "I.....owe you one..... again...."

With a wild laugh, Shaar picked up a lance that someone had left behind and used the strength within both of his arms to fiercely hurl it towards the front!

With a loud bang, the lance broke apart against the dozen Odin soldiers that were blocking his path. With a leap of his horse, he smashed apart the crowd to escape.....

Standing in the chilling wind, Hasting looked at the encirclement from far away. His eyes stared at the fight inside the encirclement ring at this moment and fixated on one person; he was completely focused on the person who was destroying the invincible defense!

"Very strongbut he doesn't have the heart of a genuine powerhouse.

Hasting silently talked to himself, before turning his head. Pointing his battle spear towards the battlefield, he ordered, "Give up on the other people, I only want his life!"

Afterwards, several hundred black bear Berserkers howled a mad roar and rushed out like a wave.....

Chapter 92: Casualty of war

Part 1

At the far end of the battlefield the tail rear army's formation could be seen. The Byzantine cavalry were furiously attacking, but they were tightly encircled by the Odin like a beast falling into a trap as it slowly bled to death. Roaring with its last breath, it fought with every strength it could muster, but it seemed that at the end it still got stuck in a dead end!

One cavalryman after another fell and the numbers for their formation was getting thinner and thinner. Despite the furious commands of the officers and furious thrusts of their battle ki covering lances which caused fresh blood to spray in the air with each thrust.....

More and more Odins surrounded them and even through the wall of corpses was blocking their advance; Odins decided they must swallow the formation which was positioned at the very end. Axes as dense as a tree was in front of them and they were like an impregnable fortress, even while the cavalry hit them with everything they had, they still couldn't open any gap!

As the last of his subordinate fell, countless blades and axes from the surrounding immediately hacked him to mess before he hit the ground! Fenatra was already dismounted and his warhorse dropped down with a sorrowful neigh. His leg was already being pierced by a lance that came from the surrounding. While dragging his dead leg, this centurion's face remained indifferent!

With a lance in his one hand and a sword in other, his armor already had dozens of cracks and it was covered with so much blood that one couldn't see its original color! However, he still didn't fall!

Wielding his lance one last time, the battle ki crushed several Odin soldiers in front of him as it could no longer withstand this strength and finally broke down! The sword in his hand had its edge already bent and it was littered with tiny cracks!

The battle ki on Fenatra's whole body condensed into one spot and a mass of bright light transformed into blades of light, before instantly ripping apart the Odins in front of him to pieces! Soon afterwards, his foot finally staggered and fell down.....

A lance maliciously pierced his body. After using his sword to cut off the lance, it also finally broke. Gasping the lance which had pierced his waist, he looked at these fierce Odins who surrounded him.

This Byzantine who always looked indifferent, suddenly laughed.....

When General Adrick gave him the order, he didn't utter a single word.

When he led the rear into the battle, he didn't utter a single word.

When his companions and men fell one after each other in battle, he didn't utter a single word.

At this moment. He felt that his blood was already completely drained and his strength was disappearing. At this moment. Although, the surrounding was filled with shouts, he actually felt that it was so peaceful that he could even hear his own heartbeat!

A smiling face could be seen on this Byzantine military officer's face. Then suddenly, he suddenly felt strong but didn't know where the strength came from. With a last effort, he fiercely pulled out the lance which pierced his body! Hot blood sprayed out from the wound. With a lance in his hand which was carrying the last bit of spirit in him, he mercilessly stabbed forward...

With his last breath and strength, he roared a final scream!

"Advance!! Upon Deat.....!!"

An axe cut down his neck, cutting off the last note of his last few words and his head shot up in the sky. A fountain of blood sprayed towards the sky as numerous spears stabbed into his body.....

The mutilated corpse fell to the ground and joined thousands of corpses in the surrounding, indistinguishable to each other again.....

More than 600 cavalry were furiously breaking out and the surrounding Odins stubbornly holding out, but they finally managed to open a gap.

More than 600 cavalry freed themselves from the encirclement, but they weren't safe yet! Still there was still a big Odin camp in front of them!

Since 600 cavalymen were unable to form a formation and chaotically stormed into the camp with panic. The camp was already a mess after it was broken through twice by Byzantine assaults and the six hundred cavalry on their horseback rode through it without encountering much danger. There were only a small resistance inside it.

Shaar was lagging behind riding the last horse within the formation and at this moment he was somewhat at his limit. Not mentioning that the injured Kevin was also with him, the caribou riders were still chasing after them, never giving up. The howling sound was getting closer and closer!

Exactly at this moment, a beastly roar could be heard, then a group of people wearing iron armor and riding on bears rushed over! These weren't the ordinary Berserkers, since each of those black bears were even more vigorous and big compared to a normal bear. Their bodies were bulging with muscles and their bodies clad in a white superior steel armor! The Odin soldiers riding on the bears were all wielding two meter long triangular spears – the form of this spear, unexpectedly resembled the one that Hasting was using!

These white armored Berserkers came running towards them with an incredible speed! They quickly caught up to them! Although Shaar urged his horse to give everything it had, this warhorse already suffered a number of injuries after that long battle. The speed of the horse ran obviously slower than before!

Very soon, a white armored bear arrived next to them and brandished its giant bear paw, forcing Shaar to grab his fire pitchfork to block!!

With a loud bang, the bear's paw was immediately cut apart, however Shaar's whole body trembled! He immediately felt that his opponent's

strength was very strong and powerful. When the bear fell behind from the pain, the soldier leapt from its back at that moment and rushed over! The triangular spear swept in front of Shaar, forcing him to furiously ward it off!

After a dull thumping sound, Shaar felt a crazy vibration through his arm! Although the triangular spear broke, that powerful strength made Shaar felt as if his chest was being compressed! That Odin soldier fell to the ground and issued a mad roar.....

A Beast spirit soldier!

Shaar's mind immediately turned sharp!

As he was being hindered by this hinderance, two other white armored Berserkers immediately entangled with him. Shaar was furiously struggling to keep off those two triangular spears, but his fire pitchfork was too short after all and it couldn't protect both front and back. As the long weapon of enemy swept over, he could only reluctantly use his body to block!

Bang! A dull thumping sound could be heard, as Shaar blocked the incoming attack with his shoulder and a cracking noise coming from his bones could be heard. His shoulder was bruised and it started to bleed. After taking this blow, Shaar immediately saw black in front of him, before using his fire pitchfork to cut off the spear of the opposite party. Finally, blood started to spurt out from his mouth once more! The crimson covered fire pitchfork stroke down and cut off an arm of that beast spirit warrior. Seeing his limb cut off and flying in the air, that fellow face didn't show the slightest hint of pain. His eyes burst out an intense hostility and leapt towards them crazily. With a huge leap, he unexpectedly tried to bring down Shaar from his horse with his body!

Beast spirit warrior! A powerful beast spirit warrior!!

Shaar staggered from the impact, but his fire pitchfork passed through the head of his enemy, cutting it in half. However, he finally fell down from his horse!

After continuous rolling on the ground, before Shaar even had the time

to get up, he already heard a piercing sound from behind. With a loud roar, both his eyes turned crimson and the fire pitchfork radiated a faint crimson glow. That crimson light drew a bright thin thread and cut everything in the surrounding apart!!

Part 2

Several of the storm bears that rushed towards him were instantly dismembered.

The Beast Spirit Warriors fell to the ground and couldn't continue their pursuit, but Shaar was already surrounded by other pursuing troops, and several powerful enemies were closing on him. His heart sank.....

At this moment a neigh could be heard and Shaar saw his warhorse turn around. That bald fellow Kevin roared and pulled the reins reluctantly with one hand, before rushing in to forcefully grab Shaar by the hair! When Shaar turned towards the horse, a beast spirit warrior's spear maliciously stabbed towards him. Using his fire pitchfork to block it, he then immediately kicked away the beast spirit warrior near his saddle.

The several beast spirit warriors behind him roared angrily, and started to run after them. However, without the bears their speeds quickly fell behind the horse, and got more and more left in the dust...

Shaar was the last to escape the enemy lines and when the horse left the battlefield, the stronghold wall could be seen in the distance. The hillbilly's heart suddenly gave birth to the feeling of being a survivor of great disaster, and couldn't help but start laughing wildly. With one hand on the reins, the other hugged the bald yellow, yelling: "We survived! Bald man! We survived!"

Kevin only managed to issue a weak humming sound and his body seemed to shiver gently.

The pursuing troops came closer and closer, but Shaar finally closed in on the camp gate, with a swarm of arrows blocking off the enemies at

their tail. Just after Shaar' horse dashed inside the front door, the camp gate immediately closed and countless wood planks were piled in front of the entrance, completely blocking it!!

Only after it continued a dozen steps, Shaar' horse finally stopped. The hillbilly's warhorse was so tired that it gasped for breath. Leaning against Kevin's back, he stuck out his tongue and burst out laughing: "Uncle didn't die! We made it back! HAHAAHAHA!! Kevin, you owe me another life! HAHAAHAHA....."

After laughing for a little while, Shaar suddenly felt that his arm was somewhat wet. Looking down, he suddenly noticed that the arm that held Kevin's waist was covered in blood! The blood already completely soaked his pants until the legs, and Kevin's body was even incapable to move on its own.

A pierce of a fractured spear had pierced the bald man's waist from the gap at the edge of the armor! His blood had already soaked all of his clothes and it looked terrifying!!

Shaar' mind suddenly went black and immediately dismounted while taking Kevin from the horse.

The bald man's face was white as paper, and there were no hints of any expression at this moment in his eyes. The blood continued to flow from his waist, and a large pool of it quickly gathered on the ground as he lay on it. Shaar' hand gently touched Kevin's waist, but he didn't dare to pull it out. He knew very well that once he pulled it out, the blood would start to spray like a fountain!

The bald man's breath was weak as he laid there. Shaar lifted Kevin's head up onto his thigh, and his heart suddenly gave birth to a twisting and tearing pain that couldn't be described.

"Kevin! Fuck! You bastard! You can't scare uncle like this! You still own this uncle a fucking life! You better continue to breath! Speak to me!!"

The bald man's lips were completely white, and the fierce pain made the body of this dauntless man twitch in bursts as he reluctantly managed to move his lips. Pointing at the broken spear stuck in his waist,

he forced out a laugh with his pale face.

“Bull..... bullshit..... owing you a life..... this uncle already repaid you.....”

Shaar immediately remembered when he fell a moment ago; this bastard rushed back and pulled him out of crowd of enemies! This hillbilly suddenly roared and screamed while his spit even spurted on Kevin's face.

“Who told you to repay me! Who told you to repay me! “Why did you repay me! You owe me a fucking life! I forbid you from paying me back now!!”

The corner of Kevin's mouth lifted as he suddenly shook his head. That smiling face gradually dissolved and after taking a deep breath, with his finger he pointed at his chest: “BrotherHelp me.....bring thisbring this home.....”

His voice slowly fell and Kevin's eyes fell as he exhaled his last breath.

Soldiers who were starting to gather around saw how Shaar hugged Kevin. While watching them sitting on the ground as Kevin died, the nearby Byzantine soldiers stood still and slowly encircled them.

At this moment, no one moved closer and nobody knew what they should say or do.

Shaar sat there completely dumbfounded. Still stubbornly hugging Kevin, without saying a single word for a long time.....

At this moment, nobody was cruel enough to disturb Shaar and all the eyes were on him.

After a long time, Shaar suddenly looked up and his face was so calm and gloomy that it was frightening.

After gently untying Kevin's chest armor, he took out a piece of something from his bosom.

After opening it,.....he saw that it was a piece of sheepskin which was already drenched in blood!!

Under the blood, he saw that there were a lot of vague sentences written on this sheepskin. These letters were written with a charcoal pencil, but the sheepskin was in itself badly-damaged and it was covered with scratch marks everywhere.....

Shaar instantly knew that this was a letter – a letter that Kevin wrote home!

.....

.....

“We who are soldiers don’t have the money to buy paper. Since paper is easily damaged, we use sheepskin to communicate with our family. If you write on it with charcoal after reading it, you can scrape the text off and use it again.”

“This is a letter from my wife, hehe! I am someone who has a wife, her name is Julia. She is a pure Rhodelian woman!”

“The steaks she grills are great. If there is the chance, I will invite you to my house to let you taste her cooking! You are a nice fellow and we can become good friends in the future.”

“I owe you a life!”

“bull, bullshit.....Owning you a lifethis uncle, already repaid you.”

.....

While holding that sheepskin in his hand, Shaar cautiously folded it and put it in his own bosom. Each movement was extremely gentle, it was as if he feared to damage the sheepskin.

Finally, carefully placing it, he let go of Kevin’s corpse and stood up. Standing there, both of his arms started to tremble. His body was unable to suppress it, and finally a heaven piercing roar could be heard.

This roar was filled with infinite sadness and anger. It was just like a howl of a wild beast.

Chapter 93: Last time tolerating it

When the early morning sunshine finally cascaded down, the slaughter fest, within the dawn's lighting, seemed as if it had already passed a long time ago.

The big tent had been erected within a small forest, a few meters away from the battlefield. Several giant nails made from pure gold that were the thickness of a cow's horn were maliciously stamped into the soil. Using extremely solid hemp ropes, the umbrella shaped tent was held up. Dozens of superior sheepskin blankets were lying on the grass, making the feeling of stepping on the ground feel exceptionally soft.

More than a dozen clean-shaven and topless Odins were standing on their bare feet and wearing gigantic rings in their earlobes, while they nervously bustled about with colourful accessories.

Kekkan stood in front of the forest with four attendants prostrated at his feet as they each held a silver plate in their hands.

Kekkan gently stroked his hair, as it was made into small tufts one after another. He was wearing an extremely magnificent and luxurious robe today, and on his neck was a snow-fox fur cloak that only existed within the coldest snowfield in the north. Several hundred pieces of the finest silver-fox furs were sewn together and into his silver cloak. Underneath his silver cloak, he wore a red, eye-catching armor with a beautiful pattern carved on it. The pattern was of a snow lotus flower in full bloom, which, on his chest armor actually caused a sharp contrast with his bright red armor. It was as if the snow lotus flower was actually blooming, and the flower petal had been inserted into the silver. Under the reflection of sunlight, it was as if the moon's rays were flowing through the pattern.

He was also wearing the superior shark leather boots, made by the Island Kingdom of Atlantis, with even the spurs of the boots made from pure gold.

Kekkan calmly looked into the distance, before reaching out towards the

silver plate that was carried by his attendants in order to take the golden bowl filled with red wine and put it in front of his mouth. In the distance, the Odin attendants with bare bodies had already set up a bonfire and an iron grill, before setting a lamb to roast above the camp fire. While rotating it, they took a giant brush to rub the best honey and spices they had layer by layer on the sides of the sheep.

“Ah...how come once I’ve seen some slaughter, my heart becomes soft...”Kekkan put down the golden bowl and smiled. Revealing a hint of sadness that didn’t resemble an Odin, his pale face turned to face the other direction as he grabbed a delicate small harp from the hand of another attendant.

“Ah, I want to listen to the sound of harps....”

Just as Kekkan sighed while looking at the sun rising above the forest, rapid hoof beats could be heard in the distance. A dark horse rushed over, and everywhere he went, the dense and numerous Odin warriors bowed down while making way on both sides – like a tide retreating . They’d already created a path from very far away.

Hasting, who was still wearing that black cloak, rode his horse and only dismounted when he was less than ten meters away from Kekkan. As he stabbed his heavy triangular spear into the ground, his black cloak fluttered in the air. His whole person was like a mass of black flame as he slowly walked to Kekkan’s side.

Only when Hasting was several steps away from Kekkan, did he stop. His pair of slightly gentle eyes stared at Kekkan’s face. At that moment, he narrowed his eyes, before speaking a few words with his unique hoarse and calm voice:

“I don’t know why every time I’m so close to you, I always have the urge to draw my sword and behead you.”

At that instant, Kekkan felt an intense murderous intent flood his body. He, however, raised his brow and looked at Hasting with a weird look. Casting a kind of smiling face, his pair of deep green eyes looked as deep as a calm secluded lake, “Oh, it’s our Odin’s great Lord of War. I was just

watching the sunrise, and my heart was sighing with emotion. Only in light of your wisdom and bravery, were we able to come to these lands. However.....”

He slightly wrinkled his nose, and forcefully smiled as he said, “Before you come see me, couldn’t you change your clothes first? You know that I’m always repulsed by the smell of blood.”

The killing intent coming from Hasting’s body gradually dispersed, and he also widened his gentle eyes. He carefully looked at Kekkan, and it was as if the words filled with murderous intent just a moment ago were only a simple greeting between them. He pondered for a moment, before whispering, “How long do I have to tolerate you, Your Highness Kekkan?”

Kekkan’s deep green eyes flashed with slyness. Revealing a relaxed smile, he snapped his fingers, and deliberately issued a fake laugh, “Do I really need to answer that question? The answer is very simple: First, once I’ve inherited the throne of my great father the Emperor – at that time you won’t need to keep up with me anymore, and can directly submit to me. Second...once my dear brother becomes the Emperor of Odin, at that time, your blade can harvest my head – however if that day truly comes, I hope that you will be gentle, since I’m scared of pain.”

“This is the last time.” Hasting suddenly lifted up his finger, and his expression became very serious. His eyes fell on Kekkan’s face as he stared at his deep green eyes, “The last time, Your Highness Kekkan. I swear by my heart that this is last time I’ll tolerate your deliberating nonsense. If there is a next time, regardless of the place – even if it is in the imperial palace and in front of his majesty – I swear that your neck will taste my blade. I’m not joking, and I hope you keep the words that I say today in your mind.”

Kekkan stayed silent for a moment. as if he was seriously and deeply pondering Hasting’s words – however his face didn’t reveal even the least bit of fear or anxiousness. Pausing for a little while, this elegant Odin’s face burst out into a smiling face once more, “Good, I will remember your advice. I ensure you that this is last time...that I’ll let you find out. Ah, that’s it! The next time, I’ll scheme against you – I’ll certainly make sure

to hide the truth from you as much as possible. Was this the answer that you hoped for?”

Hasting's eyes were indifferent, and he no longer looked at Kekkan. He then turned around and walked away. With the flick of his arm, he pulled out the triangular spear that was stabbed into the ground and mud splashed onto Kekkan's two cheeks.

When Hasting mounted his horse, Kekkan suddenly shouted loudly, “Sir Hasting, where are you going now?”

Sitting on his horse, Hasting gave Kekkan a cold look with a commanding posture. He fell silent for a little while, before taking a deep breath and replying, “I'm going back!”

“Going back?” Kekkan issued a strange shout, “We marched for several days and nights, nearly over a thousand miles, to get here. And now that the Byzantine Empire's strongest army is caught in a bad situation inside this fortress, you're just going to leave?”

Hasting stared profoundly at Kekkan and grunted, “My men will set out tomorrow. If your highness is determined to stay behind to render some meritorious service, I wish you the best of luck.”

Finishing his sentence, Hasting didn't want to face this fellow a moment longer. If he stayed a little longer, he might not be able to bear him anymore, and might use his spear to cut apart this guy who angered him so much.

Only after seeing Hasting riding away with his horse, did Kekkan stretch out his fingers to wipe away the black mud from his cheeks.

Kekkan's eyes flashed a strange light, and he suddenly said in a low voice, “If he'd really attacked a moment ago, how much assurance do I really have of defeating him?”

His tone changed immediately afterwards, and he sneered with loud disdain, “Defeat? Can you please stop kidding?! If I could block a single blow from his black-flame battle spear, then I'm already able to be considered really lucky!”

He shook his head, and it seemed as if he'd changed his face, before

saying, “No no no, Kekkan, no need to sell ourselves short. One needs to understand that, even if I can’t beat him with my skill, I can still keep myself alive...uhm, and if there’s no way out, I can still cry for help....”

The several attendants in the distance stood to the side and didn’t dare to look up. After all, his highness’ temper was always very strange. Starting to crazily talk himself, everyone was already accustomed to it.

After a little while, Kekkan sighed and shouted out loudly in a dissatisfied way, “Well, well, we don’t need to pitch that damn tent anymore. It seems as if we must immediately leave in a hurry...Alas, I’d already known, so why regret what I did? If I didn’t scheme against Hasting, that fellow, perhaps right now we would be having a victory celebration inside the enemy’s camp. Speaking of that, I might actually be a mean guy.”

The attendants in the distant who were busy a moment ago stopped their work in hand, and looked somewhat dumbfounded and stunned.

“Didn’t you hear what I said?”Kekkan impatiently waved his hand, “Prepare immediately to break camp, we must soon be on our way!”

Pausing for a moment, His eyes suddenly sank, before taking a deep breath, “Ah...light up all the candles that I brought.”

Candles??

An attendant couldn’t help but remind him in a low voice: “Your highness, right now...it’s daytime...”

“Of course I know that it’s daytime right now.” Kekkan looked at the battlefield in the distance. Above the battlefield there was still a layer of fog floating about with the color of blood. Moreover, several teams of Odin soldiers were holding their swords and being carried out from the final clean-up of the battlefield.

“Light them up...as salvation to these ghosts.”Kekkan revealed a very serious smile, “I’m a very soft hearted person.”

Finishing his sentence, he didn’t pay any attention to the attendants

who were all dumbfounded. Kekkan strode inside the forest while still holding the harp in his arms, before a sigh full of melancholy was transmitted from afar.

“Ah...how I wish to listen to the sound of harp....”

Hasting quickly returned to his big camp, and when he arrived, a group of Odin soldiers had already lined up in formation. Sitting on his horse, he looked at the cavalry officer's face which was full of anticipation.

“Transmit the order...we are leaving in a bit.”

Hearing this command, the men immediately received a big shock, but Hasting's face was as calm as a pond, and nobody dared to question the Lord of War's order.

“Increase your pace.” Just when everybody was preparing to receive the order to leave, Hasting unexpectedly added a few words, “I don't want to fall into that guy's scheme and be left behind in the rear. Humph...Now is not yet the time to kill.”

Chapter 94: Bones penetrating chill

“I must kill him, I must kill him. Hanging him to death, burn him alive, no. I will tie him up and cut him into a million pieces. I want to hang his corpse at the city gate and make the crows peck and eat his eyes.”

Bonfret's eyes were bloodshot and the muscles on his face twisted. Inside the tent, he angrily roared towards Adrick and Ruhr. This handsome Sir Knight's face twisted so much that it became scary and his eyes widened to round circles. While breathing heavily, his cheeks puffed up and his fists clenched tightly. On his wrists there were still the red marks from the tendon that tied him to his horse. Bonfret continued to walk back and forth anxiously like a mad dog.

“That bastard. That vulgar and despicable slave. I want to kill that bastard. I must kill him. I want him dead.”

Seeing Adrick's expression grow more and more impatient and the scar on his face shaking, the nearby Ruhr knew that something bad was going to happen if this pretty boy roared again. This tyrannical general didn't care and would draw his sword to split this guy in two right here.

The fat fellow quickly ran towards Bonfret and grabbed him, while laughing loudly: “Sir Bonfret, please calm down. Let's get more clarification on this matter before...”, “What is there to clarify?” Bonfret screamed like a frightened little girl: “That bastard, he dared to tie me up and unexpectedly shut me in the storehouse. He dared to leave me on the battlefield. He is a murderer who wants to kill me. “

Adrick heavily grunted. Standing up, his hand laid on the sword hilt near his waist. This action immediately frightened Bonfret and he withdrew by several steps, before pointing at Adrick while shouting: “You, what do you want to do? Adrick, don't forget your status. You are an imperial soldier. I, I am the Observer and special envoy. You, you dare to threaten me?”

Adrick suppressed the impulse to brandish his sword and left the tent with big steps while not even looking at this pretty boy.

Ruhr walked over and touched Bonfret's shoulder. Bonfret suddenly twitched from fear, before looked at Ruhr's smiling face. It seemed as if he immediately renewed his spirit: "General Ruhr, you bear witness. These guys from the 13th Army want to secretly kill me. These lowly plebs, these bastards wants to kill me."

Ruhr's smile was friendly and seeing his appearance soothed Bonfret a lot.

"Yes, Respected Sir Bonfret, I suggest that you shouldn't shout right now. After all, we are still in the camp of the 13th Army." Ruhr seemingly reminded him very gently, before lowering his voice and saying: "Look, although you received some disrespectfully treatment – ah, please don't stare at me like that. Alright, I acknowledge that this treatment was extremely dishonourable and offensive towards an aristocrat.

However, this whole thing also has a good side. What do you say?"

"Good, good side?" Bonfret was enraged: "General Ruhr, are you teasing me now?"

"Of course not." Ruhr forcefully shook his big cheeks and immediately made an effort to smile: "As far as I know, you personally faced Odin's Hasting on the battlefield."

"I was tied up." Bonfret recalled yesterday's scene and his legs started to shake, but when he thought about the bitter experience where he peed his pants, his heart was consumed by inexplicable shame and resentment. He then screamed: "That guy, he wants to kill me!"

"Wait a moment, let's not rush things." Said the fat, good natured fellow: "I understand that you were tied up on the battlefield and are angry. However, think about it, others may not know that you were tied up. Moreover, the thing that matters right now is: On the battlefield Sir Knight Bonfret faced Odin's Hasting and fought a decisive battle. Hasting was injured and decided to run away."

"That guy wasn't me." Bonfret said with a small voice.

"But others don't know, only the Odin know." The fat guy grinned very

slyly: “Look, fighting Hasting alone on the battlefield of war is a great glory. Moreover, His Highness the Crown Prince’s goal of letting you join the front was exactly that.”

He looked at Bonfret and suppressed his voice to a very low volume, “Therefore, the person who contended with Hasting was Bonfret. This said, the soldiers could see and they all have heard of it.”

Bonfret’s heart was moved.

“Therefore, we can’t kill that guy for now.” Ruhr smiled, “We must at least wait for this military exploit to fall on you for real. Before this, he is also a witness. Moreover, he is only a foot soldier. Once everything is settled, we can deal with him however we want. Are you still scared that he will fly away?”

※※※

When Ruhr went out of the tent, Adrick was explaining something to his lieutenants. Seeing that fat fellow walking out, Adrick sneered and said: “Did you managed to coax that brat?”

“Ha, he is indeed a brat, a spoiled one at that. “The fat man curled his lip, “However, that brat is the entourage from His Highness the Crown Prince. Ah, we’re just coaxing him with a few lies. We won’t lose anything.”

Adrick sneered and didn’t speak.

The fat fellow sighed, “I know that a fellow like you is very proud. These matters can be left to me. In everybody’s eyes there is no difference between a running rabbit and this... F*cking ass selling rabbit.”

Adrick looked the fat fellow deep in the eye and suddenly walked towards him, before forcefully patting his shoulder. He then sternly said: “You are an outstanding soldier, General Ruhr.”

He then immediately sighed, “I will go have a look at that other brat. His situation isn’t so good either.”

Ruhr grinned faintly inhaled and rubbed the shoulder that Adrick just

patted. He watched Adrick depart and suddenly shouted: "Hey, Adrick."

"What?"

"You." The fat fellow waited a moment and suddenly took several steps to catch up, and whispered: "Don't think that if you tell me that I don't know, that boy, he is..."

Adrick eyes flashed a strange light: "You also found out?"

The fat fellow sighed, "Our age difference isn't that big. In the past matter, although I haven't witness it, but I still have ears and have heard about it."

"Then you had better keep this secret." Adrick immediately cut off Ruhr and sternly warned: "People who know about this matter would die very quickly. I don't know how much you know and what you know. But please keep it for yourself. This is not a request of mine, but is my advice."

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Shaar was sitting in the tent in a daze. Sarbar and Kato had just left and Kevin's body had been buried. The close friends of Kevin among the Praetorian Guards already wept bitterly.

The only exception was Shaar, who didn't shed a single tear. Even when Sarbar and Kato who were worried came to see him, his face still remained calm. It seemed as if the person who went crazy and howled like a maniac wasn't the same person today.

Shaar sat on his bed, while holding a piece of linen in his hands. He repeatedly cleaned his fire pitchfork and seemed enthralled while rubbing it. Even when Adrick walked in, he didn't notice. Only when he was in front of Shaar, he suddenly stood up.

"Sit down." Adrick pressed down Shaar's shoulders. He took a look at Shaar and asked him: "How is your wound?"

Shaar smiled, "I won't die."

This hillbilly's smile was like usual: simple, honest and straightforward. Even his eyes didn't have a sad appearance. Adrick sighed and looked at

the fire pitchfork in Shaar's hand. His expression slightly changed and he immediately turned away his head while looking elsewhere, "You."

"I am all right." Shaar suddenly talked in a relaxed manner.

"Ah?" Adrick was a bit surprised.

"I am really okay." Shaar said in a very serious tone: "This is the war and people die. I now understand this truth – it was only that death fell upon Kevin this time. However next time, perhaps it will be my turn. Therefore, these things happen."

His expression was too calm, so calm that it was almost indifferent. This made Adrick frown: "Do you really think that?"

"Really." Shaar looked very frank, "Today, when I saw Kevin die, I was very angry and even wanted to take my weapon to run out of the camp's gate to go wipe out all of the Odins. However right now, I am not angry anymore."

Stopping here, Shaar smiled and his smiling face was relaxed and pleasant. However the hint of unusual coldness in his eyes let Adrick feel a sense of caution.

"My foster father once told me a few words – ah, although that old man was a good for nothing, but some of his words were very reasonable. He said: against helpless matter, staying constantly sad, angry or mad, these are all cowardly actions." Shaar exhaled, as if he was breathing the depressing things out of his chest. He then squinted his eyes and smiled: "Therefore, it's not that I am not angry or sad. I just won't let myself be consumed by it. I choose to act."

"Act? Do what?" Adrick looked at Shaar somewhat strangely.

Shaar frowned and his expression was very serious. His mouth gently replied: "Kill people. Kill the Odins. This is my plan. I will go step by step – till one day I've killed them all."

"But–"

"I know that this is something very difficult." Shaar made a mocking

smile, “Ah, as for the Odins, although their numbers are many. However I will kill some today and some tomorrow. Kill them slowly. I will kill them until I can’t anymore. Having something to do was always better than wasting my time being sad.”

I will kill some today and some tomorrow. I will kill them until I can’t anymore.

Adrick took a deep breath. Shaar’s indifferent tone gave him a bone penetrating chill and almost took away his breath.

Chapter 95: What a damn mission

Part 1

The Odin's retreated without leaving any trace behind.

In just a brief period, the black pressure emitted from the siege disappeared, and the big camp became empty. The shouting men, as well as the neighing horses – those restless nights filled with rampant roaring and gigantic bonfires that lit the night sky – they all disappeared.

The Odins standing on the observation post gazed at their army lining up in formation, before departing one after another. The rude Odin riders were last ones in the line. They arrogantly jumped off their caribou while standing in the wilderness. Facing towards the direction of the camp, they pulled down their pants to pee while ranting and shouting arrogantly.

These scenes make the Byzantine soldiers who stayed behind the stronghold wall feel very humiliated in their hearts.

However, no matter how much shame they felt, they could only be forced to face the reality: They had lost this war.

In order to deal with Odin's invasion this time, the Byzantine Empire dispatched five regular armies. This was a third of Byzantine Empire's regular military strength.

However, the 2nd and 9th Army were completely crushed by Hasting's well-planned surprise attack. After that, their only fate was to return to their home country to rebuild their strength. As for the glorious iron army, the 13th Army, it lost two of its legions, which represented more than half of their fighting force. A legion's centurion, Saucier, died in battle, and another centurion, the silver-haired Butler, was wounded. No matter what, just by judging the loss in military strength, it was the Byzantine's complete defeat.

What left people aggrieved the most was that the 13th Army didn't have the opportunity to display their intrepid battle efficiency. They were first

attacked by Kekkan's army in the north, then, after their camp was attacked, they had to turn back in order to help their allies. Their formidable battle efficiency was wasted while rushing back and forth. The soldiers didn't consume their physical strength, against the enemy on the battlefield, but actually consumed it on the rapid marches back and forth.....

However, regardless of this big loss, the Byzantine Empire's main objective for this war had been achieved: To withstand the enemy at the doorstep of the empire.

The Odins hadn't set foot into the Byzantine Empire's territory. The war started in Primal Wildfire, and it ended there.

However, the momentum was actually favorable for the Odins, and yet they didn't exploit their victory further. It didn't seem like they couldn't, but rather.....That it was their intention from the beginning.

After eating the Byzantine's two-and-a-half army's worth of military strength, the Odins had had enough, and went home dressed in glory while singing loudly.

There was however, one difference in the events than what Shaar had previously guessed. Hasting didn't occupy the Primal Wildfire Town!

From the very beginning, this Odin commander hadn't even separated a small team in order to send it to Primal Wildfire Town! From the very start, he didn't plan to force the 13th Army to the bitter end! In other words, from the beginning, he hadn't planned to fight the 13th Army to the death.

Knowing this news, Shaar stayed silent for a while. He then ridiculed himself, but didn't seem to get discouraged.

He was Hasting after all, the most powerful Odin that exists. What was Shaar? Only a small foot soldier. It was no surprise that he couldn't fully guess his intentions.



Three days after the Odins' retreat, they send a big scouting team to

search the path they had passed. After that they determined that the Odins had really withdrawn, General Adrick's complexion was gloomy, while the fat fellow exhaled from the news.

When the angry Adrick was still suffering from the humiliation and injustice of defeat, the fat fellow was joyfully ordering his army to break camp while getting ready to go home.

As for Shaar who had lived through his first war, although both sides that had battled both were not his own country, this hillbilly had still received a very fortune-filled path from it. He obtained his first friend in his life through the war... but then he lost him. Because he fought bravely, and displayed an outstanding performance, Adrick promoted Shaar to a platoon leader – this was Byzantine Empire's highest position for a lower officer. According to the establishment of the Byzantine cavalry unit: ten men form a squad, five squads form a platoon, ten platoons form a legion, and finally, five legions form an army.

When Shaar was promoted to a platoon leader, he became a junior officer who had 50 cavalry under him – in fact, regarding the majority of the Empire's citizens with a humble birth, this step was already the highest position they could reach in their lifetime.

No one questioned this appointment, since Shaar's performance on the battlefield was obvious to everyone. Whether it was defending the camp, where his performance gave people courage and admiration, or when he wounded the valiant Hasting on the battlefield – everyone inside the 13th Army was full of admiration. Particularly when he finally led the 200 randomly pierced together cavalry soldiers, and stormed out of the camp to aid the rear troops caught in the enemy's base. This display of dauntless courage made people believe in him.

Adrick extremely appreciated Shaar and when he promoted Shaar to platoon leader, he didn't let him get led a normal combat unit. But instead..... to his own Praetorian Guards!

According to the the special position of Praetorian Guards, each soldier under them had a squire assigned to them. Looking at it from that

perspective, Shaar's 50 cavalry soldiers now included an additional 50 squires in their force. Most of the squires had combat capabilities, and therefore the men under him had reached 100! His battle efficiency had doubled out of thin air!

Ahof course, if each one of the squires was like Tatara, I am afraid that instead of doubling their battle efficiency, it would be reduced because they carried some stupid good-for-nothing on their back.....

As a commander of an Army, Adrick had established a platoon made of Praetorian Guards. The highest position amongst the Praetorian Guards was the Captain. Ever since he'd arrived in the 13th Army, it had seemed that the position of Praetorian Captain had stayed vacant.

In the past, the bald man Kevin played the role of the Praetorian Captain, and had exercised its duties. However, the bald man Kevin was actually only a Cavalry platoon leader.

When Shaar quietly asked the Praetorian Guards about this, he discovered that they avoided talking about this topic. Occasionally, when Shaar continued to pester them, they would reveal a bitter smile and tell him in a low voice that this was a taboo within the Praetorian Guards. General Adrick had ordered the men not to talk about this topic.

A name that he had heard several times already, reached Shaar's ears once more:

Sylvia.....they all said that name. It was said that the former Praetorian captain title belonged to that person, however Shaar didn't know what this person was doing right now.

Once when Sarbar drank too much, he thoughtlessly spoke a bit; It was said that that person was very fierce, and was the only one who dared to bang the table when facing against Adrick while staring him in the eyes.

Someone in the 13th Army who dared to bang the table while facing against Adrick and while staring him in the eye? Hearing this Shaar was very suspicious. According what Shaar knew, the 13th Army followed General Adrick's orders with almost unconditional obedience. Adrick's prestige was extremely high in this army – it could be said that even if

there was a big flame pit in front, and Adrick pointed at it while ordering “jump” that the 10,000 men of the 13th Army would jump forward, and even if they had to use their own bodies, they would fill up the pit!

Even Saucier, who everyone saw as General Adrick’s successor for the 13th Army, would act extremely respectful towards him. Yet there was someone who unexpectedly dared to insult the general?!

Part 2

During the several days during they finished up their tasks, General Adrick went to visit Shaar a few times. Regarding the great merits that Shaar had earned this time, the general had already made it clear to the superiors in his military report. As for the reward, the higher-ups would make the final decision.

However, there was one issue: wounding Hasting on the battlefield—this merit wouldn’t fall on Shaar’s head. After all, according to the name that was used, the person who duelled with Hasting was “The Empire’s First Rated Knight, Sir Bonfret”.

Shaar wasn’t really interested in this merit and readily accepted this seemingly unfair decision.

From this hillbilly’s point of view, accepting this merit was equal to being on Hasting’s watchlist! Where was the merit in that? The attention was equivalent to a huge black mark that decided who would die!

However, Adrick readily agreed to Shaar’s several requests. They included that Sarbar and Kato would be transferred into Shaar’s platoon. Sarbar became the vice-captain of the platoon, and the heroic large fellow became Shaar’s helping hand. As for Katowith his arrival, the original 50 cavalry soldiers were all excited and had a favorable impression of Shaar. Everyone knew that having the army smuggler join the platoon meant that obtaining contraband goods would be greatly facilitated

Shaar had another request: a man under the name of Solleater was to be assigned under him as the second squire. Although Shaar was only a

platoon captain and having two squires was too assertive and incompatible with the regulation of the army, Adrick still authorized it without hesitation.

This was because the man called Solleater was the bald man Kevin's squire. After Kevin died in battle, Solleater should have retired from the army and gone home or entered the auxiliary barracks to act as an artisan, a stableman, or some other profession. However Shaar actually specially requested for this man to be placed under him.

Solleater was a stableman and knew some simple blacksmith work. He was an honest and brave man who knew how to ride a horse and had a decent strength. He even studied a bit of fighting as a cavalry soldier within the army. Unfortunately, he was born slow. Regardless if he was speaking or working, he was always a step closer than the others. Therefore, he had remained a squire and was unable to go a step further.

His reaction was slower and could be seen in situations like this: If everyone was listening to a joke together, they would laugh once the joke finished. Solleater, on the other hand, would maintain a calm composure. However, after a long time had passed and the other people began talking about a new topic, this fellow would suddenly release a good laugh. OrIf someone hit him with his fist, Solleater would look at him indifferently. After half an hour, he would suddenly wail in pain.

An important reason why Shaar wanted to obtain him under him was that Solleater had been Kevin's fellow villager.

With Solleater's arrival, Tatara began to get excited. This noble magician joyfully thought that he could finally escape the lowly career of a handyman. This newly arrived fellow seemed a bit stupid, and with his own intelligence, how could he not push this guy around?

However, the magician quickly created his own tragedy...

Solleater worked hard and honestly. He would scrub the horses until they were extremely clean, and if a horseshoe or suit of armor needed repair, he would do the job. Moreover, he was quick and did it well.

As the saying goes, one shouldn't worry about not knowing much about

certain products. An individual only needed to compare them to see the difference.

Originally, when Tatara was been Shaar' squire, he had been lazy and ate a lot, slowing down his work. However, Shaar felt that it was acceptable, so he accepted Tatara's work. But after Solleater came, the magician's exceptionally poor performance became especially obviously against such a stark comparisonas a result, the pitiful Tatara – because of his low efficiency, would get maliciously scolded every day by the hillbilly.

On the third day, Solleater took the initiative and approached Tatara, before putting forth a proposal to him: “Give me a third of your wage, and I will do my tasks deliberately slower.”

Tatara felt an inexplicable grief and anger!! He thought of making accusations against that fellow, but thinking carefully, he compared Solleater's honest and simple face with his own treacherous appearance.....no matter how he thought about it, he could guess that no one would believe him!

An outrageous contribution of a third of his wage, the magician's face turned towards the sky, filled with grief.

“F*ck! Who is the fool in the end!!!”

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After several days of rest, the newly appointed platoon captain Shaar was summoned in the big tent by General Adrick. There, he accepted a mission to deliver a detailed army report to the military headquarters.

Simultaneously, because he stood out during the current war, Shaar would receive the Empire's “Eagle Medal”. He would be personally given this award by the war zone's commander in addition to a rich reward.

This was a good errand mission without much danger. It also raised both his fame and fortune.

However, beyond this mission, there was an additional small task.

Shaar had to lead his 50 cavalry soldiers to the south and escort an individual with a noble status on the way back. As long as he returned to the military headquarters, the mission would be completed. However this escorted precious fellow was.....

It was the one who had duelled with Odin's "Lord of War" Hasting, and with his strength, he wrecked heavy losses on the enemy. The person he had to escort was the Empire's new hero and its First Rated Knight, Bonfret.....

Hearing this order, Shaar froze on the spot.

He carefully stared at General Adrick, but from the opposite party's serious expression, he determined that the general wasn't cracking a joke.

Butmaking me escort the pretty boy Bonfret, who was selling his butt?

Was there a mistake? The entire 13th Army knew that this mountain boy had tied the pretty boy to a horse out of hatred!

Hesitating for a long time, Shaar issued a forced smile with a straight face. "That.....General. I would like you ask you with great courage. You.....ehm. You"

"If you have a fart, then let it out quickly!" Adrick ridiculed him.

"EhmYou are sure. Are you sure, you are really not implying that Ican seize this opportunity to get rid of that punk?"

Chapter 96: Returning to Primal Wildfire Town

A rare warm day greeted them in the winter and the horses hooves trampled on dry and firm ground. The warmth of the sunlight tanned people and made them lazy. The cavalry riding on their horses had a rare pleasant time to enjoy the sun as the surface layer of their armours warmed up slightly.

It was as if the atmosphere of war and the fierce and frigid battle between life and death had happened a long time ago.

Shaar was at the rear of the formation, because he was a bit reluctant to ride with the vanguard team. Kato rode next to his side, and no one knew with what kind of magic this smuggler used to get the bottle of ale in his hand. It wasn't a big bottle, but dozens of cavalry soldiers took turns in having sips. When the liquor entered their stomachs, added to the warm sunlight, it made their body felt hot both from inside and outside.

When the bottle finally landed in the hands of Shaar, there was only a small sip remaining. He hesitated before giving the bottle to Kato with a smile and he didn't decline. Lifting his neck, he drank it with one gulp and wiped his mouth. After hinting at the vanguard team with his eyes, he asked: "Do you plan to ignore that fellow for the whole trip?"

Shaar rolled his eyes, and immediately shook his head: "Forget it; the general said that I must be slightly politer to him. If he doesn't come to annoy me, then I won't bother with him."

At the front of the formation, there was a carriage that wasn't magnificent or expensive. After all, they had just taken part in a war and the barrack could only find a transport cart for grain. They simply modified it to make it into a private carriage for Bonfret. However, this knight who always liked luxury unexpectedly accepted it without demur and used rabbit speed to jump in to it while anxiously waiting for the army to depart. It seemed as though he didn't want to stay one second more in the camp of the 13th Army.

The respected knight put some luxurious clothes and that gorgeous, but fragile like paper armor on. Even the attendants that he brought from Royal Capital raised their head proudly and they had an arrogant air around them on this journey. Sir Knight Bonfret never left the carriage throughout the journey and he didn't appear even during rest stops

Shaar and Kato continued to speculate: Could it be that this fellow, who is selling his ass, even needs someone to bring him a pot when he wants to pee?

For this journey, Sarbar this brave fellow was still too severely injured and he had not recovered enough to accompany them. During his last battle with Shaar, where he rode out with the 200 cavalrymen, he was gloriously wounded and the medical officer said that he couldn't ride for a month.... The pitiful Sarbar fell during the chaotic battle and his most precious part was, at the end, scratched by the axe of an Odin.....

(TN: That why Shaar should sell the dragonblood and give all of his men balls of steel...)

The fifty Praetorian Guards, accompanied by the fifty squires, formed a hundred men escort and they slowly guarded Bonfret and his entourage for a day. In the evening, they arrived at Primal Wildfire Town, where they would rest for one night before departing again.

When the hillbilly returned to Primal Wildfire Town, he had very mixed feelings for a while. The last time he was here, he was surrounded by dozens of Imperial soldiers and he knocked a big hole in the gate when he escaped.

When he returned this time, the hole in the city gate was obviously fixed. From the previous war, although Hasting didn't attack Primal Wildfire Town, the garrison troops inside the town were very alarmed and they carried out reinforcements to the city gate. Shaar saw the large amount of massive wood piled up near the city gate.

The Imperial soldiers guarding the city gate were obviously more lax once the war had finished. These Byzantines impatiently waited for their return home and they patrolled the street spiritlessly and lazily.

The streets were still deserted and the majority of the shops hadn't opened, however the tavern was actually doing good again. Some people who were dressed like mercenaries and adventurers had begun to appear again. It was said that these guys would come to Primal Wildfire Town once it was under a threat and had offered to help the guards to defend the city out of their own initiatives. Although, a real battle didn't break out, but this well-meant action that had won the garrison troops trust.

Generally speaking, Primal Wildfire Town was being restored. Probably in a few day after the Byzantines retreated, the free state of anarchy would be back again.

The biggest building inside this town was the mayor of Primal Wildfire Town's office. In fact, it had a slightly larger courtyard than any other building and it had the width of two houses in a row. And in front of the gate, there were two, two-floor high sentry posts. Now that the army of Byzantine had temporarily occupied the town, it became a garrison barrack.

Bonfret and his entourage directly entered this garrison barrack, but Shaar actually didn't want to live in that place, the defending military officer didn't share any friendship with him. Not only was there no good relationship, there was perhaps even animosity. That time when Adrick had met him, he fiercely slapped that garrison officer with his whip. At that time, that bald man.....

Shaar sighed and ordered himself to stop thinking about it.

Shaar send someone to report at the garrison inside the government office and register them, and he led a bunch of brothers directly to the tavern of aunt Sofia's husband.

Tatara mysteriously had led a group of squires away, the thought of this magician wasn't a secret, he led this group of new acquired squire brothers to look for a fight! The local thugs, those bastards had to pay the price for daring to bully the noble lord Tatara....

After entering the tavern, he saw the one-eyed man behind the counter still cleaning a glass with a dirty piece of cloth. Shaar couldn't help but

reveal a smile when he greeted that man.

When the one-eyed man saw that Shaar was wearing a leather armor of the Byzantine Empire cavalry, he was somewhat puzzled at the start, but his face immediately showed grin while revealing a mouthful of yellow teeth and shouted: “Hey! Look at who came! Isn’t this our small hillbilly?! Now, he unexpectedly became a Byzantine military officer!”

Shaar sat down at the bar and pounded on the table before laughing out loudly: “One-eye, don’t think that if you said two words of praise, you can deceive me. The last time I was here, I left a bottle of nice liquor, I bet you have secretly drunk from it.”

Finishing his sentence, he pounded on the table again and said: “Brothers, find a place to sit. They have Primal Wildfire Town’s best ale here. One-eyed old man, first give them ten barrels, I will pay the bill! Also, all the people present today, I will give each person a drink!”

This last sentence made all the customers inside this bar burst out laughing. These fellows were almost all locals of Primal Wildfire Town and many of them knew Shaar.

Shaar checked his pocket. There were still a lot of gold coins that the pitiful creature had left behind and although he was a hillbilly, he came more generous after becoming rich. He had already dreamt many times in the past about this kind of event where he would spend a lot of money. And today, because he had a rare chance to impress, his heart also felt good.

The cavalry men were enjoying themselves. This mission wasn’t a war and this trip was a simple task. If the boss treated them, why would they reject it?

In less than a moment, the tavern’s mood started to heat up and several big wooden barrels were brought out. The cavalry soldiers snatched a big cup each and drank to their hearts’ content. There were many customers in the tavern and Shaar went to greet them one by one. Except for some old acquaintances, there were several new faces, adventurers who probably recently arrived.

During their casual chats, Shaar heard the conversation of one table with several adventurers on it and it attracted his attention.

“This current world really has gone crazy! I saw Odins in the Primal Wildfire Byzantines, people from Atlantis, elves and even a dwarf had appeared couple days ago. However, I didn’t expect that goblins would form a caravan to come and do business here.....”

“Yeah, what can these things sell to us? Could it be dried human meat? Hahaha.....”

Shaar immediately left his place and went towards them, before placing his glass on the table. Using his ass, he squeezed into a seat and asked with a smile: “What interesting matter are you guys talking about? There are goblins coming to our Primal Wildfire Town?”

In his mind, he was surprised. In the surrounding area of hundred miles, the only goblin was Oaks at his house. Could it be that this Mr. Princess wasn’t looking after his house well and had actually rushed to the Primal Wildfire Town to fool around?

Two adventurers with sturdy appearance, wearing leather armor and weapon gave Shaar a glance and saw that he was dressed up in his military officer’s armour. They politely smiled and replied loudly: “Yeah! A couple of days ago, when the news came that Hasting was retreating, the town opened the gate. Guess that they finally found? The first caravan that came unexpectedly brought goblins! You tell me, isn’t that strange? Several humans brought seven to eight large carriages. They move slowly and covered the goods tightly. No one knew what was inside the carriages.

“However, more than a dozen goblins accompanied them and those green skinned guys chirped and barked around. They also wore scrap metal armour and had rusty knives in their hands; they were probably dug out from some grave.”

Several goblins?

If it was like that, then it wasn’t Oaks.

Shaar lost the interest and didn't care about these matters anymore. He then heard another adventurer continuing: "There was something even more surprising. After these goblins arrived, a conflict occurred with several mercenaries on the same day. At the beginning, because these goblins looked thin, everybody was waiting to see a show. However, their leader was really powerful and a medium ranked warrior was already lying on the ground after few chops! This was really crazy, in my life, let alone seeing, I have never even heard of such a fierce goblin yet!"

Shaar was interested once again..... Could a goblin be so fierce?

"Ah, the funniest thing is, I heard that the goblin Warlord wasn't in a very good mood. After arriving, he asked every human if they saw a very attractive goblin, and said, and said....." this fellow couldn't endure his impulse of laughter and finally said, before laughing heavily: "And said that his wife went missing and he came here to look for his wife. Isn't that pure comedy gold? Hahahahaha....."

Chapter 97: Come at me if you dare!

Part 1

Listening to these two adventurers' conversation, Shaar's eyes lit up; he had already guessed most of it. However, he didn't say anything else and casually drank several sips of wine before putting down his cup.

The bunch of cavalry soldiers caused a ruckus in the tavern, only disbanding late into the night. Tatara, Solleater and the other squires also returned triumphantly. It was said that the magician had robbed the thugs, beat them up severely, before stripping them naked and throwing them out near the city wall.

The magician who had finally let out his steam was wholeheartedly satisfied. In the evening, when he went to fetch water to wash Shaar's foot, his movements were obviously a bit faster than usual.

That night, without a word, the cavalry soldiers temporarily resided in the city garrison camp. The morning of the second day when Shaar set out, he casually strolled for a while in the town and only when the noon arrived, did he go to the garrison inside the government office to urge Bonfret to leave. However, after arriving at the entrance to the garrison and asking someone to convey the message, Shaar waited for quite a while before someone came with the reply that Sir Bonfret drank too much wine last night. He was still having a hangover and had not awoken, making Shaar wait even longer.

Shaar rolled his eyes and wanted to directly break in. However after thinking it through, he changed his mind since they were given exceedingly abundant time for this mission. Since this pretty boy didn't want to hurry, he could let his brothers rest for an extra day in Primal Wildfire Town. Because he was bounded by the mission, he endured his temper and let the attendant at the entrance transmit the message to Bonfret that they would take another day rest today and start their journey tomorrow.

In fact, Bonfret was already awake inside the garrison building when Shaar arrived in the morning. He was inside the building accompanied by the garrison officer of Primal Wildfire Town, where they both sat in the hall, drinking wine.

Although, this hall could be regarded as being too big, it is also able to accommodate dozens of people for a casual drinking session. In the middle was a brazier filled with superior white charcoal and the flame didn't issue any smoke and soot. On the iron stand above the brazier hung an already brown and crispy roasted lamb. Two women with the air of escorts wearing thin robes, sliced off pieces of the lamb with machetes, before handing it over to Bonfret.

Bonfret sat in the middle and there were some dried fruits, cooked food and a jug of wine in front of him. This handsome knight had already fully recovered to his previous state and his face didn't show the panic-stricken frightful look that he had on previously in the battlefield. He actually straightened his back and lifted his chin high while looking down at the garrison officer and several medium-ranking officers with squinted eyes.

Seeing those military people in front of him spilling soup and inferior wine while holding their glasses shouting heartily, Bonfret could only frown.

Too vulgar. Too vulgarThis damn countryside. These guys don't even have simple education and etiquette.

Furthermore, these womenEach man inside this building was next to a white powdered woman. However, these girls were obviously forcefully recruited by the garrison officer from that Powder Street. Although the officer wanted to flatter Bonfret and already presented to him with the youngest and most good-looking girl, he, however, was from a knight family which had riches as well as a powerful background within the Empire. How could he like a prostitute with a lowly status from this place?

Although he had never patronized a brothel in the Royal Capital before, that place was where the rich and powerful families would spend big

bucks to satisfy their desires. How could the girls there compare to this type of common, vulgar white powdered prostitutes here?

Bonfret continued to drink, somewhat depressed, but his heart finally settled down.

Regardless of the method used by the garrison officer to curry favour with him, it let him get back some of his self-esteem and thus, he continued to drink happily. There was even a girl serving next to him..... uh, it was 10000 times better compared to the 13th Army, where he got bullied by that Hillbilly!

Thinking about it, Bonfret bitterly took a sip of his wine.

Just when he thought about it, someone came to notify him that Shaar was in the garrison building. Getting angry, Bonfret cursed a few time and maliciously came up with the excuse that he hadn't woken up yet. How would he be willing to face Shaar at this moment?

While Shaar waited at the entrance for a while, he got bored and gradually annoyed. He had the mission to protect him and wasn't willing to slack off. That was why he came to ask for him, but that ass seller actually gave him the cold shoulder. Suit himself! In any case, this pretty boy was safe inside the garrison building and he wouldn't have to worry about any security problems. Since this punk wasn't willing to leave, then uncle wouldn't waste his time to wait here and would find his own fun somewhere!

Thinking about it, Shaar laughed, held his head high and chest out before departing. In front of the garrison building gate was a road with a wide width. However, because half it was occupied by the garrison, there weren't many businesses and even if there were any, the garrison guards would temporarily occupy it.

Shaar walked a few steps, before seeing a carriage. The horse pulled a large cart fully loaded with firewood and charcoal, and the horse's fur was completely black. Now that Shaar had become a cavalry soldier, he could already tell whether a horse's quality was good or bad and he couldn't help but take a closer look at it.

Although it was covered by dirt, one could still see that it had an amazing build. Even though this pearl of a warhorse was being used to pull a cart and had been partnered up with an inferior horse, this horse's giant and brave forward strides as well as its stance was extraordinary. Adding to the horse's extremely well-proportioned physique, majestic and vigorous.....

With one look, Shaar was somewhat tempted in his heart. How could such a good warhorse actually be made to pull a cart?

He immediately got a bit excited and since he had a lot of gold coins in his bosom, he might as well ask this cart owner if he could buy it.....

However, thinking about it again, there were many powerful hidden experts inside Primal Wildfire Town and only god knew who this cart's owner wasPerhaps that guy was intentionally trying to stay low key and if he rushed over, it would provoke trouble instead.

Shaar sighed, before shaking his head and continuing move forward. However, after walking several steps, he couldn't help but turn his head to steal another glance at that carriage that was moving towards the front door of the garrison building. A cart driver sat on the carriage and donned a thin leather jacket. In order to protect against the wind, he covered his head with a large piece of cloth. With a medium stature and in a whip in hand, he lazily leaned against the carriage. His legs were dangling weakly as he casually waved around his whip.

However, that dark horse made Shaar's heart pump and gave him a feeling that he couldn't describe.

After not being able to remember, Shaar shook his head and continued to walk for a little while until the end of the street. He then made a turn and in a good dozens of steps, Shaar's complexion suddenly changed while his footsteps came to a sudden stop! His mouth instantly felt dry and his heart started pounding. It gave him the type shock, that made the body feel weak after an episode extreme excitement. A heavy pressure was pressing against his heart, almost making him unable to breath!

It can't be! It can't be!! It can't be!!

That horse, that horseThe feeling in his heart was.....
uncomfortable! Extremely uncomfortable!! That horses, that dark horse,
he had seen it before!!!

Part 2

The reason why he hadn't recognized that horse a moment ago was
because every time he saw it, it was on the battlefield! Every time he saw
this horse, even if it was a godly steed, its light would be soon
overshadowed by its master! Each time he saw this horse, its whole body
was clad in armor and on its head was a half moon helmet!!

Because of these reasons, he didn't even recognize it until now!!

This dark horse.....

It was.....

It was the horse that Hasting rode!!

When it reached the turn on the street, the cart slowly arrived at the
front door of the garrison building where it suddenly halted.

When the gigantic cart blocked the big gate of the garrison building,
several guards started to fiercely shout, while rushing towards it. That
cart driver jumped and totally ignored the shouting of those several
guards. After leisurely opening the cover of the cart, he started to search
through the random pile of firewood, throwing some aside.

Several guards rushed in front of him and the cart driver that was being
shouted at, sneered. Without seeing him move, a black light flashed
before the two guards were sent flying. When they landed, their bodies
were already burned black!!

The cart driver took out several thin metal poles, the thickness of an
egg, which had a screw head and quickly connected them into a long
spear. He then tore the cloth off his face before throwing it to the ground!

He had seemingly mediocre and simple features, but in addition to that,
his pair of slightly feminine eyes, that occasionally flashed a strange
light, made his ordinary face immediately turn vivid!!

Hasting! Odin's Hasting!!

After freeing himself from his previous hidden identity, he suddenly issued a long laugh and leaped onto his horse, before rushing towards the doorstep of the garrison building. The guards in the vicinity roared in anger, but the dark horse let loose a neigh as it raised its hooves. With a kick, it trampled through front gate, the wreckage flying towards the several guards standing behind it, immediately throwing them to the ground.

Holding his long spear, Hasting sat on his horse while blocking the garrison building's front door! At this moment, numerous guards flocked towards the building and a team, clad in armor and armed with swords and shields, rushed out. However, Hasting's face only revealed an arrogant sneer.

With a loud shout, he leapt forward with his horse and spear!

"Bonfret, you cowardly fellow, I already said that I will come and take your life!"

With a long laugh, the dark horse leapt forward, while the long spear swept around with its stream of black flame. The several armored guards at the front were immediately crushed by that black light! Both men and their armor were instantly smashed to pieces!

The long spear made a sweep and several guards immediately were sent flying, the sharp edges of that black light instantly splitting the people into half in midair! By the time they landed, only a few pieces of the mutilated bodies that were charred from the black flame could be seen!

With a leap, Hasting stormed into a crowd of the garrison guards, brandishing his long spear around, the armored guards could only cry miserably, before falling down. That black light caused a rain of blood!!

There were dozens of armored guards in the courtyard, but they were actually unable to block Hasting and were utterly destroyed!

Bending his waist, Hasting picked up a long sword belonging to a Byzantine soldier from the ground. Holding it in his hands, that long

sword started to emit a black light, after which he hurled it at the hall's door, smashing open it with a loud bang! Leaping forward, with his horse and spear in the hand, he trampled over the hall door!

In the hall, the garrison officer was completely dumbfounded! Seeing one man on a horse rampaging and rushing into the hall, while covered in a black flames; it was as if a death god ascended from the netherworld!!

Bonfret, who was in the center, already had a pale complexion that could be compared to a dead person. With a clink, his wine glass dropped to the ground as his body started to tremble uncontrollably. He rigidly stared at Hasting and his throat had produced only gibberish.....

Others might not recognize Hasting, but how could Bonfret, who had once faced off against him on the battlefield, not recognize him?!

“Bonfret?” Hasting’s eyes found the guy in the center and they radiated full evil intent, “I already told you that I will kill you! I didn’t declare a fair duel, so that you won’t be able to die a glorious death! A weakling like you, is only fit to be lowly put to death by my hands!”

With a shout, he suddenly wielded the spear in his hand and it transformed into a bolt of black lightning! The black flame suddenly rose, sending a pressuring heat towards the faces of the other people in the hall!

The black lightning instantaneously shot towards Bonfret. How could this ass selling pretty boy have the skill to block it? Furthermore, it was a strike of Hasting filled with anger!

With a bang, his body was pierced by the black lightning and immediately pulverised! The combustion of the black flame immediately burnt his body to ashes! The pitiful Bonfret couldn’t even leave a body behind!

The woman next to him was so frightened that she was already sitting limp on the ground. Hasting rode forward and his horse’s hoof trampled down onto the brazier in the middle, before slowly arriving at the middle seat. A spear covered with black flame was pieced into the spot where Bonfret was originally sitting. Hasting gently took the long spear into his

hand and turned around, his eyes swept over the hall like lightning. Only now, the several military officers suddenly came to and drew their swords rushing towards him to kill.

“Ants.....”

The corners of Hasting’s mouth rose slightly and the long spear cover with black flame emitted a light resembling the netherworld.....

Bang!!!

More and more soldiers swarmed towards the wide street, but a side of the wall suddenly exploded, and it came crashing down. A black shadow leapt out of the wall and several soldiers were fiercely knocked into the air, blood spitting from their mouths!

Hasting, who stood at the end of the wide street, looked at Byzantine soldiers in front of him. Raising his long spear into the sky, he issued a loud shout mixed with laughter.

“Hasting of the Odins put the Knight Bonfret of Byzantine to death!!”

With a laugh, Hasting suddenly bent down and rode toward the mass of Byzantine soldiers in front of him! While the long spear swirled up a mass of black light, the crowd was immediately chopped to pieces!!

As the spear’s shadow flashed through, pitiful yells could be heard and the crowd dispersed! No one could resist against Hasting’s spear strikes; it resembled a wind cutting through a wheat field. Men dropped to their knees one after another as blood sprayed in all directions. Hasting, who rode on his horse, had simply penetrated through the crowd of Byzantine soldiers! Only when he arrived at the end of the street did he stop, and at that moment, Hasting’s body was already completely covered in blood. With a groan and a flick of his long spear, the spear head pierced the wall next to him with a boom! When he casually pulled it out, the entire wall came crashing down, broken stones piled up along the entire street!

“Those who block me, await death!! Those who pursue me, await death!!” Hasting’s hoarse bellow resounded through the long street and his high-pitched tone was full of ridicule, “Come at me if you dare!!!”

Chapter 98: Breaking down the gate

On the big street, Hasting's shout created a ripple through the sky. Like a death god from the netherworld, his awe-inspiring eyes slowly swept over the surroundings. At this moment, each person within the crowd of Byzantine soldiers on the street couldn't help but unexpectedly and subconsciously lower their head. No one even dared to look Hasting in the eyes!

Shaar who stood at the corner of the street clenched his hand on the hilt of his weapon and bent down his body. He hid behind a dirt wall and carefully observed Hasting.

He watched as he was surrounded by the pursuing troops and how the Byzantine soldiers were so shocked under his pressure that they couldn't even gasp for breath. He saw how the ground was dried in blood and how flesh flew in the air while not a single Byzantine soldier dared to advance again!

Hasting grunted and slowly withdrew on his horse and then gradually moved down the big street. His long spear pointed at the opposite Byzantine soldiers while fresh blood dropped down, falling on the ground turning the ground into a mass of red.....

The atmosphere seemed to have completely frozen and only Hasting's warhorse gasping for breath could be heard. The horse's hooves advanced one step after another and watching Hasting withdrawing from the big street, Shaar's heart started to get anxious. Hidden behind that dirt wall, he grasped his fire pitchfork and his eyes stubbornly stared at Hasting's back.

These damn soldiers, they were obviously numerous, but it seemed as if Hasting's imposing manner made them fear to raise their swords and shields. No one dared to rush forwards into their death, and they all seem to be petrified. They were just going to watch Hasting walking away like that?!

Arriving at the turn of the street corner, Hasting's mouth revealed a

mocking sneer full of disdain, before saying in a cold manner, "Byzantines are cowardly as a mouse!"

After giving off a loud shout, he turned his horse and prepared to depart!

Shaar couldn't wait any longer and he aimed for the moment Hasting turned his horse around. With a leap, he jumped over the dirt wall and took two bricks on the wall, before maliciously hurling them towards Hasting.

(TL: The famous brick to the head technique!)

With two bangs, the bricks were crushed as Hasting swung his long spear twice. As the broken stones bounced around, Hasting's eyes stared closely at Shaar who stood behind the dirt wall.

"Come if you dare!" Hasting issued a long laugh. With a forcefully kick on the stirrup, he dashed towards Shaar and that black flame instantly arrived in front of Shaar. Even when Shaar concentrated all his energy, he still couldn't catch how Hasting used his movement to instantly shoot in front of him with his spear. In order to dodge, Shaar could only growl and use all his power to jump backwards.....

Chi! Just when Shaar threw himself backwards, the spearhead fiercely scratched past his chest and the black flame easily ripped apart his 13th Army officer light armor. The burst of metal scraping could be heard that made people's teeth ache and hurt as the spearhead scratched against the Dragonscale that Shaar put between his armor. Immediately flame sparks were released! Under the black flame, the armor melted but that Dragonscale stayed firm under the attack of the black flame. A noticeable deep scratch was left behind on the Dragonscale by the spearhead.

Hasting was also slightly surprised after seeing that his spear didn't kill his opponent with one swing. When his spear scratched Shaar's chest and he saw that he dropped down behind the dirt wall. Hess lightly shouted, "Good skill!"

With a light wave of his arms, the long spear easily thrust through the dirt wall! When Shaar fell on the ground he didn't even have the time to

stand up before the spearhead was already once again in front of him. This time he was unable to dodge and the spearhead smashed against the Dragonscale on his chest. Bang, the Dragonscale that had been struck immediately sunk in and Shaar felt as if his chest was being hammered. His vision immediately blackened and blood came up to his throat, but he forcefully swallowed it back.

Within his body he felt a slightly warm feeling instantaneously spreading at the front of the Dragonscale. That black flame on the Dragonscale made a burning noise, before it couldn't endure any longer and instantaneously got covered by a green smoke.....

Hasting felt that the spearhead was gently pushed back by a soft power and with a shout, he withdrew his long spear. Beyond the collapsed dirt wall he saw Shaar who was lying on his back.

This was Hasting's first time seeing Shaar more clearly and he saw that this young man had black hair and eyes. He wore an officer standard armor of the Byzantine Empire and his eyes were intensely staring at him.

Hasting was slightly startled since this was actually his first time seeing Shaar.

That time, when they faced each other on the battlefield, although it was a short distance, Shaar had covered his face with a visor helmet and Hasting didn't see his face clearly.

EvenUntil a moment ago, Hasting thought that the one who initially did the sneak attack on him was "Bonfret".

When he commanded his army to retreat this time, he turned back alone and after sneaking past the defense line of Byzantine, he decided to put this despicable coward to death!

He didn't give him the glory of a fair duel, but this despicable and shameless guy actually dared to insult his warrior glory. How could he let him live! No matter how Hasting must kill "Bonfret"! Moreover, he heard that this fellow unexpectedly shamelessly claimed that he had wounded him on the battlefield and openly accepted a military medal?? As a result, he could be kept alive!!

I, Hasting have my honor, how could I let these despicable ants insult my prestige?!

He really had extraordinary courage and depended on his supernatural power to sneak into the sphere of influence of Byzantine single-handedly. After arriving in the Primal Wildfire Town, he stormed the garrison building that was protected by several hundred of guards with only a spear. He then struck down and killed “Bonfret” on the spot and also completely wiped out all the military officers that were present!

Hasting, who only thought how he finally let out the anger in his heart, looked at Shaar at this moment. Where would he have thought that the one who truly tarnished his warrior honor on the battlefield was actually that guy in front of him?

When the spearhead was reflected, although Hasting was somewhat surprised, he immediately relaxed. For this ambush, in order not to get unwanted attention, he didn't carry his triangular spear with him. After all, he was sneaking into the enemy's sphere of influence and if his identity was exposed, because of the huge enmity between him and Byzantine Empire, his enemies would try to eliminate him as quickly as possible. They would probably not shy away from any cost and would naturally assemble all the manpower to kill their scourge!

Although Hasting didn't fear death, he wasn't a fool. Even though he had unrivalled martial arts, he wasn't someone brainless.

At that moment Hasting pulled back his long spear and could only regret his long weapon's ordinary material while the opposite party was wearing something underneath his armor. Looking at this guy in front of him staring back, he thought that this black haired boy was quite interesting. Those Byzantine soldiers were already so frightened that they didn't dare to advance after hearing his name, yet this boy unexpectedly dared to look him in the eyes? His eyes were also unexpectedly reflecting fearlessness?

After getting a better look at Shaar's body armor, Hasting sneered and immediately identified the Byzantine Army he found for many years: “So

you are from the Rhodelia Cavalry Army, no wonder you are so unyielding. ”

Although he praised him a bit, Hasting wasn't lenient and flicked his long spear while maliciously stabbed at Shaar's throat. Shaar, who just received a hit on his chest, was still in pain and didn't yet have the strength to block and could only wait for his death. Then suddenly, he heard Hasting calling out.

The spearhead was stabbing towards his throat and that black flame was almost touching his skin. Shaar felt that icy chill streaming out from that black flame....

Hasting's spear suddenly stopped!

Hasting tightly grabbed his spear and his feminine eyes widened while staring at Shaar. He kept staring below Shaar's neck!

There, on Shaar's neck, hung a pendant, the one that the old man left him!!!

Hasting complexion instantly changed a few times; confusion, surprise, shock and a trace of a strange indescribable emotion could be seen in his eyes. At this moment, the Odin's God of War's hands were slightly trembling!

He suddenly took a deep breath and pulled up his backhand to smash his spear on Shaar's chest. After the hit, Shaar's body suddenly trembled and fainted on the spot. Hasting then picked up Shaar at his belt with his spear and with a flick of his arm; he tossed him into the air. He then grabbed him midair with his hand, and put Shaar on the front of his horse horizontally. With a yell, he leapt away with his horse at the end of the street and galloped away.

Riding on his horse, he dashed unhindered through the street of Primal Wildfire Town. On the road, there were some Byzantine patrols trying to stop him, but his long spear soon transformed into a black flame and swept over them. Creating carnage wherever he passed, he easily opened a road in front of him! Everywhere he went, the Byzantine received heavy casualties and before they managed to encircle him, Hasting already

rushed past them.

In only a few moments, he rushed beneath the city gate of Primal Wildfire Town and the warning trumpet was resounding rapidly. The soldiers who guarded the gate immediately closed it and after seeing that Hasting's horse bolted towards them, a team of soldiers went in formation. While raising their shields and spears, the military officer shouted loudly, "Death, if you try to break down the gate!!"

Why would Hasting start argue with him? With a long shout, the spear in his hand turned into black lightning and shot out before smashing into the formation with the black Qi. Several soldiers were immediately pierced and the black light crashed into the city gate, immediately bursting it open!

Hasting fiercely pushed his warhorse and with a neigh, that dark horse, who was a godly steed, smashed its hooves against the ground before leaping out. While the Byzantium officer and soldiers shouted in panic, it jumped over a dozen swords and rushed out of the city gate!

The warhorse dashed out of the city gate into the boundless wilderness. The Byzantine soldiers shouted out in confusion and were panic-stricken. Hasting suddenly turned around his horse and sneered while looked at the Byzantine soldiers at the city gate. He then suddenly pulled out a long sword from his saddle and shot it in the distance. With a bang, the sword nailed itself to the stone wall near the gate and it was so deep that the handle could be barely seen!

"Go tell to your commander in chief! Someone wounded I, Hasting, on the battlefield? What a joke!"

Chapter 99: Ouke, Ouke, wife, wife

Part 1

Shaar was maliciously thrown on the ground and the heavy fall woke him up. His face was buried in sand and soil. After shaking his head, opening his eyes, and looking up, he noticed that his surroundings had already turned dark. It was already late into the day and the sky was completely black.

Shaar's head felt dizzy, but he immediately sobered up and remembered that he had been knocked out by Hasting. When he thought about that, his body immediately tightened and suddenly jumped up from the ground. He then subconsciously touched the fire pitchfork on his waist, inserted in his belt and only after finding that it was still there, did his heart slightly relaxed.

"Humph, you finally woke up."

Hasting's sound came from nearby. The black warhorse stood at the side and Hasting put a feeder bag on its head to feed it. Hearing Shaar making a sound, Hasting turned around and, with his feminine eyes, looked at him in the darkness.

Shaar stared Hasting in the eyes and immediately felt the opposite party's sharp glare which seemed to penetrate him. While gripping his fire pitchfork in his hands, the muscles on his face kept twisting, but he didn't pull out the fire pitchfork.

The difference in their strength was too big, whether to fight or not, it didn't make any big significance.

Hasting's eyes revealed that he was pondering for a while. He looked at Shaar's hand that was holding the hilt and thought that he was gripping a sword. His face revealed a mocking expression: "Want to draw your sword? If you think you can win, you can try."

Shaar took a deep breath and looked gloomy, but he finally decided to

let go of the fire pitchfork. He stared at Hasting and slowly sat down.

“Oh? You don’t want to fight to the death?” Hasting grunted and turned around. His long spear was stuck into the ground and he didn’t even bother to take it. With empty hands, he arrived in front of Shaar and stopped two to three steps away.

Shaar shook his head.

“Fear me?”

Shaar shook his head.

“Hate me?”

Shaar raised his eyelid and nodded without hesitation.

“That’s the right way.” Hasting sneered: “Some Byzantine soldiers don’t even hate me, especially since you are from Rhodelia Cavalry Regiment you should.”

Shaar instantly thought of innumerable ideas on how to win. Besides facing the pressure of such a formidable enemy, he actually had a trace of strange feelings: “Didn’t this guy recognize me?”

Then immediately the hillbilly understood. During the duel on the battlefield, he wore a heavy helmet with a visor and the opposite party naturally couldn’t see his face. Moreover, he deliberately wore the biggest sized armor and each part of his body was covered.

However.....That’s right! His voice!

Even if Hasting didn’t recognize his personal appearance, he would certainly remember his voice!

Thinking about it, Shaar clenched his teeth.

Hasting sneered and didn’t doubt him. He sat down and took off the water bag from his waist to drink from it. After two gulps, he threw the water bag towards Shaar.

“It is really laughable when thinking about that Bonfret. Even if he was despicable, I thought that the guy was a powerful fellow after all and

didn't think that he was actually such a coward. When I killed him, he was completely scared silly. If I had known earlier that he was such a coward, I wouldn't have taken the risk to kill such a trash."

Shaar didn't know why, but he felt as if Hasting didn't have any hostility coming from his tone.....there was even a faint trace of gentleness coming from him?

He remained silent and after gulping down two sips, he checked his own clothes. The light armor was so broken that Shaar decided to simply take it off. He then used his ripped-off clothes to tie up the Dragonscale on his chest by wrapping it around twice.

Hasting looked at Shaar full of interest and seeing the piece of oval Dragonscale in front of him, he couldn't help but slightly raise his eyebrow: "Your chest plate armor is sure strange; it unexpectedly could block my spear. What material is this?"

He didn't recognize the Dragonscale – after all, although Hasting was powerful, he personally had never seen a living dragon.

Shaar still didn't speak. Although Hasting was curious, with his status, he wouldn't do things like forcefully snatch it away from Shaar.

They looked at each other in silence for a little while, before Hasting finally spoke about the real subject. His complexion turned serious again and he looked dignified while carefully staring at the pendant hanging around Shaar's neck. He then lifted his finger and asked.

"That thingWhere did you get it?"

Shaar was shocked, he looked at the pendant on his chest and his face was unable to conceal his strange appearance.

PendantIt was this pendant again?! The pendant that brought him many surprises already.....

Hasting unexpectedly recognized this pendant??

His mind was moved and he nearly started talking, but when the words landed on the tip of his tongue, he forcefully bit his lips. He then slowly

shook his head.

Hasting frowned and his eyes seemed somewhat dissatisfied: “Are you mute?!”

He stared at Shaar: “Seeing from your attire, you should be an officer of the Praetorian Guards? How could Adrick choose a mute as the captain of his Praetorian Guards?”

Shaar did not speak.

Hasting seemed to get impatient and his face revealed a trace of anxiety: “I ask you another time, where did you get this pendant!!”

Shaar stared at Hasting and still didn’t speak, but sat on the ground and quietly put his hand on the floor.....

Exactly at this time, just when Hasting was about to speak, his complexion suddenly changed and he slightly tilted his head to listen attentively. He then frowned and said: “In such remote place, how come someone is here?”

Sure enough, just when Hasting’s voice fell, Shaar subsequently also heard a faint bell ring in a distant place – some adventures who rode their way through the wilderness would have the habit of hanging a bell on their horse’s neck. These bells would issue a ringing sound when knocked against the wind.

Hasting grunted and the moment when he turned his head, Shaar finally found the long awaited opening!

Shaar suddenly jumped up from the ground and plunged into Hasting with a diving posture, while stretching out his arms! Using both of his hands, he grabbed handfuls of dirt and tossed it.

The dirt cloud suddenly blocked Hasting’s line of sight and Shaar used all his strength to leap and to grab Hasting’s throat with one hand. He then swung maliciously with his other elbow and planned to smash it into Hasting!

This was his only opportunity. His martial art might be very strong, and

perhaps his spear art was very powerful, butright now he was unarmed! Maybe his unarmed combat ability would be slightly weaker?

This was Shaar's only opportunity!

HoweverShaar was wrong!

As soon as he rushed out and threw the dirt on Hasting, the opposite party only sneered while twisting his body. Hasting let Shaar leap into empty air and immediately kicked Shaar to the side, making him stagger. Shaar was almost immediately thrown on the ground, but the moment he was thrown forward, he fiercely pushed with his hand against the ground. With one push, his body shot up and he performed a furiously twisted his waist. While screaming, he pulled out his fire pitchfork and maliciously stabbed forward!

At this moment, both of Shaar's eyes turned crimson and unleashed the crimson rage ki as his fire pitchfork already radiated a faint trace of crimson light! When Hasting saw Shaar's fire pitchfork, his complexion immediately changed!!

Just when the fire pitchfork was about to stab Hasting's chest, he suddenly jumped backwards and pulled out a dagger from his sleeve. Gripping it in his palm, he maliciously blocked the fire pitchfork with a swing!

A clear cutting noise, half of the dagger broke off and flew away. However, Shaar actually also felt a great shock while holding the fire pitchfork. This powerful strength made his entire arm go numb from the shock! His hand nearly let go at that moment but luckily he clenched his teeth to stop it from happening. However, blood flowed down from his palm and his hands unexpectedly split open!!

After blocking against the hit, Hasting already leapt backwards. He looked down at his broken dagger and his face was startled a bit before saying: "What a sharp sword!"

He then looked up and stubbornly stared at Shaar's face. Anger swelled up in a crazy pace: "It's you! So it is you! I recognize your weapon!! You were that despicable guy that did the sneak attack on that day!! You are

Bonfret!!”

Since he was recognized, Shaar who had severe pain in his palm and who's arm was numb worn, simply took the fire pitchfork in his left hand. Pointing the fire pitchfork at Hasting, he raised his head and laughed wildly: “Haha! Hasting did you just recognize me now! When I told you that his uncle was Bonfret, I simply deceived you on that day!”

Anger swelled in Hasting's heart, he single-handedly went to Primal Wildfire Town to kill Bonfret and wash away the insult to his belief. Who would have thought that after taking such a big risk, he actually unexpectedly killed the wrong person?!

At this moment, he only wanted to cut this punk in front of him into a million pieces!

Hasting grunted and threw the broken dagger to the ground and suddenly raised his head. The spear inserted into the ground at the distance immediately vibrated and issued some humming sounds. It suddenly automatically emerged from the ground and flew into Hasting's hand and immediately turned into a piece of black flame!

This beautiful technique let the hillbilly shout out in great surprise and he couldn't help but tighten his hold on his fire pitchfork. Countless thoughts flashed through his mind, but with such a huge difference between his strength and this powerful enemy's which could he possibly use?

Crimson rage ki? Couldn't beat him!

Dragonthorn? He was afraid it wouldn't work.....

Since he couldn't beat him, Shaar who didn't get any bad consciousness from escaping, naturally gave birth to an idea: Run!

Part 2

Where there was life, there was hope!

When Shaar attacked in Primal Wildfire Town, it was because he wanted to delay Hasting, so that the surrounding soldiers would have time

to catch up and have a chance at killing this Hasting punk! However, who would have guessed that the troops garrisoned in Primal Wildfire Town were so useless! Hasting had killed so many of them, and yet they still let him escape!

However, uncle Shaar was now alone. And from the looks of it, he was at a disadvantage, too.

Someone who knew that he was obviously not a match, and still fought to the death, wasn't called brave, but dumb. Even if he had fought to the death, there would be not one bit of gain! In certain situations, even if Shaar knew that he would die fighting against the enemy, it would still be an honorable death. However, he was currently caught by Hasting, and would have to die in the wilderness. Such a death was rather meaningless!

Shaar squinted his eyes and immediately turned around to leap toward the dark horse. With a furious jump, Shaar had unexpectedly mounted the dark horse! He let out a cry of happiness and burst out laughing. Firmly tucking his legs on the horse's belly, Shaar fiercely flicked the reins.

The Dark horse let out a long neigh, and suddenly reared back, raising its legs. The horse shook its body and Shaar, who didn't have enough time to firmly sit down on his ass, was immediately thrown off!

The moment Shaar fell onto the ground, the horse next to him was already using its legs, and rushing towards Hasting's side.

While sneering, Hasting pointed his long spear at Shaar and slowly approached him. Step. By. Step.

While still in shock, Hasting's long spear already stabbed towards him, even before Shaar had started to struggle off the ground!

At this moment, the spearhead instantly and infinitely expanded in front of his eyes, and he could feel the black flame's heat fiercely caressing his face. In this critical moment, Shaar could only hold his breath as he desperately used his fire pitchfork to block the incoming spear!

Bang!

Shaar whole body vibrated, as his fire pitchfork once again showed its worth, cutting the the spearhead apart. However, the one who flew away from this exchange was Shaar! His body was pushed away by the force of the impact, and was paralyzed for a moment. Falling on the ground, his body felt severe pain. His left hand was unable to grip the fire pitchfork, and his whole arm shook so violently that he wasn't able to suppress it.

"Crimson rage ki?" Hasting continued to slowly approach him while sneering, "So you were actually using crimson rage ki! Now that I've seen it, I finally understand. Humph.....Can your ki even be called crimson rage ki? What a disgrace!"

Shaar was suppressed by Hasting's powerful ki and almost suffocated. While struggling, he let out a mighty roar as he jumped up from the ground and turned around to run.

As he ran, he quickly pulled out a ring from his bosom. It was the magic ring that was blessed with the wind magic that he had previously used. After putting on the ring, it immediately felt like he was floating, and his speed doubled! It felt as if the air formed floating platforms under his feet, lifting him into the air!

Seeing Shaar only barely escaping, Hasting was somewhat surprised as he angrily laughed, "His ability may be lacking, but he has many tricks!"

He didn't even have to hurry to mount his horse, with one shout it came to him!

Shaar started to madly sprint and travelled over several hundred meters in one breath. However, he immediately heard the sound of a horse galloping behind him, and when he turned around to have a look, he saw Hasting's dark horse galloping with flying speed! Its speed was much faster than his! He could only watch as they rapidly got closer and closer with that speed!

Exactly at that moment, he heard the sound of people and horse's hooves, as well as the ring of a bell! Shaar grabbed this strand of hope and rushed towards it.

This should have been a group with more than ten people, and six to seven horses saddled with large baggage. Only now, Shaar saw clearly.....

That those guys leading the horses had short and small statures. Although it was dark in the night, and even though they were wearing loose robes, their green skin with that strange appearance.....

Unexpectedly, they weren't human?

Butgoblins?!!

Seeing Shaar rush towards them, the crowd of goblins suddenly got wary and gathered in a circle while shouting "Ouke Ouke" in alarm.

Without any other options, Shaar threw himself in to the goblin formation and saw an especially big goblin, his height even reaching that of an ordinary human's. This could be considered rare even amongst burly goblins.

This goblin wore leather armor with several hundred sheets of iron covering it, and wore an animal head as a helmet. On his foot, he wore shoes made of cow tendons and his bare, green skin actually wasn't like other hairless goblins, it was covered with thick hairs!

This goblin seemed to be the leader, carrying a huge, iron staff at least as tall as himself. As he approached, he shouted with a deep voice,

"Ouke, Ouke! I! Goblin feudal lord! Sky Raider! Powerful! Enemies! Siji, siji!!"

The moment Shaar rushed in, the goblin chief's iron staff was already rushing towards his head. Even when the iron staff was still quite a distance away, it was already unexpectedly pushing a powerful wind towards him!

Roaring with the wind, Shaar felt a stinging pain on his cheeks as the staff quickly swept passed it.

Furiously twisting his body, he took a step toward the side as the iron staff scratched both his shoulder and arm before smashing against the ground with a gigantic boom. The earth was smashed apart and there

was even a small hole from the impact!

The goblin was actually this strong?!

Shaar wanted to continue dashing with flying speed, but he suddenly felt that the floating feeling on his body vanishing. With a gentle crack, a thin line suddenly appeared on the wind magic ring on his finger. Its magic was finally exhausted!!

Shaar's body immediately lost his balance and heavily hit the ground. Seeing this, the several goblins nearby took advantage and cheered "Ouke, Ouke". Raising their rusty swords, they rushed towards Shaar to cut him down.

Struggling to stand up, Shaar lifted up his fire pitchfork and blocked the incoming attack. Suddenly, he heard a neighing sound closing in as Shaar's whole body turned cold! Turning his head to have a look, he saw that Hasting had already rushed in front of him, and that his broken spearhead turned into a black blur as it rapidly approached him!

Shaar would never think that just because Hasting's spearhead was broken, he wouldn't be able to stab him! Gasping air for a moment, Shaar furiously blocked the attack once more and with a bang, the incoming spearhead lost a piece once again. However, Shaar was also once again sent flying. Even in midair, he had already started to spurt blood as his hands let go of the fire pitchfork, before it fell onto the ground.

After falling to the ground, he laid there, unable to move.

Seeing that Hasting was riding towards him with an awe-inspiring expression on his face, Shaar's scalp turned numb. In this moment, Shaar suddenly had an inspiration! He suddenly remembered this goblin chief's words.....

Turning his head toward that majestic goblin chief, Shaar furiously shouted, "Sky Raider! I know Oaks!! I know where your wife is!!"

The spear that lost its spearhead was already in front of his eyes and stabbed towards him. He kept stubbornly staring at the opposite party.

Finally, an excited roaring could be heard next to him.

“Ouke, Ouke! I want wife!!!”

Sky Raider went mad and suddenly rushed towards him. Although it was too late to save Shaar, he wielded his huge iron staff and smashed it towards Hasting!

The strong wind coming from the iron staff made Hasting's heart slightly tremble as he was forced to pull back his long spear!

An astonishing clash and buzzing pierced the sky! With a shout, Sky Raider that was standing on the ground was forced more than ten steps back! Immediately, Hasting, who was riding on his horse let out a “huh”, as his eyes closely stared at this goblin opponent.

This goblin had actually managed to take one of his hits?!

Sky Raider was pushed back several steps, but it looked like he didn't receive any injuries. He forcefully shook his head and roared with a majestic voice.

“Ouke, ouke! Wife! I want wife!!!”

He then immediately went berserk and threw himself and his opponent, while maliciously pounding his iron staff towards him!

Bang, bang, bang! Sky Raider's body suddenly unleashed a mass of faint light from his body that covered his whole iron staff. It was a simple swing of a staff, but Hasting was still forced to block three times. His spear was even slightly bent after receiving the impact! However, Sky Raider stood there with his chin high and chest puffed out. As he revealed his grievance, his powerful arms once again lifted that iron staff!

Grunting, Hasting furiously swept his spear against the iron staff and immediately an intense metal clang issued through the surrounding!

Sky Raider's strength was astonishing! Furthermore, each of his strikes was combined with a light that resembled a human's battle ki. What frustrated Hasting the most was, that the goblin went all out with every attack. Although his martial arts had since far surpassed his opponent, this fellow actually seemed to not fear death or injures. Each of his strikes seemed as if he was ready to perish together as he aimed at his fatal

spots.....as a last resort, this goblin even used his staff to directly smash against his dark horse!

Hasting regarded this dark horse as his treasured partner, how would he be willing to let a lowly goblin injure it?! The ability of this goblin was strange; it was not weak, since it had a battle ki like strength. However, it couldn't be called strong either, since his fighting style was a mess, and only god knew where he learned this mishmash of a martial art.

What irritated Hasting most was, that while this goblin madly attacked him, he was shouting something to the likes of, "Ouke, ouke, I want wife!" What did this messy sentence even mean?

Wife?

Who would fight a deadly battle with the enemy while desperately shouting for his wife?!

Finally, the long spear made of ordinary material in Hasting hands broke into two pieces under the furious pounding of Sky Raider. Trembling with anger, Hasting grunted and threw his long spear on the ground. Turning his horse around, he ordered his black warhorse to dash into the wilderness, before instantly vanishing into the curtain of the night.

After Hasting left, Sky Raider immediately put down his iron staff and raised his head to shout against the night sky.

"Ouke, ouke! Wife! Wife!!"

Then, the goblin turned the head and looked at Shaar who was on the ground. Suddenly, green blood started to endlessly flow out of his mouth, nose and ears at the same time. His burly body shook a few times, before falling down backwards on the ground.

"Ouke, ouke....wife...."

The dozen goblins on the side were scared silly and quickly surrounded him, before helping Sky Raider up. They cleaned away the blood on his body, and after breathing for a while, Sky Raider spat out a mouthful blood. He then pointed at Shaar and said something, before closing his

eyes, finally fainting.

Shaar, who was lying on the ground, was still unable to move. He saw that several goblins rushing over as they kicked him several times while he was still down. A group of goblins immediately came up to take his armor and boots off. They only let him keep his clothes on, with even his fire pitchfork was picked up by a goblin, before he proudly inserting it on his own waist.

Two goblins tied Shaar up with a rope and threw him on a horse. The goblins then cheered loudly, and under the sound of bell ringing, the horse caravan continued towards the depth of the wilderness.....

Chapter 100: Ambush

Only after riding on horseback for a whole night, these goblins finally stop to rest and the sun had started to rise.

After being exposed to the cold wind for a whole night, even though Shaar had a good physical fitness, he was injured and tied up on the back of a horse. The blood was unable to circulate through his body, and it was frozen stiff.

When they finally stopped to rest, several goblins came to the horseback and threw Shaar on the ground. Unfortunately for him, he landed on a stone with his waist and suffered from extreme pain. The hillbilly knew about his present situation very clearly – the fate of getting caught by goblin wasn't much better than landing in Hasting's hands!

Although Hasting hated him, he would at most stab a hole into his body with a spear. However, falling in the hands of these goblins meant.....

He might suddenly become a human dried jerky , boiled into human oilWhen Shaar imagined himself hung up like a pork to dry in the sun, he couldn't help but start shivering.

Luckily, they temporarily didn't have the idea of cutting up Shaar yet. Two goblins actually came to him and tried to feed him dried jerky. Looking at that extremely dried meat without the slightest trace of water, only god knew how long it had been stored. A fishy smell started to irritate his nose as soon as it was put before him, and Shaar's heart started to tremble while he madly shook his head.

God knows what kind of meat this was! By the styles of how these goblins did things, he only feared that it was perhaps a piece of meat from an adventurer's thigh that had died in the hands of these goblins..... why would Shaar be willing to have a bite??

The two goblins got impatient and after shouting Ouke, Ouke full of spite, they kicked Shaar, before forcefully opening his mouth. A goblin then maliciously stuffed the meat into his mouth while the other took out the water bag to force it down. Shaar fiercely choked a few times and the

moment his throat opened, that meat jerky slid into his throat.

Shaar's scalp started tingling and he couldn't vomit even if he wanted to. These two goblins clapped their hands and went away while swearing.

After resting for a little while, Sky Raider woke up and two goblins supported him while walking towards Shaar. The goblins were all within reach of Sky Raider and only one goblin went towards Shaar, before fiercely grabbing him. While they threw him on the floor, Shaar gave up on struggling since he didn't have the ability to defend himself. However, he continued to maliciously curse the goblins' previous 18 generations ancestors in his mind.

Sky Raider's complexion obviously didn't look very well. Normally, a goblin's skin was pale green, however, Sky Raider's complexion right now, had a lush green that resembled a ripe old cucumber.. On his green skin, there was a faint trace of black ki.

Standing in front of Shaar, he shouted with anger: "Oaks! Oaks! Wife! Where!!"

Seeing Shaar smile, Sky Raider fiercely slapped him in the face. With a spit, Shaar spurt out a mouthful blood and shook his head: "I. Free. Woman. Give you!"

Sky Raider stared at Shaar with his green bean-like eyes for a little while, before finally maliciously snorting and making a hand gesture.

The two goblins pulled out a knife and just when they were about to cut off the tendon on Shaar's hands and feet, Sky Raider suddenly shouted, before stopping the two goblins.

Squinting his eyes, Sky Raider felt that there was something wrong with the guy in front of him. Although it didn't make sense and he couldn't say why, he had felt it before. This fellow could absolutely not be freed so casually and would definitely cause trouble.

"Wife, give me! Freedom, give you!" Sky Raider endured his anger.

Shaar knew that they were known throughout the continent for going back on their promise. If he really told him, he only feared that he would

get stabbed immediately afterwards and therefore firmly shook his head.

Sky Raider got angry and yelled madly at Shaar, while the nearby goblins surrounded him, and kicked him for some time. In any case, Shaar had thick skin and flesh. Although his whole body ached, but whatever the outcome, he could keep his life and fiercely shook his head while keeping quiet.

At the end of his nerves, Sky Raider raised his iron staff for several times to hit him, but ultimately hesitated and gave up. He finally put his iron staff down and waved the others bitterly away.

The goblins tied up Shaar on the horseback again and continued with their journey.

Once afternoon arrived and the sun was high in the sky, the goblins continued to walk in the wilderness. Shaar recognized the direction they were walking, and knew that it led to the Red Wilderness of Primal Wildfire. He suddenly remembered that the last time he was here, there was still that pitiful creature at his side for him to bully. However this time, he, himself actually became a person to be bullied and couldn't help but sigh in his heart.

Within the formation of the goblins, it stank to the heaven. Shaar knew that these goblins didn't have a custom of taking a bath and actually got used to it, after getting exposed to it the whole way. Shaar rode alone on a horse and from times to times, a goblin would rush to his side to shout or threaten him. However, in order to keep his life, why would Shaar be willing to talk? Sky Raider was so enraged that his teeth started chattering, but he had no ways to deal with Shaar.

Finally, after the third time Sky Raider had left Shaar's side full of rage, there was a goblin warily shouting "Ouke, ouke" from the front.

From the side of the road, a dark horse suddenly appeared from behind a giant rock and rode in front of them with lightning speed! Hasting who rode on the horse, had a sharpened stick as a temporarily spear and crashed into the goblin formation with the horse. With a stab, the two goblins' head at the front immediately busted and turned into a pulp!

Sky Raider furiously took his iron staff and rushed madly forward to fight Hasting.

However, Hasting only sneered and maliciously shot his spear towards Sky Raider. With a swing, Sky Raider blasted away Hasting's spear midair and it suddenly exploded! Black flame scattered in all directions and two goblins who were hit by the black flame yelled pitifully. Their bodies were instantly consumed by the black flame and as they fell to the ground, they rolled a few times, before getting burned to a charred corpse!

Hasting immediately turned his horse and rode away. His dark horse was an incomparable godly steed, Sky Raider only rode an ordinary horse. How would he be able to catch up?

Both riders, one on the run and one on pursuit rode in the wilderness. During the pursuit, Hasting ingeniously made a detour and led Sky Raider in a circle. Halfway through the circle, he turned around and crashed once again into the goblin's formation. The dark horse smashed into the chest of a goblin and his breastbone instantly crushed. Falling on the ground, he started to vomit blood and only survived for a short period of time.

Hasting didn't stop and immediately rode away.

Once Hasting ran far away, he intentionally stopped and a deliberate laughter could be heard from afar. Sky Raider screamed again, but didn't dare to pursue again after experiencing the difference in speed between them.

Hasting rode away and immediately disappeared in the wilderness. The enraged Sky Raider could only use his iron staff to fiercely smash against the ground to vent his anger and pounded several holes on the floor.

Once afternoon arrived, Hasting raided them once more. This time, he appeared far away in front of their path while holding a longbow made from branches. With a humming sound, two goblins were immediately shot through by some branches. Sky Raider angrily urged his horse to rush forward. Hasting shot another arrow, but was blocked by Sky Raider with one swing. However, Hasting once again rode away, before Sky

Raider got the chance to approach.....

In the evening, the goblins stopped to rest, but they were already frightened. After the two raids during the daytime, Hasting had attacked and immediately escaped while several goblins died. They didn't even touch one hair of Hasting and Sky Raider was so angry and sulking that he forgot to interrogate Shaar.

Finally, Hasting made his third appearance! This time, he appeared in the forest at a distance and on his back were several sharpened branches that he turned into spears. Riding his horse, he approached the goblins and deliberately circled them. This time Sky Raider, having learned from his previous encounters and didn't rush to pursue, but took his iron staff and roared loudly.

Hasting sneered from afar with disdain, he galloped his warhorse and suddenly grabbed the several short spears on his back and threw it towards them!

His hand shot with lightning speed and several short spears instantly burst out in black flames, before cutting through the sky.....

Sky Raider's eyes widened and he roared before wielding his iron staff to break apart the incoming short spear. However, the tremendous strength contained within the short spear immediately shot him down from his horse. That horse neighed out pitifully and its four hooves broke, before falling on the ground. Sky Raider fell down on the ground and rolled twice before crawling up. Fresh blood flew out of his mouth and next to him several goblins called out pitifully while being pierced by the short spears!

From a distance, Hasting laughed, before riding away again.....

After this time, the surviving goblins, including Sky Raider, were only three.

The two remaining goblins stuck close to Sky Raider, covering in fear and didn't even dare to leave their leader for half a step. No matter how Sky Raider roared, the two kneeling goblins trembled and grabbed the thigh of Sky Raider tightly while sitting on the ground. They wouldn't let

go even with their lives on the line.

After having only two subordinates left, Sky Raider roared madly again and again, while Shaar's heart brightened up on horseback!

Hasting was using this harassment tactics again and again!

The goblins passed the night in the forest and Sky Raider didn't rest for the whole time. He sat there and his eyes stared restlessly, while jumping up from time to time to look around.

On the next morning, the complexion of Sky Raider was obviously haggard and pale. His eyes that resembled green beans looked dim and bleak.

After they departed, a problem occurred at once again, as they walked in the forest!

While walking at the forefront, a goblin suddenly yelled pitifully before getting caught in a vine trap. His was lifted up in the air. As he hung midair, a trunk full of sharp edges flew towards him and instantly crucified him!

Sky Raider angry roar spread through the woods, but not even Hasting's shadow could be seen.

The last remaining goblin pulled the horse that was carrying Shaar and his pair of small short legs shivered as they walked on the road.

Sky Raider started to get more and more anxious and walked up and down restlessly. To vent his anger, he maliciously broke a big tree next to him, before suddenly rushing to the horseback. Grabbing Shaar, he started to carry him on his back and ferociously shouted a few times.

Just when they were about to leave the forest, a spear shot out from the woods and instantly pierced the last goblin at the back!

Right now, all of Sky Raider's subordinates were killed off!

Sky Raider didn't roar this time and stared coldly in the forest. Carrying Shaar on his back, he strode into the wilderness.

Sighing in his heart, Shaar knew that Hasting had achieved his goal,

which was killing all of Sky Raider's men with harassment tactics! Now, his frontal attack would begin!

Credits

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